

THE SIXTEENTH EDITION,
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

THE
FESTIVAL OF WIT;
OR,
SMALL TALKER,

BEING A
COLLECTION OF BON MOTS, ANECDOTES, &c.
OF THE

MOST EXALTED CHARACTERS;

PROCURED AND SELECTED
BY G——— K———,
Summer Resident at Windsor.

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THE LIFE OF

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO prevent the inquisitive book-worms of this capital from troubling the booksellers for information respecting my life, I sit down to the following detail of facts.—A man can communicate the sentiments of his own breast much better than other people; should a trifling incident get into the hands of some biographers, they are so fond of dressing it out to the best or worst advantage, that a reader never sees the picture in its natural colours: if there is any thing pleasing in the portrait, every literary dauber must try his hand, till, in the course of a century, the whole resemblance is totally obliterated. Our two

sensible moderns, Cibber and Sterne, were perfectly right in communicating the particulars of their lives to the world; it has saved much contention; for Mr. Bryant, who, no doubt, had he sat down to the life of Cibber, would have dated his birth from the cupola of St. Paul's; while Dean Milles, who is ravished with the beauties of Sterne, would, in all probability, have given the admirers of this charming sentimentalist a huge quarto, price only one guinea, filled with more goody goodies than the *Biographia Britannica*, and would have insisted on it that Sterne was not a mortal, but an angel sent from Heaven to make us laugh and cry.—It is to prevent any errors of this kind I sit down, this first of April, 1782, to give the reader an account of my life. I was born in London in -----*, my father was well known by the name of the good-natured man; he had his blemishes, but they never injured any but his creditors. He was the intimate companion of Thompson, Mallet, and Lyttelton, and many other men of genius, and took a particular pride in patronizing the offspring

* This hiatus is an error of the press; the reader may fill it up as he thinks proper.

of the Muses. I could mention many anecdotes of his life and my mother's (who was a most beautiful woman, and had many excellent qualities); but, as I design to confine myself to my own history, the reader must excuse me.—I discovered a very early attachment to literature, and had so happy a knack at reciting particular passages from the best English writers, that my father, pleased at my progress, placed me under the tuition of the famous Quin, who polished me to the highest degree in the science of elocution. My friends, who were very numerous, had a high opinion of my oratorical powers; and my very enemies pronounced their approbation founded in justice. I remember, the first speech I made in a distinguished debating society, was received with the greatest applause; there was a gentleman of eminence in the assembly, who wrote word to Paris that I was the finest speaker he ever heard; and my old Preceptor, Quin, who was sitting down to supper on a John Dory, exclaimed with rapture, when a gentleman gave him the intelligence, "Ay!—I taught the boy to speak!"

My father died when I was in my twelfth year, which opened a glorious prospect

prospect of earthly felicity! I continued to figure away in the splendid walks of fashion till my grandfather died, which happened when I reached my two-and-twentieth year. This old gentleman, who was universally beloved for his probity, justice, and humanity, left me heir to an excellent estate, which I was put into immediate possession of. If I was surfeited with adulation, prior to this, I was now sick to death; the press groaned beneath the servile burthen, and every printer's devil could number among my panegyrists as many literary daubers as shouted at the heels of Wilkes and Liberty, or Sir Goeffery Dunstan at the renowned election at Garrat. It was this, I believe, that first gave me a dislike to men of genius, for, from that time to this, I have not changed a word with any of the servile group, but Dr. Johnson. My tenants in elevated life congratulated me with, I believe, much sincerity; but the transport of my under-tenants was of another complexion; they loved me, but they thought I wanted all that solidity that made my grandfather adored among them. They would sometimes abuse him, and their abuse was blended with no small share of acrimony,

acrimony which often reached his ears, and to which I heard him make this just observation, " My tenants are strange people, they abuse me very much among themselves, but I have observed they will not suffer any strangers to do so." Indeed the old gentleman deserved every kindness at their hands ; for though he was not by birth a Briton, yet his affections were riveted to the interests of his tenants. The first action of my life that was received by my numerous cottagers as oppressive, was an order I had given to the publicans on my estate to raise their beer an halfpenny a pot, which made so great a noise that I was heartily sorry I had done so. It unfortunately happened the friends or companions I made were very offensive to my tenants, whose aversion to me was still embittered by the following singular affair: I had heard much of the spaniels of Scotland, and was very desirous of having some to sport with me round my estate, which I immediately acquired, and which I found the most docile creatures in the world. My attachment to those faithful companions became fraternal, nor could I take the least amusement without some of them being about my person. In a few months my
tenants

tenants complained bitterly that they had not left a duck or duckling about their houses, nor a single thing that was fit to eat, but what they had devoured. What could I do? Fraternal love in one scale, and the cries of affliction in the other; the last I knew to be the composition of envy, hatred, and malice, and made up of nothing but wind, while the first is the immediate offspring of heaven, and second to none. My best way I thought was to shut my ears to their cries, which I instantly did: nor have I opened them to their complaints on that score from that hour to this.——While my friends were busy looking out for a Wife for me, on the death of my grandfather, I happened to meet with a copy of verses, inscribed to a gentleman of eminence in Prussia, and written by a young lady in Germany; I was so smitten with their excellence, that I instantly became enamoured with the fair writer, and having seen her picture, which was in the possession of the gentleman who favoured me with a copy of the verses, I instantly declared my determination to marry her. Some of my friend declared against it, because she was without fortune; whilst others set up her birth, humility, and good-sense, as equivalent

valent to the greatest dower in the power of fortune to bestow. To cut this matter short, we were married, and Heaven has blessed us with a progeny beyond our most sanguine wishes.

My wife has some remarkable features in her character, like most other women; those that take the lead are music and jewels. She is a bitter enemy to ladies' feathered heads, and the state which some of her neighbours have been known to support in visiting her; one in particular, who was an illustrious encourager of the English and their manufactures, and whose memory is as dear to thousands as love and gratitude can make it; I mean the excellent Lady Alnwick.—I am as fond of music as she; being convinced, with Shakespeare, that “the man that hath no music himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.” Indeed she said one evening, when she cast a glance at her numerous children, and tapping me on the cheek, with much hilarity at the same time, “I think, G-----, we have fiddled to some tune.” Yes, my love, replied I, and the talkative part of our neighbourhood say we will never be tired. “What is it to them?” rejoined she, “they won’t pay

pay the piper, though we were to dance till doomsday." As to the ladies' feathers, I am not fond of them myself, nor do I like to see a lady dressed above the attire of a quaker, or the less adorned habit of rural simplicity.

My wife's attention to the education of her children deserves great praise: I shall beg leave to mention one circumstance relative to their pocket-money. They all have a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; my wife requires them to give an account how they dispose of it; they are sure to receive a lecture if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation. One of the little ones hearing a news-paper read, said to his mother, "I cannot think, my dear mother, what a prison is?" Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were half starved for want, "That," replied the child, "is very cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving. I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;" which was accordingly ordered. Thus it is that, in the minutiae of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind to virtue, than the
 most

most solemn arguments and tedious reasonings.

The reader may perhaps smile at me for being thus particular, in describing what he will probably call trifles, but let him smile on; a father of a family, while painting the growing graces of his children, certainly rides the most admirable hobby-horse in the world, and deserves the countenance of society full as much as the description of habiliments of royalty in a theatre, or the recital of a bon-mot of a man of rank, which would be a disgrace to the understanding of a mountaineer. In sitting down to this selection (the greatest part of which had been finished sometime) I had not the fears that generally accompany young authors, or compilers: in looking over a number of volumes in my possession, which has been the favourite amusement of my leisure hours, I discovered a rich mine of literary excellence, the property of a number of distinguished and learned personages, which I favoured my intimate friends with a view of very often, who pressed me to introduce to the admirers of refined and estimable conversation a couple of volumes of the richest matter in my possession. When I had determined to comply with this request, that
hateful

hateful form, a snarling critic, stared me in the face, and in some measure scared me from the purpose. At length I have resolved to combat this monster, and this volume he must accept as a challenge: if he should be vain enough to enter the lists, sure I am he will meet a formidable enemy.—If the reader should complain of want of amusement in these biographical anecdotes, the best advice I can give him is to sit down by his fire-side, and correct the errors of his own life, which he may find more amusing. “Ay, but,” says he, “where’s my three shillings and sixpence?” Ask, my good Sir, all the illustrious personages in the following pages, who will give you mirth, sensibility, and a bouquet of beautiful flowers, pluckt by the hand of Genius on the most fertile spot of Parnassus, in exchange for it.



R 184

THE

FESTIVAL OF WIT.

SHORTLY after I came into the possession of my estate, I walked one morning into my library, where I found one of my under librarians asleep in a chair. As I never possessed that ridiculous pride that looks with contempt on inferiors, I stepped up to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek ; he clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, exclaimed, " Damn it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another." I knew he took me for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, or I should have been angry ; as it was much more poignant than I expected.

Some time after the above affair, I was making some improvements round a piece of water near my house, when the same

B youth

youth happened to be standing at the brink, seemingly in deep meditation; I came behind him, and shoved him in up to his middle; he looked very sour at me, but held his tongue, and I could easily see he was by no means pleased at the frolic. I laughed, and walked away.—I mentioned this to Lord N. a few minutes after, who told me I might have many spaniels fond of taking the water, but this was the first instance he ever heard of one man taking another for a dog, whatever he may do to take him for a puppy. I felt the force of this rebuke, and promised within myself to behave better for the future.

Doctor Johnson, of whose abilities I was a great admirer, came into my library one day as I was enjoying the company of my wife and little ones in an adjoining apartment; my librarian informed me of it. I immediately went and paid my respects to the doctor, and asked him, "Why he did not continue to write? as I had not seen any thing from his pen lately." He bowed, and said he thought he had written enough. I replied with a smile, "So should I too, doctor, if you had not written so well." The doctor seemed quite elated with my compliment.

A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by an eminent dignified clergyman, where God was? with the proffered reward of an orange. "Tell me, replied the boy, where he is not? and I will give you two!"—*Related by the late Bishop of Winchester.*

When the distinguished duellist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French King; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the King with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT KILLER."—*Related by Sir G. W.*

When Sir Thomas More was ambassador from Henry the Eighth to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could

not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: he then insisted on a fourth; but being over persuaded by his servant, he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue," said he to his man, "what mischief have you done me! I spoke so well to the emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world:—Now, you scoundrel, had I drank the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern the whole world."——*Related by Lord N.*

The following pleasant anecdote was related to me some time ago by the facetious Bishop of C——.

The whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning: his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, also desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was

was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following:—"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT, AND HAVE CAUGHT NO FISH." The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of man for a pulpit lecturer: however, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her finger-ends every step of the way to her house.

That excellent companion the old Earl Bathurst, told me the following anecdote:—

When the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the Oratorio of the Messiah. A certain Bishop was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, "Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!"

Returning to my country box at Windsor, a few years ago, I rode up to a crowd of people, and perceived one of the horses of a team had just dropped down dead. The owner was very much affected, and wrung his hands, declaring it the greatest misfortune he had ever experienced, and at that time he could least afford to buy another horse, as he had met with a number of hardships for some time. I felt for the poor fellow, and calling one of my servants, who rode on an excellent horse, desired the waggoner to accept of him. "Ah! master," said the countryman, "my pocket will not reach such a beast as that." "Come, come, my good fellow, be of good heart," said I, "take him, take him, and when I demand a price for him, then thou shalt pay me."

The following is related of the K. of Prussia, with undoubted veracity:—

A Clergyman of Neuf Chatel chapel preached against eternal d——n. His parishioners were so disgusted with him, that they would not afterwards suffer him to enter the church door, nay, they even pelted him. The King hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the priest, that he might resume his function. The parson now resumed

fumed his subject. He would not allow of eternal d——n by any means; he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thousand years, but not infinite punishment. The parishioners would not suffer him to go on with his sermon, but pulled him headlong from his rostrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King sent for the priest, and censured him for his absurdity in refusing a subject so obnoxious to his hearers, and said, “ Since my subjects of Neuf Chatel are so fond of everlasting d——n, they have my free leave to be d——ned to all eternity.”—*Related by the late Counsellor D——, afterwards Lord A——, with great humour.*

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend as well as corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, “ Your external appearance, reverend Sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would

angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you!"——

This was communicated to me by Lord G. S.

At the assize of Caernarvon, where Judge Barrington presided, a simple Welshman was tried for some petty offence. The Judge in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied, in his shire manner, "My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!" "Eh," says the Judge, not hearing him distinctly, "How do you do, my friend?" "Pretty well, I thank your Lordship, I hope you are well," replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.—*Sir W. W. W. related this.*

The late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his

his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—“ My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution—I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined—we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that !” His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection : but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate ? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good-nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very four wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's

glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare.—The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. “God bless me!” says the old gentleman, “you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton.”—“Yes, Sir,” says the bard, “this dead wine of yours compels me to shed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration!”—*Both these I had from the Hon. H. W.*

The present facetious Bishop of Killaloe favoured me with the following.—

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that economy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d’œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made!

“How

“How so, Jack?” says the doctor. “Why,” says Jack, “the Duchefs of Marlborough; you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature.” After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor’s watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that “if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude.” The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man’s fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker’s, raised what he

could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the doctor very generously sent him.

The famous John Baptiste Sauteuil, the Latin poet, being in company with a Parisian husband, who was lamenting the infidelities of his wife: "A mere flea-bite," said the poet, "or less, as it is only an imaginary complaint; few die of it, and many live with it."

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any satisfaction. Sauteuil, who was present, said, "He did better last year." A bye-stander asserted, he must be mistaken; for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year. "That is the very reason," said the poet.—*Footo favoured me with these.*

My old companion, Quin, wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, slightly in the hand, in a riot at the stage-door of Covent-Garden theatre. The spark, presently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door. The play

play was Macbeth,—and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated, “and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood!” the young fellow bawls out, “Ay,—reeking indeed! what does your conscience prick you?—you rascal, that’s my blood you drew just now.” The actor, giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, “Damn *your* blood, I say!” and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.——*This anecdote I had from Mrs. Pritchard.*

Sauteuil was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the Monks. A *Provencal gentleman complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk. “What, Sir,” says Sauteuil, who was present, “a man of your years not to know the Monks!—There are,” continued he, “four things in the world you should always guard against; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a Monk on all sides.”——*This I had from Foote.*

* A native of Provence.

The

The celebrated Count de Caylus, taking a rural walk one day, saw on the border of a ditch a countryman asleep, and a boy, about eleven years of age, regarding the lineaments of his face and his picturesque dress with a fixed attention. The Count approaching with affability, asked him about what he was thinking? "Sir," said the child, "if I knew how to design, I would trace out the figure of this man." "Do so then," said the admirer of artists, "here are tablets, and a crayon." Emboldened by this encouragement, the child attempted to take a representation of the figure before him, and he had scarcely finished the head, when the Count embraced him, and informed himself of the place of his abode, that he might raise him to a better condition.—*Lady E. T. related this.*

A few evenings after the second part of Mr. Kelly's Thespis appeared, in which the principal performers of Covent-Garden theatre are unmercifully treated, and particularly Mr. Ross. A gentleman at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's church-yard, seeing Mr. Kearsley the publisher come in, and neither of them knowing that Mr. Ross was in the room, asked him, in a low tone of voice, if
he

he had read the pamphlet? "Yes," replied Kearsley, "and Kelly has given them all a handsome dressing; but as to Ross, he has played the devil with him." Mr. Ross in the instant got up, and delivered himself to the company in the following expressive lines, which met with universal applause:—
 "I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood secure, and flourished in a civil war."
Related by Garrick, who had it from Bonnet Thornton.

The late ingenious and unfortunate Bob Lloyd, some time before his commitment to the Fleet Prison, formed a design of compiling a dictionary for the use of schools, superior to any extant. Flushed with this idea, he waited on a bookseller, to whom he communicated his intention. The bookseller had no hopes of Lloyd's success, till he told him he would engage to get his father's approbation of the work, who was second master of Westminster school, and which would secure an extensive sale throughout England.—The bookseller, on this information, began to count the imaginary hundreds, and instantly engaged him for six guineas a sheet. Lloyd wrote a letter next day to the bookseller, and desired
 thirty

thirty pounds, as he could not stir out of his lodging till he had compounded with one of his creditors, who had some sharks on the look-out for him; at the same time he told him, he waited for a certain number of books in different languages to prosecute the work, which he desired might be sent him as soon as possible. The unsuspecting bookseller complied with his request. The books amounted to twenty pounds, which Lloyd no sooner received than he deposited them with a pawnbroker for ten guineas; and then set out with a woman of the town on a country excursion.—But as a spendthrift's cup of happiness is soon dashed with gall, our poor poet found himself stripped of the cash in a few days, and returned penniless to town with his economical companion.—The bookseller waited a considerable time for the fruits of Mr. Lloyd's genius and intense application; but he might as well have waited for the resurrection of Shakespeare, or the tenth volume of Tristram Shandy from Dr. Priestley.—*Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.*

Quin told Lady Berkely, that she looked blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he
added,

added,—I would to God the spring would look like your Ladyship!—*Related by the late Lord Chesterfield.*

Sauteuil having a confessional dress on, either to say vespers, or to muse upon some production, a lady, who took him for a confessor, threw herself upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself, and the good penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession; when she found the confessor quite silent. She then asked him for absolution. "What, do you take me for a priest?" said Sauteuil. "Why then," said the lady quite alarmed "did you listen to me?" "And why," replied Sauteuil, "did you speak to me?" "I'll this instant go and complain of you to your prior," said the enraged female. "And I," said the poet, "am going to your husband, to give him a full account of your conduct."—*Related by Foote.*

The celebrated Lord Chesterfield held a considerable estate under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and wanting to put in the life of the present Earl, the fine
insisted

insisted upon was so very exorbitant as to ruffle his Lordship's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquiesce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his Lordship, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having signed them, "Well," says the Earl "they sent their compliments to me, did they? then return my compliments, but tell them at the same time, that in matters of business, I would sooner deal with the Jewish synagugue."——*Related by Foote.*

On Christmas eve a poor infirm old man went into a shop in the Seven Dials, which, from the similarity of the sign of three muffins, he mistook for the three balls of a pawnbroker, and offered a trifling article for a small sum, which he said was to relieve immediate want. Fortunately a certain amiable demirep, in the neighbourhood of Soho, was at the same time purchasing tea provender, who, while the shopman was explaining the mistake, gave the aged object two guineas. The poor man looked up to her with tears and astonishment; but before he could recollect himself to thank her, she ran out of the shop.—Ye fat and greasy puritans! was not this an act of generosity

nerosity and charity worthy the imitation of your most religious moments?—*Related by General B.*

I cannot recollect a better contrast to this story than an anecdote related to my wife a few days ago by the amiable Duchefs of R——.

The Countefs of A——d was foli-cited in a petition delivered by a very wretched cottager to grant her a little milk for a child in a very sickly ftate. The Countefs, whose heart is of the very worft kind, turned upon the poor woman, and asked her, “How ſhe could dare to deliver ſuch a petition into her hands? Did ſhe take her houſe for an hoſpital, and herſelf for a ſilly phyſician, who had nothing to do but attend to the wretches around her?”—However, this lady’s ſecond in command, her houſekeeper, whoſe feelings come nearer to the amiable, overheard this bitter lecture, and made inquiry where the poor woman lived, where ſhe ſent every thing neceſſary for the afflicted child.—As theſe infernal ſpirits have always thoſe of the ſame complexion to be of their cabinet, it ſo happened here; for the Countefs had timely information of the houſekeeper’s proceeding, and if it was
not

not for the execrations it would lay her ladyship open to, there is not a doubt but the humane woman would have been cashiered.

Among a very large volume of anecdotes of this lady, I must mention another, related to me some years ago by the immortal Marquis of Granby. One afternoon, in the month of September, the Countess and a veteran officer were walking in that part of the demesne next the road to Coventry; a small brook ran by the road, upon the bank of which sat a wearied soldier, who was taking water with the spout of his hat from the stream, and drinking it. The officer instantly exclaimed, "There, my lady, there's an object for your benevolence! send your servant to the house for a cup of strong beer for the poor fellow." "Good heavens, Colonel!" replied her Ladyship, do you imagine I brew my drink for travellers? You may as well ask me why I don't put up a sign." "And if you did, my Lady, it would not disgrace you;—I mean the sign of Charity. However, I must do my duty," says the Colonel, walking out of the gate, and giving the soldier half a crown. "You had always a soft heart, Colonel," said her Ladyship with a sneer, on his return. "I hope, Madam, I shall never be
such

such a villain to myself, and to the world, to part with it for an hard one."

Sir Simon Stuart, of Hartley, amusing himself with some old papers belonging to his family, found endorsed on the outside of a covenant, that 15,000 pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, so many feet from the ditch towards the south. These words appearing a kind of memorandum, the Baronet took a servant with him, and going to the place described, made him dig, and found the treasure in a large iron pot, the mouth of which was covered with parchment, on which were written in legible characters, the following words:—"The Devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."—*Related by General H.*

Soon after the peace of Vervins, Henry IVth of France, returning from hunting, in a plain garb, and only two gentlemen with him, crossed the Seyne in a common ferry-boat. Perceiving the waterman did not know him, he asked him, what people said of the peace? "Faith," answered the waterman, "as to this fine peace, I know nothing of it; but every thing, I know, is taxed, even to this old tool of a boat, so
that

that I can scarce get a living." "Well," continued Henry the Fourth, "but does not the King intend to see the people eased?" "The King," replied Charon "is well enough of himself; but has a mistress, who must have so many fine cloaths and gewgaws, and it is we pay for all: however, if he had her to himself, it would not be so much; but she is devilishly belied, master, if she does not play the beast with two backs with some others." The King, who had been excessively diverted with this colloquy, sent next morning for the waterman, and made him repeat before the Duchess of Beaufort, without mincing a word, what he had said the evening before. Her Grace was so incensed, that nothing would serve her, but the King must immediately order him to be hanged. "Pho!" said the good-natured monarch, "are you mad? Don't you see he is a poor devil, soured by distress. His boat shall pay no tax, and then he'll be continually singing, *Vive Henri! vive Gabrielli!*"—*Related by W. C.*

When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its appearance, which is undoubtedly his finest poem, the sale was rather dull.—Meeting his publisher, Mr. Kearsley, in the
pit

pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold? Mr. K. informed him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers damned it. "Ay," says the poet, "that is fulfilling the scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, I have ordained strength."——*Related by Garrick.*

The late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmless, he imagined every man he sat in company with possessed of the same.—The following anecdote will place this observation in a proper point of view:

Sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet-street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman * with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him? "Stinking?" says the doctor, "in good truth I don't smell it." "I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life," says the gentleman: "the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless as to bring you such

* Mr. Carnan, late bookseller in St. Paul's church-yard.

carriion."

carrion." "In good truth," says the poet; "I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than *asafoetida*, he insisted as a punishment that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the punishment.

When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into an horse laugh. "What, in God's name, ails you now?" says the poet. "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life." "Was it?" says the doctor, "then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you." — *Related by Earl N—.*

The

The Duke of D——, on his return from Hyde-Park this morning, told me he met with Lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state, taking the air in his carriage: they had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up, to inquire after his Lordship's health. "Well, Sam," says the witty Earl, "what part do you play to-night?" "Lady Dowager Whitfield*," replied the wag. "I am going to cut a figure myself," says his Lordship. "You have long cut a splendid figure, my Lord," says Foote. "It may be so," says his Lordship with a smile, "but I am now, Sir, rehearsing the principal character in the Funeral."

An agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day at a private house, asked him the reason she had not seen him so long: "Is it because you owe me something?" "No, Madam," replied the poet, "that is not what prevents my visiting; and you are the cause that you are not paid." "How so?" said the lady. "Because," said he, "whenever I see you, I forget every thing."—*Related by Foote.*

* Mother Cole in the Minor,

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done;"—*Related by the Bishop of L. and C.*

When the illustrious Alfred, King of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly, he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself

himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of her royal guest, and seeing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful for the future.—*Related by Colonel C.*

A clown in Berkshire employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shou'dn't have had this trouble with thee."—*Related by Dr. H.*

A negro in the Island of St. Christopher had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved—"I suppose," says he, "he's a chip of the old block?" "No, no," says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

Christopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces, composed in one of his solitary walks a few of the prettiest lines I have for some time met with. They are not among his works, nor in print. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleasure.

"A raven once an acorn took
From Basan's tallest, stoutest tree,
He hid it near a limpid brook,
And liv'd—another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
Which fear still keeps alive;
And bids us with misfortunes cope,
And all calamity survive.

Related by Lord S.

The ancients spoke of humanity in a less studied phrase than we ; but they knew better than we how to practise it. There is a passage in Plutarch which may be applied to them and us with propriety, and which I cannot forbear transcribing. “ At the theatre in Athens, a venerable old man was looking about for a seat ; which some young ones at a distance perceiving, they beckoned him to come to them, intimating they would make room for him ; but when he came near them, they filled up their seat, and made a jest of him. The old man went from seat to seat, in great confusion, being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth. But the Spartan ambassadors being present, and seeing his distress, rose up, and placed him honourably in the midst of them. The transaction was noticed by the whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with universal applause : whilst the old man shook his head and cried, “ What a pity the Athenians should know what good manners are, but that the Lacedemonians only should put them in practice ! ” — *Related by Dr. Johnson.*

A Sultan, amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with a human skull

in his lap : not observing his majesty, the reverend old man was looking very earnestly at the skull, and appeared to be in a very profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan ; who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection ? “ Sire,” said the Dervise, “ this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch, like your Majesty, or of a poor Dervise, like myself.” — *Related by Quin.*

Some old soldiers going to be shot for a breach of discipline ; at their passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What speech could come up to this ? and it had the desired effect. — *Related by General Amberst.*

By the death of Madame Geoffrin, there are about two hundred poetasters, who in all probability will never wear velvet again ; that lady was so particularly nice in her taste, that she complimented every author, who sung her praises at Christmas, with a pair of velvet breeches. It is computed by a member of her society, that no less than four thousand pair

pair of velvet breeches have been worn out in the poetical service of that lady.—*Communicated to my Wife by Lady C—F—.*

The following incident which occurred in a Caledonian courtship, exhibiting the true *ridiculum sublime*, is as veritable as laughable:—A son of medicine (a doctor Shaw) in vital date climacterically verging, having purse as well as person in perspective, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Scotch baronet: the lady, prone to jocularities, seemed to listen to his suit solely for the reception of that entertainment grey-haired folly renders in attempting the characteristics of juvenility. The doctor one day was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry; on this occasion he was determined to be as Adonis-like in habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known, that the doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of Peripatetics; when he appeared, it was in the style Equestrian; and his steed, in lack of flesh, and shew of ossification, paced in singularity: on this automaton of bones, he was to be carried to the house of the lady in question; and forward he set for the interview. The doctor was never re-

marked for a frequent mutation in linen, he had particular attachment for a shirt when once it met in contact with his skin, and before they were separated the natural blanche of the one was somewhat improved by its intimacy with the other; on such an important event as the present, he was guilty of deviation, and resolving to be profuse, he took an immaculate shirt, and put it, not on, but in his pocket, prudently considering, that in the action of riding its honours might be tarnished, and its appearance not so white; to prevent this, he resolved to put it on when he should arrive at a small distance of the scene of his wishes. Arrived at this settled distance, the doctor proceeded to disrobe his upper garments; still sitting on his horse, his hat, his wig, his coat, and his waistcoat, were taken off, and laid on the pommel of the saddle; his hands were employed in stripping his saffron-hued skin-case over his head:—in this critical moment malignant fate reigning, his visual ray precluded by the covering of his shirt, his faithful Pegasus received affright from somewhat in the road, set off with the doctor in demi-nudity, and ran with him in *statu quo* (instinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his master's destination) to
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the door of the very house he had hoped to enter, with every minutiae of dress adjusted. His Quixote-like appearance threw the family into such paroxysms of laughter, as precluded the operations of speech, or the means of assisting the distressed doctor: the lady, in the doctor's disgrace, received he extremest entertainment, and though she liked human nature in its primitive state, gave the doctor to understand his period in it was not her choice.—*Related, with exquisite humour, by that excellent companion Lord Viscount T——d.*

While I was taking a walk in my garden one morning, in company with General A——, he told me the following anecdote, which may prove an useful lesson to all officers:—At the siege of Lisle, in Queen Ann's time, upon an attack of some of the out-works, the grenadiers of the 15th regiment of foot were obliged to retire, by the springing of a mine, or by the superiority of the defendants' fire. In this retreat the Lieutenant of these grenadiers, remarkable for his ill-treatment of them, was wounded, and fell. The grenadiers were passing on, nor heeded his entreaties to help him off. At last he laid hold of a pair of shoes that were

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ried to the waist-belt of one of them; the grenadier, regardless of his situation, and in resentment of his former ill-usage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the string, and left them with him, with this remarkable expression: "There! there is a new pair of shoes for you, to carry you to hell!"—Had this unhappy man, by his good behaviour, gained the love of his men, every one of them would have, perhaps, risked his own life to have saved that of his officer.

On the thirtieth of January, (the martyrdom of King Charles the First) Quin used to say, "Every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck."—*This I had from himself.*

A country cousin of the late celebrated satirist Mr. Churchill, coming to town in the summer time, he took her to Westminster abbey, to shew her the tombs, and from thence to both houses of Parliament; and when they were in the House of Commons, he said to her, "This is St. Stephen's chapel." "Lard! cousin," said she, "it is not like a chapel." "Not much," replied Churchill, "but it is very like the temple

temple at Jerufalem in our Saviour's time." "Ay," said ſhe, "was the temple built in this manner?" "No," replied he, "the ſimilitude is not in the building, but in the ſervice performed in it; for this chapel, like the Jews' temple, is not ſo much an houſe of prayer, as a place of marketing, jobbing, cheating, buying, ſelling, and money-changing." "Lard bleſs me," ſaid ſhe, "what! do they buy and ſell in it?" "Yes," ſaid he, "they buy places and penſions, and ſell their conſciences and their country."—*Related by the celebrated Lord Holland.*

One of the King's ſoldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, ſtaggered againſt a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccapped out, "D—n you, you b—h, never fear—I'll ſtand by you to the laſt."—*Related by the late Biſhop of Glouceſter.*

The preſent Lord O—— being under the correction of his ſchool-maſter, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod:—"One of your anceſtors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a tranſlation of Pliny,—but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but miſchief,

chief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

—*Related by Earl N.*

An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in discharge of his episcopal function without ever betraying the least impatience.—An intimate friend of his, who admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the Prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy? "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop: "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to prepare for my journey there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where
all

all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."—*Related by the amiable Lord Lyttelton.*

The late Duke of Ancaſter, when Lord Lindſay, went into Lincolnſhire to raiſe men for the ſervice in America. During his ſtay in that county, he ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his generoſity, and affability, that he gained the good-will not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood: ſo captivating was his manner among the lower rank of people, that every day he made a freſh acquiſition of recruits; among the reſt, a country fellow, the only ſon of an old widow-woman, from whoſe induſtry ſhe derived her ſupport, in imitation of the example of ſome of his companions, in the hour of gaiety inliſted into the ſervice: the report of it ſoon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his Lordſhip, requeſting a diſcharge for her ſon, repreſenting to him her ſituation in the moſt lively colours, whiſt the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His Lordſhip, with that tendereſs peculiar to himſelf, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion: when he had recovered himſelf, he turned, took the poor woman by
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the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, "Good woman, you are poor—take this—from this moment your son is discharged—for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widow or the helpless."—*Related by the Duchess of H——n.*

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, "he ran away with him."—"What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?"—"That, please your honour," said the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "ran away too."—*Related by Lord Viscount T——d.*

The glorious answer of the Viscount d'Ortez to Charles the Ninth, is never to be forgotten. It was to this effect:—"Sire, I have read the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne. Your majesty has many faithful devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner."—*Related by my father.*

Two soldiers went to see Marshal Saxe's tomb: after standing some time in all the silence of awe and grief, each drew his sabre, and passed it over the stone which covers that great man's remains; then went away without speaking a word. Let any one try to express more energetically the confidence and regard of those two men towards him—*Related by General Monckton.*

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label:—"These must be used as your necessities require: be patient, and of good heart."—He sent his servant with

with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.—

Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.

Meeting the Duke of M—— at the levee at St. James's one day, for want of other chat, I told him the following story, which I had from George S——n:—Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long while, met one day by accident.—How do you do, says one? “So so,” replies the other; “and yet I was married since you and I were together.”—That is good news.—“Not very good—for it was my lot to choose a termagant.”—It is a pity.—“I hardly think it so—for she brought me two thousand pounds.”—Well, there is comfort!—“Not so much—for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and they are all dead of the rot.”—That is indeed distressing!—“Not so distressing as you may imagine—for by the sale of their skins I got more than the sheep cost me.” In that case you are indemnified.—“By no means—for my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire.”—Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune!—“Faith not so dreadful—for my termagant

gant wife and my house were burned together."

The Khalif Haron Arrifhed was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had pillaged her house, and laid waste her grounds. The Khalif desired her to recollect the words of the Alcoran, "That when princes go forth to battle, the people, through whose fields they pass, must suffer."—"Yes," says the woman, "but it is also written in the same book, that the habitations of those princes, who authorize injustice, shall be made desolate."—This bold and just reply had a powerful effect upon the Khalif, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.—*Related by Lord Le Despencer.*

Mr. L——, after a battle, found a grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very composedly said to him—"Noble General, order these wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may be still saved." "Well, but friend," said the officer, "you have no thought about yourself?"—The grenadier answered, with drawing up his cloak, and shewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.—*Related by the late Lord Howe.*

When

When Casimir the Second, King of Poland, was Prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who (incensed at his ill-fortune) struck the Prince a blow on the ear in the heat of his passion. He fled immediately from justice ; but being pursued and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head ;—yet the generous Casimir determined otherwise : “ I am not surprised,” said he, “ at the gentleman’s conduct ; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite.” After which he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that himself alone was faulty ; as he had encouraged, by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of his people.—*Related by the Earl of S—e.*

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst
into

into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod; when the witty school-master told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown. — *Related by the late Earl Bathurst, who had it from Swift.*

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was? when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in the conspiracy; resolutely answered, "She had hid him." This confession drew her before the King, who
I told

told her, nothing but her discovering where her lord was concealed, could save her from the torture. "And will that do," says the lady? "Yes," says the King, "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies.—*This I had from Lady Courtenay.*

The wife of a farmer on my estate near Richmond was taken in labour: the farmer wished for a son, and waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ecstasy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and said her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl: "A girl," said the farmer with astonishment, "well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread." A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! "what, another child!" said the farmer, almost frantic with surprise, "d—n it, Nanny, is your mistress pigging?"

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on

on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library for forty-four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his possession, his mother being informed it was of some value, wished to dispose of it; and being told Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of some information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller, and inquired of him what he would give for such a book; the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her she had been mistaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a farther gratuity upon her. This anecdote

anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character lately conspicuous amongst us for erudition and talents.—*Related by Edmund Burke.*

While a sailor's sentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the sentence was finished, he bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern.—“Sirrah!” said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, “do you know that you are to be hanged shortly?” “So I hear,” said the sailor, and squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth at the same time.—“Do you know,” rejoined the judge, “where you shall go when you die?”—“I cannot tell, indeed, an't please your honour,” said the sailor.—“Why then,” cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, “I will tell you—you will go to hell!”—“Then, my lord, I hope I shall have the pleasure of your company there.”—*Related by Judge Blackstone.*

The late Marchioness of Tavistock, mother to the present Duke of Bedford,
a short

a short time previous to her death, when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford-house; and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam!" observed the physician, "my prescriptions must be useless, if your Ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes the representation of an object, which, though deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." "I have kept the picture," answered the Marchioness, "either in my bosom or in my hand, ever since the death of my dear Lord; and thus I am determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."—*Related by the Duchess of B——.*

The following whimsical accident happened the first season of the representation of the Fair Penitent:—Lothario, after he is killed by Altamont in the fourth act, lies dead by proxy in the fifth, raised on a bier
covered

covered with black by the property-man, and the face whitened by the barber, the coat and perriwig * generally filled by one of the dressers. Most of the capital actors in the established theatres have generally a dresser to themselves, though they are paid by the manager, to be ready on all occasions, for stage-guards, attendants, &c. Mr. Powell played Lothario; and one Warren, his dresser, claimed a right of lying for his master, and performing the dead part of Lothario, which he proposed to act to the best advantage; though Powell was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began and went on as usual, with applause; but about the middle of the distressful scene, Powell called for his man Warren; who as loudly replied from the bier on the stage, Here, Sir!—Powell, (who, as I said before, was ignorant of the part this man was doing) repeated without loss of time, Come here this moment, you son of a whore! or I'll break all the bones in your skin. Warren knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off with all his fables about him, which unfortunately were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged after him. But this was

* The Players appeared in perriwigs in those days.

not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren so much, that with the bier at his tail, he threw down Calista (Mrs. Barry), and overwhelmed her with the table, lamps, books, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house. He tugged till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape; and the play at once ended with immoderate fits of laughter: even the grave Mr. Betterton

Smil'd in the tumult, and enjoy'd the storm.

But he would not let the Fair Penitent be played any more that season, till poor Warren's conduct was something forgot —
Related to me when a boy, by Mrs. Woffington.

The following is a striking anecdote of the reputation Mr. Cunningham, the celebrated pastoral poet, had acquired in Edinburgh previous to his final departure in 1763. Mr. Digges (the celebrated Roscius of the North), for the first time in his life undertook the character of Bayes, in the Rehearsal; and the part of Johnson was allotted to Mr. J. Aickin, now of Drury-lane theatre, as was that of Smith to Mr. Cunningham. The reader may remember the liberty which Smith, (who is supposed

to be a gentleman of taste, just arrived from the country, and an utter stranger to the ridiculous innovations which had been made by the wits of the age upon the rules of the drama) repeatedly talks of objecting to the plot, characters, &c. of Mr. Bayes's piece. In the comedy in question, occasional interpolations by the actors have been long allowed. Prompted by a sudden impulse of friendship, Mr. Aickin accordingly, while the crack-brained Bayes was venting forth to Smith the contempt he entertained for his criticisms, pulled aside the former, and thus, in character, addressed himself to him; "Take care, Mr. Bayes," said he, "how you talk to my friend Mr. Smith; he is himself a favourite of the Muses, and has already produced several pieces which are universally admired." A numerous and a polite audience acknowledged the truth of the compliment with three bursts of applause; poor Cunningham, at the same time, overpowered with astonishment, with gratitude, and with joy, remained upon the stage, trembling, confounded, and almost disabled from going on with his part; while Mr. Aickin enjoyed the heart-felt satisfaction of having paid a tribute

bute of justice to the man he esteemed —
Related by the Dutcheſs of Northumberland.

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for ſuſpicion of debt, and dealt with the honeſt officer in the following manner :—He firſt called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no ſmall joy of the bailiff, who rejoiced in having a calf that bled ſo well, (as they term it). Harlequin made the honeſt bailiff believe that he had fix dozen of wine ready pack'd up, which he would ſend for to drink while in cuſtody, and likewise allow fixpence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder-dab liſtened to the propoſal with pleaſure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it ſhould be ſent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, ſweating under his load: the turnkey called to his maſter, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: “ Very well,” ſays he, “ then let nothing but the porter and hamper out.” The porter performed his part very well; came heavily in with an empty hamper, and ſeemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was diſ-hampered at an ale-houſe near the water-ſide,

crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.—

Related by Garrick.

Mr. T——, the celebrated Tour-writer, was asked by a lady, on his return from Ireland, What sort of dramatic exhibitions he had seen in that kingdom? “Those in Dublin, he said, came nearer to the representations in London than what he had seen in any other city there: “the people of that city, Madam,” said he, “have more money, and less pride, and consequently better manners.” When I was in Limerick, that sink of the kingdom for pride and beggary, for insolence and ignorance, I attended the representation of two of Shakespeare’s best tragedies, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet, when, to my astonishment, the instant the funeral of Juliet appeared, and the band of singers began the dirge, the major part of the audience set up the Irish howl, taking it for a real funeral; and when the grave-digger in Hamlet began the first stave of his song, a number of fellows from the gallery pelted him with apples, pronouncing

nouncing him the most unfeeling rascal in the world, nor would they suffer him to proceed, but called out for another gravedigger; whom their spokesman questioned thus, "Can you sing, Mr. WHATCH'O'CUM?" "Not I, faith and troth," said the fellow, "don't you remember hissing me, my jewel, in old Jenkins, last night?" "Very true," said the gallery hero, "then you may dig away as fast as you can." * — *Related with infinite humour by Captain J — n.*

Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, wife of Peter the Great, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness, but Peter being suspicious,

* In relating this anecdote to Lord M-----y, he informed me the people of Corke were little better civilized in representing dramatic exhibitions; for they so far mistook excellence, that they hissed the celebrated Mr. Smith of Drury lane theatre in one of his best comic characters, when he visited that city a few years ago, in company with the beautiful Mrs. Hartley. The people of Corke, about half a century ago, had the pleasure of seeing at one time on their stage, the best performers in the three kingdoms, and their sons, and sons' sons to make use of an Irish blunder, must be competent judges of acting to the end of time.

ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared, that a sense of shame had triumphed over humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born. Peter inquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady insisted that he was innocent, for she had always deceived him, by pretending they were sent to nurse.—

Justice now called upon the Emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empress, who pleaded for her: the amour was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her; and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her that his duty, as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensibly necessary, and that she must therefore, prepare for death. He attended her also to the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow; and some say, that when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear, whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them: a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible,

credible, considering the peculiarities of his character.—*Related by my father.*

One evening, at the Countess of Walstein's, the present Emperor of Germany enumerated some remarkable and ludicrous instances of the inconveniences of etiquette which had occurred at a certain court. One person present hinted at the effectual means his Majesty had used to banish every inconvenience of that kind from the court of Vienna. To which he replied, " It would be hard indeed, if, because I have the ill-fortune to be an Emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste. All the grimace and parade to which people in my situation are accustomed from their cradle, have not made me so vain as to imagine, that I am in any essential quality superior to other men; and, if I had any tendency to such an opinion, the surest way to get rid of it, is the method I take of mixing in society, where I have daily occasions of finding myself inferior in talents to those I meet with. Conscious of this, it would afford me no enjoyment to assume airs of a superiority which I feel does not exist. I endeavour, therefore, to please and be pleased; and as

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much

much as the inconvenience of my situation will permit, to enjoy the blessings of society like other men; convinced that the man who is secluded from those, and raises himself above friendship, is also raised above happiness, and deprived of the means of acquiring knowledge.”—*Communicated to my eldest son by Lord S——.*

Dr. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raised to the bishopric of Worcester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the King of a purse of gold on a New-year's Day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but instead of a purse of gold, presented the king with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, “Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.” Such characters as this in the present age would be valuable.—*Related by Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.*

The late David Hume, Esq. lived in the new town of Edinburgh; between which and the old town, there is a communication by means of an elegant bridge over a
 swamp.

swamp. Desirous one day to cut his way shorter, Mr. Hume took it in his head to pass over a temporary one, which had been erected for general accommodation, till the new one could be completed. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our illustrious philosopher found himself stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for assistance, an old woman hastened to the spot, whence the sound seemed to issue; but perceiving who he was, refused giving him any help. "What," cried she, "are you not Hume the Atheist?" "Oh! no! no! no!" returned the philosopher, "I am no Atheist; indeed you mistake, good woman, you do indeed!" "Let me hear then," returned the other, "if you can say your belief."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, "I believe in God, &c." and finished them with so much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Christian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.—*Related by the Earl of B.*

The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following:—Milton, that glory of British literature, re-

ceived not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of *Paradise Lost*; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the *Treatise on the Game of Whist*, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller for two hundred guineas!—*Related by Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.*

The new 90 gun ship, the *Atlas*, lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of *Atlas* supporting the globe. By an error, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North America, and the carpenter who cut it away was an American.—*Related by Admiral B.*

Some years ago, a stranger, dressed in a plain citizen's attire, took his seat at the *Pharo-table*, at *Aix la Chapelle*, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having some little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and tossed his pocket-book to the banker, that he might not question his faculties of payment in case he lost.

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The banker, surprised at the boldness of the adventurer, and no less so at his ordinary appearance, at first hesitated to accept the challenge; but, on opening the book, and seeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the stranger sternly and repeatedly insisting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance he prepared the cards for the great event. The surprise was naturally great, and all eyes attentive on the affrighted banker, who, while the stranger sat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the card which decided his ruin, and the other's success. The table of course was immediately broken up, and the stranger in triumph, with perfect coolness and serenity of features, turned to a person who stood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders for the charge of the money. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old infirm officer in the Austrian service, and who had sat next to him at the table, "if I had the twentieth part of your success this night, I should be the happiest man in the universe." "If thou wouldst be this happy man," replied the stranger briskly, "then thou shalt have it." And, without waiting his reply, disappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards, the entrance of a servant astonished the company, as much with the

extraordinary generosity of the stranger, as with his peculiar good fortunes, by presenting the Austrian officer with the twentieth part of the bank: "Take this, Sir," says the servant, "my master requires no answer." And he suddenly left him, without exchanging any other words. The next morning it was rumoured at Aix la Chapelle, that the King of Prussia had entered the town in disguise; and on the recollection of his person, the town soon recognized him to be the successful stranger at the Pharo-table.—*Taken from Travelling Anecdotes.*

Lord Townshend, when viceroy of Ireland, knighted Alderman King, then sheriff of Dublin, * for his eminent service in quelling a dangerous mob. Sir John Hasler, then gentleman-usher at the Castle, sent the usual bill of accustomary fees, and a sword, which is also presented on the occasion to the new-made knight. Sir Anthony was seated behind his counter, in a little tin-shop:—his lady on the opposite side, selling a hard bargain of a save-all to an

* Better known to the inhabitants and frequenters of Dublin, by the appellation of Sir Anthony Tinker.

apple-

apple-woman, when the messenger with the bill and the sword arrived. The demand was 1261.—“ One hundred and twenty-six devils !” said Sir Anthony :—“ Go home and tell your master that I am a Knight, and that Isabella is a Lady without paying any fees ; and that, as d’you see me, I shall never be sheriff again—I won’t want a sword ; and harkee—let me see—by J—s, that gingerbread thing you have there is not worth six-pence—and as I could make a better out of tin, I won’t have it ; and I won’t pay the bill—and so that’s all, Mr. messenger. I can’t be posselt for the fees—and so, Sir, if you please, I am Sir Anthony King, without fees.” Isabella, her new-made ladyship, had cast a longing eye on the ribbon, which was tied in a fashionable knot to the sword—and turning to the Knight, she said, “ Sir Anthony, you may want the sword, you know, when you are Lord Mayor.—“ Pogh ! you fool,” replied the Knight, “ there is a large gold sword belongs to the Lord Mayor, which is so heavy, that the city pays a man for carrying it ; besides, my dear, if ever I have a formal sword, it shall be a large couteau-de-chasse.” The bill was returned, and the fees

fees have never since been paid.—*Related by Lord C——e.*

Dean Swift was invited to a gentleman's house, where at dinner he observed some beautiful children of his friend's; and on his eagerly looking round, as if he wanted something, was asked what he would have? to which he, with too much ill-nature, if not insolence, replied, "I am looking to see which is the handsomest footman here;" for the gentleman was remarkably deformed, and ordinary, both in person and features. I heard a gentleman observe, on this story being told, that he deserved to be kicked down stairs, had he been the archbishop of Canterbury; and indeed it is surprising the gentleman had not spirit enough to do it.—*Related by the Bishop of Gloucester.*

An Irishman at an assize in Corke, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Montenev. He was asked who he would be tried by?—"By no one, by J—s," says he. The jailor desired him to say, by God and his country.—"G—d d—n my own s— if I do!" says Paddy, "for I don't like it at all at all, my dear!" "What's that you say, honest man?" says

says the judge.—“ See there now,” says the criminal, “ his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty ? ” “ What do you say ? ” says the judge in an authoritative voice. “ I say, my lord, I won’t be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter, but I will be tried by your lordship and my country.—*Related in an admirable manner by Lord V. T.*

I was riding one day on Richmond-hill, when I observed a house delightfully situated; I asked a gentleman who rode beside me, whose house it was? who informed me it belonged to a card-maker. “ Upon my life,” said I, “ one would imagine all this man’s cards turned up trumps.” My companion laughed heartily, and declared it was the best *bon mot* he ever heard in his life.

Miss S——, one of the famous Miss H—’s filles-de-joy, in dancing at a masquerade at Carlisle-house happened to trip, and fall flat on her back;—Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, “ never mind it, my pretty

pretty dear,—practice makes perfect.”—*Related by Earl N.*

When I was a boy, I was very fond of my bed; my father came into my bed-chamber one morning, and seemed angry with my sleeping so long, saying, the sun had been up above three hours. “That’s no great wonder, Sir,” said I; “if I had as many miles to travel to-day as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as him.” My father left me with a smile, and seemed highly delighted with the reply.

Dr. Thompson was a peculiar sloven, and, in the practice of a physician, an utter and declared enemy to muffins, which he always forbade his patients. Being one day upon a visit to Lord Melcombe, at Hammer-smith, with Mr. Garrick, Mr. P. Whitehead, &c. the company were assembled at breakfast, long before the doctor appeared: just as he entered the room, in an uncouth habit, Lord Melcombe uncovered a plate of muffins, which Thompson fixing his eyes upon, with some indignation, said, “My Lord, did not I beseech your Lordship before, never to suffer a muffin in your house?” To which his lordship archly replied,

plied, " Doctor, I've an utter aversion to muffins and raggamuffins." The pleasantries of the turn, at the Doctor's expence, set the table in a roar.—*Related by the late Lord le Despencer.*

A certain new-created lord, standing at a well-known bookseller's shop, at the west end of the town, a dissipated young nobleman drove by in a remarkably high phaeton, and six as remarkable horses. Struck with the *tout ensemble* of such a groupe, his Lordship asked, " What strange figure that was ?"—" Oh, my Lord," says Type, in the true family pronunciation, " that is the celebrated Lord ———, who hath long figured away in the walks of fashion and extravagance."—" Ah," replied the peer, " we have got strange kind of lords now-a-days."—" Indeed, my Lord," replied Type, without ever meaning to be pointed, " you may say that."—*Related by General Amberst.*

Colonel G——, coming to Foote in Suffolk-street, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it :—" 'Tis a pretty thing," said the Colonel, " and I have it on a new plan."—" Before I set my eyes on it,"

it," said Foote, " my dear Colonel, I'm damnably afraid you have it on the old plan—never to pay for it."—*Related by the Duke of N.*

Edmund Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful.—Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, " By G—d, Burke," said he, " these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime* and *beautiful*!"—*This was communicated to me by the facetious Lord T.*

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull?—" Dull! your Honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a damned hard day's work I have done for a groat!"—*Communicated to me by some General, I forget who.*
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The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-will to a certain physician, was rallying him one day about the inefficacy of his prescriptions. To which the doctor replied, "He defied any of his patients to find fault with him."—"I believe you," replied the witty Earl,—"for they are all dead!"—*Related by the late Earl Temple.*

The late Lord Hawke, when a young man, was pressed very much by a taylor to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. "You know," said Mr. Buckram, "my bill is very long, and frightful to think of." "D—n it," replies the blunt tar, "don't threaten me with your bill; my talons will prove a match for your bill any hour!"—*Related by Admiral R.*

C—F—, who has for some time styled himself the Man of the People, and who is now so much attached to Mrs. R——, the celebrated demirep, was observed in her carriage by Mr. S——, who wittily observed to some gentlemen at Arthur's, "The connection was perfectly right; the Man of the people, and no other, should be Cicisbeo to the Woman of the people."—*Related by Sir J. W.*

Sir

Sir Charles S——, who, after contracting an intimate acquaintance with a late Swedish ambassador at the court of England, was strongly urged, and at length prevailed with, to accompany him to Sweden on a visit. Thither they accordingly set off soon after together. On their arrival at Stockholm, Sir Charles made a tour through the kingdom, and at length returned to court. On his first appearance there, one of the first questions of the ambassador to him was, “ Well, Sir Charles, how do you like poor Sweden ? ” — “ Ay, poor Sweden, indeed, Sir,” returned our countryman bluntly enough, “ By heavens, if the whole country were mine, I would sell every inch of it, and buy a farm in Old England.”
Related by C. F.

Mr. Macklin, along with many others, accompanying the remains of the late Mr. Barry to the grave, when they got to the spot of interment, which was about the center of the left quadrangle of the Cloisters, Westminster-Abbey, spoke to a gentleman who was with him to get up on some rubbish, for the better view ; when the gentleman telling him, that if they staid where they were, they could very well see the interment, which was all they wanted.

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“Not at all, Sir,” say this stage veteran, “I want to see an exact representation of the whole, for I don’t know how soon I may be called upon myself to be a principal performer in the same tragedy.”—*Related by the Earl of B.*

A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured remarks, and farcaſtical expreſſions, and who had an offensive breath, was very deſirous of being introduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray; who, knowing his character, was equally ſolicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at ſome public aſſembly, and the gentleman embraced the opportunity of accoſting Mr. Gray, “Sir, it is a very cold day!” “It is ſo,” replied Mr. Gray. “Upon my word,” rejoined the other, “I rode out this morning, and the north wind was ſo keen that it cut me in ſuch a manner, that it was quite intolerable.” “Sir,” replied the poet, “from what I have heard of you, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the wind had the worſt of it.”—*Related by the Duke of G.*

The celebrated Michael Angelo having received ſome inſult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge, painted a moſt
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striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Holiness. Pope Leo was too much a lover of the fine arts to gratify the Cardinal's desire, and therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If," said he, "the insult had been laid in heaven, or the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places; but I have no interest in hell."—*Related by the late agreeable Bishop of K——.*

The Marchioness of C——, on being detected in her amour with Mr. B——, requested her maid would keep it a secret, and if the other servants knew it, she begged she would bribe them into secrecy, for which she gave her four guineas, saying at the same time, if her mamma heard of it, she was an undone woman! To which the girl smartly replied, "That could not be, for her ladyship was an undone woman already!"—*Related by Lady C——.*

from a botany paper in the possession of the author
 Garrick

Garrick was so vain a creature, that if he handed you a tea-cup or glass, you must take it as a great condescension. He had a trick of calling, in a loud voice, to a friend at some distance in the street, and telling him with great pomposity, he would do him the honour of a visit: a wag happening to pass when he made use of one of these salutations, called it a visit in perspective! *Related by Foote.*

Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), in a debate with Lord Holland, took occasion, with great asperity, to say, that nature had painted in his countenance the signs of a black and treacherous soul, and noticed the pent-house of his sullen eyebrows, his hard unsocial front, and dark unblushing cheeks. On this Lord Holland arose, and complained bitterly of the personal abuse; alleged that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himself; and, turning round to Mr. Pitt, the honourable gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look?—Mr. Pitt starting up, replied, “The honourable gentleman asks me how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought, if he could; I would have him look as he cannot,

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not, if he would; I would have him look like an honest man."——This severe retort threw his antagonist into silent and unconquerable confusion.—*Related by the great Earl of Chesterfield.*

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the bishop, "What are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" said the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son.—*Related to me when a boy, by the celebrated Thompson.*

When the Duchess of Kingston, some years since, wished to be received in the court of Berlin, she got the Russian Minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian Majesty, and to tell him at the same time, "That her fortune was at Rome, her bark at Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin." Immediately on hearing which, the King sarcastically replied, "I beg, Sir, you will make my compliments

ments to her grace, and inform her, that I am sorry we are only intrusted with the very worst part of her property.”—*Related by the Prussian Ambassador.*

The Earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening with Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits, some time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the first bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the second, he broke out the man of wit and reading: but on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation—very inferior to the author of *Hudibras*. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship how he liked his friend Butler? “I do not know any thing better to compare him to,” says his lordship, “than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.”—*Related by Dr. Goldsmith to Earl N—, who gave it to me.*

When the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons was in London last summer, an Irish lad, the son of one of his tenants, whom he had just taken from the plow-tail, accompanied him in the character of an

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under footman ; his master, who lodged at the bottom of Norfolk Street, sent him one day to call a hackney coach ; in a few minutes he appeared with the carriage, having taken one of the horses by the reins, and led them to the door. The Speaker naturally expressed his surprise at the absence of the coachman ; to which the fellow simply replied, " The devil a word your honour said to me about a coachman, you only told me to bring a coach, and sure I found an ocean of them at the top of the street."* However Paddy went back to look for the man, who had just missed his carriage, and seemed almost distracted at the circumstance ; on observing his whip in his hand, he went up to him, and seized him by the collar, saying, " Sure enough, I believe you are the man my master sent me for—now, bad manners to you !—who do you think will ride in your coach, without somebody to drive the horses ?" and immediately brough him to his master, where it is hardly necessary to add, the man was

* At the top of Norfolk-street in the Strand, there is a large stand for coaches ; at this time the sons of the whip were all at dinner in a neighbouring public house.

made very happy in the recovery of his lost goods.

The same lad was sent a few days after to buy a piece of cheese; his fellow-servants did not like the taste of it; he was desired to change it—it was one half of a Gloucester cheese. He went back, and brought the other half; he was told, upon tasting it, it was the same. “I’ll take my Bible oath of that,” said he, “for it is the other half, I saw the man change it with my own eyes;—you may buy your cheese yourselves for me.”

The poetical Lord Lyttelton’s Dialogues of the Dead being the subject of conversation one evening; the Duchess of Northumberland asked my opinion of them? to which I replied, I thought them excellent likenesses *after* life.

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, “No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman.”—*Related by Dr. Newton.*

When Mr. Love first appeared on Drury-
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lane theatre, in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the newspapers, upon his excellency in the part; all which, however, availed but little, as he could never bring a full house. One Bignell, sitting with a few of the players at the Black Lion, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopp'd, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, "By G—d, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I'll be damn'd if I can draw!"—*Related by Quin.*

Trick upon Trick, a pleasant Anecdote.

October 16, 1788.

The following ludicrous, though true circumstance, happened last week: Mr. C——n, of Chigwell in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent, having occasion, stopped at an alehouse near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord cruelly killed his cat, and put it into the basket in lieu of the hare,

hare, which he concealed ; the man pursued his journey, sent in the basket ; was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road ? He answered in the affirmative, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling ; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a penny-worth of tobacco ; in the mean time he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat.

I cut this out of a newspaper, and have been assured by Mr. H. member for the county of E—x, it is a fact.

When Lord Townshend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. “ You blockhead,” cries his Lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, “ how did you do it ? ” “ Upon my soul, my Lord, they happened to fall just so,” replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.—*Related by Lady T.*

In the course of the publication of the *Spectator* in folio, the paper, as it came out, was commonly hung up within the bars of the coffee-houses of Oxford and Cambridge. The motto of the 154th paper is *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. A wag at the University, who stole in to read this number at a prohibited time, wrote the following translation under the motto—"It is a long while ere one becomes a *senior* fellow.

The late Duke of Newcastle, applying to an old fellow for a vote at an election in the country, "I will give it you," said the man, "if your Grace will give my son a place in the Excise." "That I will," replied the Duke with his accustomed good humour, "that I assuredly will; hand me a pen and ink, and you shall see the letter I will write, and put it in the post-office yourself." He wrote to his agent in London, requesting the young man might immediately have the place which was requested; adding, that he was highly worthy of the situation, and the son of his friend. When the old man read the letter, he thanked his Grace for his good opinion, but begged him to make one little alteration in the signature; which

which, says he, I happen to know must be in red ink, or no attention will be paid to it; for your Grace has ordered all letters which have not that colour at the corner, to be thrown aside. "O ho! have I so?" said the Duke, "and pray how came you to be in the secret?—give me the red ink however—I suppose if there was none, you would be satisfied if I signed it with my own blood, and that would give my biographers an opportunity of saying, that I had once bled for my country."

A French gentleman asked the celebrated Mr. Sterne, when in Paris, if he had found in France no original characters that he could make use of in his *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; "No," replied he, "the French resemble old pieces of coin, whose impression is worn out by rubbing."—*Related by the late Earl Bathurst.*

Mr. Garrick passing through a town in Yorkshire, seeing the *Constant Couple*, or a *Trip to the Jubilee*, advertised in the town, waited that night to see the play. The theatre happened to be a barn, and Sir Harry Wildair, the hero of the piece, a recruiting serjeant, who wanted his left hand. At the

opening, Mr. Garrick attended, as he thought, quite disguised; but it was not the case; a man who had been a candle-snuffer to Drury Lane, being one of the company, knew him, and communicated this knowledge to the rest of his brethren. A council was instantly called in the green-room; the result of which was, to return him his entrance-money. The man who found out the secret was deputed for that purpose; who accordingly came round where Mr. Garrick was sitting, and (after delivering the compliments of the gentlemen of the buskin, in very polite terms) begged the acceptance of his eighteen-pence, as they never took any thing from a brother.—*Related by Foote.*

A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a newspaper, saying, "He wanted to see what the ministry were about:" Foote, with a smile, said, "look among the robberies."——*Related by the Hon. Hans Stanley.*

Lord S—— vexed me very much some time ago, when I could not help breaking out in the following manner: At the court of the Khalif Arrashid, there was a fool
named

named Bahialul; some of whose sayings have been preserved. He appears to have possessed vivacity, wit, and observation; and he was permitted to take every kind of licence with the Khalif and his courtiers: "I wish," says Arraslid to him one day, "you could procure me a list of all the fools in Bagdad."—"That would be difficult, Commander of the Faithful; but if you desire to know the wise men, that catalogue may soon be compleated."

The Countess of H— was railing one day at Lord C—, who never paid his debts, and she was certain of his being so unprincipled never to pay one. "That I can contradict, my lady," said I, "for he must undoubtedly pay the full debt of nature."

One Collins was stopt in Red-Lion Street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he stole. He attempted to make his escape, but running into a court, through which there was no passage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. "Damn it," said he as he entered, "I have brought my hogs to a fine market!"—*Related by Sir Charles Hardy.*

The late General Carpenter, at a review on Blackheath, rode a charger that seemed crippled; upon which I rode up to him and acquainted him with the circumstance. "Sir," said he, "I have tried every way to cure him, and have been disappointed in all."—Indeed!" said I, "then the only thing I can recommend, General, is to send him to the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane.

When the amiable Duchefs of Northumberland was some years ago on the Continent, she stopped at an Inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expences for the night fourteen Louis d'ors." In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchefs, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congees, and expressing much thanks, hoped
he

he should have the honour of her Grace's company on her return. "Why, I don't know but I may," said the Duchess, with her usual good humour; "but it must be upon one condition, that you do not mistake me for your sign."—*Related by the late Countess of Harcourt.*

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on a bureau.—"Do you know my reasons," says Foote, "for making Garrick stand sentry there?" "No," replied his friend. "I placed him there," resumed the wit, "to take care of my money, for by G—d I can't take care of it myself."

Shortly after the first appearance of Venice Preserv'd in the dramatic world, the Duchess of Portsmouth (the then favourite of Charles the Second) inquired of Lord Rochester after Otway, saying, she had not seen him for some time. His Lordship, with a sneer, said, he supposed he could not make as respectable an appearance as his play; and was therefore resolved, like many other ragged bards, to amuse himself with dressing his muse with all the finery of Parnassus. "That may be the case," said the Duchess,
E 6 "and

“and your Lordship must acknowledge Mr. Otway dresses his muse in much more elegant attire than all the dramatic poets now living can possibly do theirs. As a proof of my esteem for his genius, will your Lordship be so kind to convey this fifty-pound note to him?—’Tis a debt I owe him; and (if he is as you say) this is the best opportunity of discharging it.”—*Related by the first Ld Lyttelton.*

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance; who used to say, “Come, Sam, let us have the general’s company.” A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote: “Sir,” says the general, “I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters; and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule.” “Oh, Sir,” said Foote, with great pleasantry, “I take all my acquaintance off at times; and what is more particular, I often take myself off.” “Od so!” says the other, “pray let us have a specimen.”

men." Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on inquiry, found he had really taken himself off, by leaving the house. The officer was general Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.
—*Related by Sir J. W.*

When the distinguished Major Rogers took up his abode in a spunging house, in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, "The d—l ride roughshod over the rascally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toast, the Major (who was at the bottom of the table) cried out, "Stop, gentleman, every man fill a bumper."—"Oh, there's no occasion for that," says one of the company: "Yes, but there is," says the Major, "consider it is a family toast,

toast, and ought to be done justice to."——
Related by General B.

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard,—“ Oh! don't you know him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not letter'd.”—*Related by the Duchess of A.*

A distinguished performer at one of the theatres, complaining to Foote that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him; concluded, as many usually do, “ and for goodness sake, what is to be said for it?” “ Nothing that I know,” says Foote, “ can be said for it, but much against it.”—*Related by Garrick.*

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the
late

late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humour, he could not suppress his joke, saying, "It was high time for him to leave off play when his last pin was bowled down.—*Related by Commodore J.*

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "Pshaw, it's worth nothing," says Garrick, "fling it to the Devil." "Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man,"—*Related by the Bishop of R.*

As General Paoli was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of unlicensed pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself from her
ladyship;

ladyship; but she still held him, and finding all former rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a handsome present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran stared, and demanded how? "Why, Sir," said the girl, "you have been driven from home, and lost your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the same cause I am reduced to the like extremity.—We are both children of liberty, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other." The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he took out his purse, and gave her a guinea.—*Related by the Duke of R.*

Foote being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress. "Good God!" said he, "that fellow is always robbing the public."—*Related by the Countess of H.*

Mrs. Macaulay having published her Loose Thoughts, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose? —"By no means," replied he, "the sooner
a wo-

a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."——*Related by Garrick.*

Foote was never remarkable for economy; so long as economy continued the favourite pass-word at court, so long did it continue the favourite mock-work of the English Aristophanes.——Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, must remember the beautiful set of dun horses with which he used to drive his carriage.—On being complimented respecting their limbs, their fine shapes and colour one 'day——“ Yes,” replied the wag, “ I am never without a set of duns in my retinue; but with this difference, that in the summer I drive the duns, and in the winter the duns drive me.”——*Related by Foote's crony, Lord T.*

Charles F—, when a boy, delighted in arch tricks. In his walks one Easter Monday, meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, he took her by the arm and said, “ Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where this holiday time you may chance to meet with good custom.”——“ Thank'e kindly, Sir,” says she.—Whereupon he conducted her to Cripple-gate church, and placed her in the middle aisle.

aisle. Now, says he, you are in Moorfields; which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies!—come, they are all hot," &c. which caused the congregation to burst into a loud fit of laughter, and the clerk came and told her she was in church. "You are a lying son of a whore," says she. Which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church: she cursing and damning him all the while; nor would she believe him till she heard the organ play.—*Related by the first Lord Holland.*

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his Lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" says his Lordship. "Perfectly so indeed," says the other, "I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."—*Related by Sir Francis Blake Delaval.*

One day several ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Charles F—, went, in different boats, on a party of pleasure on the Thames. By accident one of the boats overturning, all who were in it were soufed into the water; but in particular, a pretty young girl, who being in imminent danger, a gentleman leaped out of another boat to save her. The girl, as soon as he swam to her, laid hold of him by the waistband of his breeches, which, with her pulling, soon gave way; and scarce knowing what she did, she laid hold of him by a place which shall be nameless; however, he brought her ashore. Afterwards, having got themselves dried, and being at dinner at a nobleman's house, the cloth removed, and the ladies withdrawn, the gentlemen began to laugh and joke with him who saved the girl, on account of the odd part she had seized him by. "Faith," says Charles F—, "I think she did quite right: she was afraid of being drowned, and, to secure herself, laid hold of what never goes to the bottom."—*Related by Lord N.*

Dryden's Translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Bishop, a witty Earl said, "The original is indeed excellent;

excellent : but every thing suffers by a translation, except a Bishop."——*Related by Mr. Macpherson.*

A lady being ill, sent for a physician, and on his leaving the room, gave a fee of two guineas. This she repeated several times, and one day she gave him a single guinea. This by some accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a significant look, said, "Madam, I believe I have dropt a guinea." "No, Doctor," replied the lady, smartly, "'twas I who dropt the guinea."——*Related by the divorced Lady P.*

When Mr. Dibdin was engaged to compose the music for an opera that was to appear at Drury Lane, the nature of this employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green-room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the author. "Then," retorted Mr. Bannister, "he is likely to be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it, by giving him *his notes*."——*Related by Garrick.*

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When Mrs. Kennedy's Macheath had a great run, she happened to be pretty far advanced in her pregnancy: I observed to a nobleman who sat near to me, "if the managers did not suspend the performance for some time, the audience would find Mrs. Kennedy *labour* in the performance very soon."

Doctor Johnson being asked his opinion of a certain Nabob, better known by his riches than by his learning, "A mere sheep, Sir, with a golden fleece," observed the Cynic.—*Related by the late Marchioness of Lothian.*

A lady on the wrong side of fifty, having lost both her money and temper at a rout with very little grace, had the additional misfortune, in stooping, to lose her entire head-dress, to the discovery of a bald pate; whereupon I observed in her hearing, "I could not but commend the hair for leaving so weak a head."

Sir Charles W—— was observing to me one day, that Lord B—— was very proud: "Then," said I, "he is not so respectable as that bitch before us, for she will
soon

soon be full of something valuable; but he, in all likelihood, will remain for ever empty."

The well-known Dagger Marr, Tommy Clough, and Harry Vaughan, all of Drury-lane theatre, met one morning at rehearsal; Clough kept his hand in his coat-pocket a long time: which Dagger taking notice of, asked him what he had got there? "I have got a partridge," says Clough, "which I intend to present to the little man," meaning Mr. Garrick. "Tut!" says Vaughan, "he won't accept of it." "Won't he," says Dagger, who was well acquainted with the penurious spirit of Garrick, "yes, by G—d, he'll take it, or a roll and treacle if you offer it to him."

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park: one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobble up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, "Get

out

out of that you gobbling rascal, I see you are a manager, by G—d!"—*Both related by Foote.*

Mr. Palmer of Drury-lane theatre (I mean the ladies' Mr. Palmer) appeared at a rehearsal in a violent perturbation of mind, on some intelligence he had just heard. Mr. Bannister requested to know what made him so uneasy? "Monarchs, my dear Sir," says Palmer, with a tragedy strut, "monarchs have met with afflictions, then why should I grieve? my puppy of a brother, a cub, Sir, has made as bad a match as he possibly could make; he was married yesterday, and the girl is as pennyless as a third-rate actress's dressing woman." "What is the lady's name?" says Bannister: "Sharp, I think they call her," says Palmer. "My dear friend," says Bannister, "I don't see why you should fret so, it was a musical wedding, there was a * flat and a sharp!" —*Related by Lord T.*

The Queen of Hungary, in a conversation with General Count O'Donnel, a na-

* A flat, in cant or slang language, signifies a man easily taken in.

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tive of Ireland, was pleased to say some very polite things in favour of the officers of that country, who had been engaged in her service, during the late war: among others, "My Lord," says she, "I really wonder that I am not able to give laws to all Europe, when I have so many gallant countrymen of yours in my service." To which his lordship, with a very low bow, replied, "I should wonder equally, Madam, if your Majesty had not contended with a Prince, who can spare a great number to fight the battles of his enemies."—*Related by Adm. Kempenfelt.*

The Prince of Condé, coming to congratulate his master, Louis XIV. on the battle of Seniff, in which his highness had commanded and gained great honour; the King stood on the top of the stairs to receive him. The Prince being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and stopping midway, begged his Majesty's pardon, if he made him wait. "Cousin," said the King, "do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very swiftly."—*Related by the Duke of G.*

The beautiful Duchess of D—— complaining

plaining one day in a mixed company, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his picture of her, threw her into a very strange position:—"Your Grace surprises me very much," replied I, "for Sir Joshua seems to understand *natural* positions very well, any one of which might have given your grace infinite pleasure!"

When Macklin was rehearsing Macbeth, and, from want of memory, detained the performers uncommonly long at the theatre, one of them asked Shuter, if he did not think it very extraordinary, that a man so old, and infirm in intellects, should attempt such a character? Ned replied drily, from Macbeth,

———The time has been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now——

Related by Garrick.

Foote dined one day at the Castle at Salt-hill. When the landlord produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name?—"Partridge, an't please you," replied the host.—"Partridge," resumed Foote; "it should be Woodcock, by G—, by the length of your *bill*.—*Related by the late Lord Chesterfield.*

I was asked one day by Lord N—, at a levee at St. James's, when I had seen the Duchess of B—? who is well known to use an uncommon quantity of paint. To which I replied, "I had not seen her face, nor had any other person, I believe, these twenty years."

One day, Earl Temple, in the course of conversation with a lady at court, complained that some of her Ladyship's relations had spoken disrespectfully of him. "Indeed, my Lord," replied the lady, patting him upon the forehead, "there is nothing in it."
—*Related by Lord C*——.

At the last coronation, a gentleman paid six guineas for a seat in Westminster-abbey; the instant the king entered, he turned to a gentleman beside him, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain. "Indeed!" said the gentleman, "how so, Sir?" "Why, Sir, I have paid six guineas for a seat here; when his Majesty, who can much better afford it, comes in for a crown!"—*Related by Sir W. W. W.*

A third-rate actor, of one of the London theatres, who is remarked for keeping his
hand

hand in his breeches, was ordered on for one of the sentinels in the tragedy of Hamlet; as soon as it came to this gentleman's turn to speak, he walked, in the above situation, up to Bernardo, and asked him with a very audible voice, "Has *this* thing appeared again to-night?" which threw the audience into such a fit of laughter, that the entertainment was interrupted for a considerable time.—
Communicated to me by Lady H—n, with that humour peculiar to herself.

A young lady of Chichester was playing at What is it Like, in company where was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher's stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. "The History of Pamela," said she, "is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue."——*Related by the Dowager Countess Cowper.*

I was walking, some years ago, with the lovely Lady Sarah B—, who finding herself teased by an old beggar-man, hastily turned round and told him, she had got nothing; "I am sorry for that, my sweet young lady," said the old man, "old as I am, I have
 F 2 got

got a little!" Her ladyship smiled, turned about, and gave him a crown.

A nobleman, of the thick blood of the Irish nation, paid his addresses to the daughter of a friend of mine, who valued money more than ancestry: the old gentleman hinted to his Lordship, that he supposed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter's? "Why, no, Sir," replied his Lordship, I cannot say 'tis altogether so considerable; but then you know, Sir, there is my blood."—"O, damn your blood!" returns the gentleman, without hesitation, "if you squander my daughter's fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for a subsistence; a hog's blood would be of more service then, and would make much better puddings."—*Related by Lord T.*

The day before Dr. Dodd's trial, I was mentioning my doubts about his criminality to Lord M—, who told me every circumstance he had heard would criminate him before any jury; and he would suffer himself to be hanged at the top of the Monument, if he was not found guilty: to which I could not help observing, "Then, my Lord, your enemies, if the culprit should be acquitted, would

would have the satisfaction of literally seeing you Lord Chief Justice in *Air*.

Old Charles Macklin being asked his opinion of Charles F—, and the other distinguished characters who resigned lately; replied, “ I am no astronomer, Sir, but they seem to me to be wandering planets; though it would be much better for the people of this distracted country, if they were fixed stars at Tyburn or Temple-Bar!”—
Related by Lord N.

“ I suppose,” says Lady Bridget T—, looking over the Beauties of Sterne one evening, at the Duke of G——’s, we may soon expect to see the Beauties of the prolific Lady C—— published.” “ Good God! my Lady,” cried I, “ can you be such a novice? what is become of your brilliancy of wit, that you should make that remark? don’t you know Lady C’s Beauties have been long published, and that a certain gentleman of our acquaintance was so impatient, that he tasted the delicious treasure in sheets?”

My wife was observing at a concert one evening, that Handel was, without doubt,

the greatest musical composer that ever lived; for all his notes were notes of admiration.—“ True, my dear,” cried I; “ and you see Colman, the theatrical manager, is so fond of him, that he steps at his heels very fast; there’s his Suicide!! his Dead Alive!! his Agreeable Surprise!! and as to his expected Execution!! ’tis confessed by his friends to be superior to any thing Handel ever dreamt of!”

A farmer near my country seat having married a woman who weighed twenty-five stone; I could not help remarking to Lady Betty T——, “ That he married a woman of great substance.”

When Louis the Fourteenth came to the throne, he was remarkably obstinate, and it could not be known whether he took advice of any one. He had no public council, nor any private counsellor. One day being hunting on a very small Brittany Bidet, Cardinal Mazarin frequently repeated, “ What a very strong horse that must be!” “ Why so, my good Cardinal?” replied the King. “ Why, Sire,” answered his Eminence, “ it not only carries your majesty, but the whole body of your council.” From that moment the King took the hint, and of course,

course, advice, and became one of the greatest monarchs in the world.—*Related by my father.*

When Mr. Wilkes was persecuted in the year 1769, and confined in the King's-Bench, General C—— informed me of many presents being sent to him by his numerous admirers; among the rest, a gentleman sent him forty-five hampers of different wines; I could not help observing to the General, "Though his friends may complain of oppression towards him hitherto, yet now they had no reason to complain, for they must allow their oracle was finely *hampered*."

That literary phenomenon, Lady C——, observing a fine milk-white feather in the Duchefs of D——'s riding hat, stepped up and observed to her, with a smile, "That is a very beautiful feather indeed, your Grace exhibits to-day!" "True," replied the Duchefs, "and if you observe, Madam, there is no taint in it."—I was present when this happened.

Archbishop King was remarkably fond of a leg of mutton and capers, the last of which he always prepared himself. A gentleman

tleman coming to dine with him, laughed immoderately on his entering the apartment where his Grace was sitting at his favourite amusement. "What's the matter?" said the Bishop. "I cannot help laughing," replied the gentleman, "for this is the first instance I have ever seen of a Bishop's cutting capers!"—*Related by the late Bishop of Gloucester.*

Chatting one morning with Ld. N****, he told me Lord L——, who made one unfortunate match, was married a few hours before to Lady Mary H——; "Then, my Lord," said I, "his Lordship is in a fair way to DOUBLE CAPE HORN!"

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"—"Upon my word," replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigi-
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ously

ously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."—*Related to me, when a boy, by my mother.*

Lord C— was observing to me, a few days ago, that the Irish should be called Lunatic Volunteers! for though they had every thing granted them that their champion (Mr. Grattan) sought for; yet now, nothing was heard throughout the kingdom but "a Bill of Rights! a Bill of Rights!" "Truly, my Lord," said I, "I think this does favour of madness sure enough, for it now clearly appears their parliament have voted fifty-thousand-pounds to their demigod for procuring a Bill of Wrongs!"

The Bishop of L. and C. declared one day, that the punishment used in schools did not make boys a whit better, or more tractable: I insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow it made a boy *smart*.

The Bishop of Toledo, an old wag so called, who is seen every day at Sam's coffee-house, on reading the names of the Smock-alley performers in the play bills; said, "that though the SPARKS of genius shone in Smock-alley, and the manager had brought GRIST to his mill, and had called the talents of a YOUNG, a PRIOR, and a MELMOUTH to his assistance, he feared the DALY receipts would not fill his pocket, nor were the performers much better off in the money way, though they had CASH-IN among them; so that in all appearance, before the conclusion of the season, both manager and actors would be obliged to SWINDLE.

Counsellor D—— met Lord S—— some few years ago, at the Hague; his Lordship was on a journey to Berlin, to visit his Prussian Majesty, to which place he prevailed on D—— to accompany him. The counsellor, ambitious of being introduced to the Prussian Monarch, accompanied his Lordship with alacrity. The morning after the British orator's arrival, Frederick sent an aid-de-camp, and a charger for his visitant, requesting his presence at a review. The counsellor not knowing the *charger*, and
the

the *charger* not knowing his rider, set off amicably upon the grand-pas together; but just as the horses got into the field, the trumpet sounded; the charger set off like lightning; the counsellor's hat and wig fell off, and, like an affectionate horseman, he threw his arms round the charger's neck, and in this manner he was brought up to the front of the lines. His Prussian Majesty observing the disaster, rode up to Lord S——, and told him, General D—— was the worst horseman he had ever seen of his Britannic Majesty's staff-officers, and he was certain he could keep a seat with more dignity on a *wool-sack*.—*Related by Lord S——c.*

Voltaire's stage heroes and heroines, at his theatre at Ferney, were made up of the Butler, Coachman, Groom, Dairy-maid, Cook, &c. When any passage went wrong, he never failed to proclaim it; and would cross the stage in his night-cap and gown, to scold at an Empress, or pull the cap of a Queen. His coachman not entering time enough to lay him down gently in the hour of death, in the character of a Turkish slave, he changed his tragedy part into comic reasoning; and whimsically asked him for a receipt in full of all demands; "For I am
F 6 sure,"

sure," said Voltaire, " I must be in your debt, or you would not have used me so, as to let me die thus like a beggar."—*Related by G. K——e, Esq.*

Foote, who could never keep any very valuable article long out of a pawnbroker's hands, was made a present of a very handsome service of plate, which he exhibited a few days after to a splendid company who dined with him at North-End. One of the noblemen was particularly smitten with the fashion of it, and begged to know what it cost him.—" Upon my word," replied the wit, " I cannot answer that question; but if your Lordship will favour me with a visit in a few days, I can tell you pretty near what it is worth."—*Related by Garrick.*

Voltaire, when he grew very old, would talk daily of what writers would say after his death. " The Conversion of Monsieur de Voltaire on his Death-bed," he would say, cooked up by some Jesuit, will be a most delicious morsel for the Paris book-sellers; and the rascals will pick up many a good meal from off my bones, bare as I am."—*Related by G. K——e, Esq.*

A report having prevailed, with what shew of truth I will not pretend to say, that the body of the immortal Sterne, who was buried in the cemetery of St. George's Row, Tyburn, was taken up, and purchased from the sexton, by an eminent surgeon of Oxford, who has it now among his collection of skeletons; my wife expressed great uneasiness to Lady C. F. at the circumstance, declaring it the greatest disgrace to this country within her recollection: "If it be so," replied I, it must be allowed he had the most *whimsical subject* to lecture on in the world, and as Sterne parted with his *feelings* before he died to thousands of the tender and humane part of mankind, he was consequently insensible to any terrors in the sacrilegious villain's butchery."

When Dr. Johnson was first patronized by Lord Chesterfield, which was at his Lordship's own particular request, the Doctor called on him one morning, and being shewn into an antichamber, either from the mistake of the footman, or his Lordship's paying a preference to other company, the Doctor was left waiting there for two hours, without his Lordship's appearance. Johnson growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the

the house, and from that hour resolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, Lord Chesterfield endeavoured all he could to regain Johnson's friendship, by writing two essays in favor of his Dictionary, in a periodical paper then publishing, called, "The World," as well as by other indirect solicitations; but all in vain. Johnson was not only resolved, but wrote his Lordship word so, in a very remarkable letter; wherein, with great dignity and philosophic pride, he begged leave to be dismissed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble Lord met the Doctor in Doddsley's shop, who beginning the conversation, asked him how he could desert a man who had been so *serviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as Lord Chesterfield was? "Serviceable to me, my Lord!" says the Doctor, "in no respect whatsoever: I had been for years sailing round the World of Literature, and just as I was getting into the Chops of the Channel, his Lordship sends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. No, no, my Lord, Chesterfield may be a *wit amongst lords*, but I fancy he is no
more

more than a lord amongst wits *.”—*Related by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.*

The King of Prussia, when Voltaire and he were very intimate, wrote Odes intitl'd *Philosophe sans Soucie*; these he gave to Voltaire to correct and transcribe. These two great personages happening to quarrel afterwards, Voltaire expressed himself to a friend in the following bitter words: “I was his old washerwoman, and was sent for only to clean his dirty sheets!”—*Related by the Earl of S——.*

A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of *crim. con.* before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counsellor D——, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the *truth* came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether

* This retort his Lordship could never forgive, and in all probability it occasioned the caricature he afterwards gave of Dr. Johnson, in one of his Letters to his Son.

ther her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? "No, Sir," said the woman "she never did."—And how can you swear to her infidelity? "Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her." Indeed! said the Counsellor. "Yes, indeed, Sir." "And pray, my good woman," said the modest Counsellor, thinking to silence her at once, "did your master, (for I see you are very handsome,) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed with you?" "*That trial, says the spirited woman, does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabber-chops.*"—Lord M. was tickled to the soul: he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches, (his custom when highly delighted) and asked D——— if he had any more interrogatories to put? "No, my Lord, I have done," said the chop-fallen orator, settling his wig and sitting down. — *Related by Lord M———.*

A certain Bishop being at court, and observing a lady, who was very corpulent, talking to the late Princess Dowager of Wales; and at the other end of the room, a very genteel youth, both of whom were utter strangers to him; he addressed himself to the young gentleman with a very insinuating air; after
some

Some compliments, asked him if he knew who that *fat sow* was, who was in discourse with her Royal Highness? "*Yes, my Lord,*" replied the youth with great modesty, "*that fat sow is the Ambassadors of Sweden, and mother of the little pig who has the honour to speak to your Lordship.*"—*Related by my father*

An English gentleman who slept one night at Voltaire's, begged a book of him, to amuse him when he rose in the morning: on which Voltaire gave him his *Pucelle d'Orleans*; adding, "A virgin in my house is no small rarity."—*Related by the Earl of S.*

A French writer, some say Voltaire, having lampooned a nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him justice, the Duke replied, with a smile, "Sir, it has been done already."——*Related by the Hon. Topham Beauclerk.*

Some time after Lord Townshend had given up his commission in the Guards, on account of the late Duke of Cumberland's refusing him leave of absence for three days, he went one morning to the parade, where
Colonel

Colonel F—— (who was remarkable for being a *tale-bearer* to his Royal Highness) was looking over the exercise, in order, if any thing was wrong, to report it. Upon seeing Lord Townshend come up, "What, Townshend" said he, "though you have left us, I see you still come as a *Spectator*?" "Ay," replied his Lordship, "and, between us both, I think, we must *improve* the men, as you come here as a *Tatler*."—*Related by the Marquis of Granby.*

An English gentleman taking leave of Voltaire, to go to London; Voltaire said, "Well, Sir! I will come and see you when you are got home—but this is after I am dead; there are above twenty ghosts in the tragedy of Macbeth, why should not I be one among them?"—*Related by Sterne.*

When Mr. S. the late Attorney G—— of Ireland, was studying the law in the Temple, his circumstances were not the best in the world; he often translated and scribbled for the booksellers, to support a gentleman-like appearance; but, like *Charles Surface*, *Justice could not keep pace with his generosity*, and he was consequently exposed to the insults and pressure of many creditors. Among the
rest

rest appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in such a manner, that our good-hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions, to whom he would not refuse admittance, he had a square hole cut in the door, with a slider, and opposite to it he placed a looking-glass, in such a situation, that on his servant's removing the slider, he could, from a corner of the room, see who called on him, and gave his directions accordingly. A gentleman asked our orator what was his reason for placing the glass in that situation? he archly replied, "That, Sir is my *dun-ometer*." —*Related by the Lord C. of I——d.*

A celebrated orator and gambler being in company with the Duchess of Northumberland, he said he had just purchased a beautiful copy of *Paradise Lost*, which he would shew her: after trying both his pockets, he found it had been picked out in his way to Northumberland-house, and he instantly exclaimed, with a significant look at the Duchess, "Bless me, I have lost *Paradise*!" "I have some reason to think you have," said the Duchess; "but I have a stronger reason to think (instead of Milton's Poem)
your

your loss is a pair o'dice."——*Related to my wife by Lady A. P.*

The Archbishop of Troyes dining at Ferney one day, Voltaire, as usual, played off all his artillery against the prelate, who was also a Cardinal. The good divine immediately became the gentleman, and said, "The world have such obligations to men of genius, that a particular allowance is ever made to them, in return for their productions: though I don't doubt but Monsieur de Voltaire will be a good convert to us before he dies." Voltaire immediately answered, "My Lord, if ever I am made a convert of, it must be, like St. Paul, on horseback."——*Related by the late Earl Bathurst.*

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, at his seat at Ferney, Mr. Cramer, bookseller at Geneva (Voltaire's own immediate publisher) was finishing his part, which was to end in some dying sentences; when Voltaire, all despotic over those he thinks his dependants, cries out aloud, "Cramer, you lived like a prince for the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookseller! Dr. Tronchin, the Boerhaave of
this

this age, being present, could not help, in kindness, interfering; adding withal, "Why, Monsieur de Voltaire, can you ever expect to have gentlemen to be at this expence of drestes, and fatigue of getting such long parts, if you thus continue to upbraid them? on the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, as far as I am able to judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived." Voltaire, who detested advice, or being informed by an inferior, (for an author is, in his eye, beyond even an Æsculapius, were he living) made this cool answer; "Pr'ythee, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them your own way; let me kill mine as I please."——*Related by the late French Ambassador.*

Dean Bayley is much such a character in Dublin, as Dr. Dodd was in London, the banker for other people's charity for the comfortless and heavy laden. When Nan Catley was in her meridian, she was solicited in a letter, by the Dean, to give *him a night*; meaning thereby, a night for the Lying-in-Hospital; but good hearted Nan gave it another turn, and wrote him an answer; in which she told him, "She could

not

not give him a night; as she detested the body of the clergy, and had no great opinion of any one of its *members*."

Mr. F—— was so warmly attached to the beautiful Perdita, that his friends seldom saw his face. A gentleman meeting him in Piccadilly, asked him the reason of his absence from Brookes's, where his friends had the pleasure of his company and engaging converse almost every evening: to which our orator, with his happy presence of mind, replied, "You know, Sir, I have pledged myself to the *public* to have a strict eye on Lord S——e's * motions; that is my sole motive for residing in Berkley-Square, and that you may tell my friends is the reason they have not seen me at Brookes's."—*Related by General C——.*

The celebrated Dr. Young invited o'd Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, to his country seat several times, but could never prevail on him to undertake the journey. The last time the Doctor was in London, before Tonson's death, he asked the bookseller

* Mrs. ———'s house in Berkley-Square commands a view of Lord S——'s.

seller his reason for not visiting him ?
 " Why, really," replied Jacob, " the truth of the matter is, I do not like the country : " " I believe you are right," replied the wit, "*a cucumber thrives best upon a dunghill.*"—*Related by Dr. Johnson.*

Lord S—— meeting an intimate a few days after Mr. Fox and his friends resigned, wondered very much that his Grace of R—— did not go out with the rest. " There is nothing at all surprising in that, my Lord," said the gentleman, " for you know his Grace will not * *go out* with any body."—*Related by Lady C. F.*

General Otway led so dissipated a life, that he often drank Tokay of a guinea a quart, even when alone. Upon which his lady would often say, " My dear General, whatever you do for the honour of the crown, and in compliment to state days, do not drink such expensive wine when by yourself ; for what must your poor children do ? " Oh ! " says the General, " I am easy as to that, let them smell at the corks." It

* Alluding, we suppose, to the fracas between his Grace and Lord Rawdon.

It being necessary to tap him some time after for the dropfy, he went through the operation like a soldier; but, asking what the surgeons had found? and they replying water; he said, "How can that be? I never drank a drop of water in my life. But how long will it be before I must be tapped again?" On being answered, in six months, he replied, "It is impossible! no vessel in my house ever held above six weeks."

In short, his life was so profligate, that his lady at last, saying, "Why! General, you will not leave a shilling to bury you;" he answered, "Oh! I'll flink them into good manners."—*Related by the late Marquis of Granby.*

When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations; when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness, he should not have returned their salute; "O, I cry you mercy," said the good pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."—*Related by Sir C. C.*

Lord

Lord Townshend, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty close to the enemy, was so very thoughtful (as usual with most officers on their first battle) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was shot off just before him, though he received some of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer observing this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouse him, by telling him the best way in these cases, was not to think at all. "Oh! dear Sir," says his Lordship, with great presence of mind, "you entirely mistake my reverie; I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a quantity of brains.—*Related by the late Duke of Cumberland.*

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected some years ago at Bath, secreting a card; the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one pair of stairs room*, where they had been playing. The Baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do? "Do," says the wit, "why

it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live.”—*Related by C. F.*

As Lady B—L—, now Lady T—, was presiding one evening at a tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M—, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, “He did not think her Ladyship so apt to *take fire*.”——“Nor am I, my Lord,” says she, with great readiness, “from *such sparks* as you.”——*Related by General Fitzroy.*

The death of Mr. Holland, of Drury-lane theatre, who was the son of a *baker* at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendship for him: being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased one of his bearers; he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house; when Harry Woodward coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment
to

to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him *shoved* into the *family oven*."—*Related by Garrick.*

Counsellor Howard, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his *bon-mots*, being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: "My Lord, I am counsel in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your Lordship that this *soldier* here —," "Stop, Sir," says the ignorant military hero, (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am *an officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very drily; "why then, my Lord, to speak more correctly, this officer here, who is no *soldier*——."—*Related more than once, by Lord M.*

Foote being engaged to a rout of Lady Harrington's, found the ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room, he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Foote," says her Ladyship, "*you* must not be kept standing—take a chair."

chair." " You are very obliging, my Lady," says the wit, " but there appears to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."—*Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.*

General B—— being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it?—as soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. " The *stage coach*, Sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. " O then, Sir," says the General, " will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I might be an *outside passenger*."—*Related by my eldest son.*

When Foote heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give a public criticism on his comedy of the Cozeners, at Marybone; " Well," says he, " let the Doctor take care of the fate of our first parents—*a fall in the garden*."—*Related by Earl T.*

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king
Charles

Charles the First's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell; and it was strongly reported every where, that the Protector was dead; "No," said a gentleman, who knew better, "he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his further appearance.—*Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.*

A few years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C——B——n, Esq. when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B——n seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in? and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on.*" "Why, sure," says Mr. B——n, "we do not drink so hard." "No," says the Wit, "but there is so *little* wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg.*"—*Related by Lord V. T.*

Lord Chesterfield and another gentleman, paying a morning visit together, just as the latter slept out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. "Good God! my Lord," says he, much surprised, "I was near being *gone*." "Why, yes," says his Lordship, very coolly, "but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you *went*."—*Related by Dr. Dodd.*

Pope Sixtus V. while he was Cardinal, feigned himself broken with age and infirmities, and stooped to excess; looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the Papal chair. It being observed to him soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done. "I was looking for the keys of St. Peter," said he, "but having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop."—*Related by the first Lord Lyttleton.*

When Charles F— first heard of his sister-in-law, Lady Mary F—, being brought to bed of a son and heir, which cut Charles
out

out of the estate and title, he was called out of what he calls the Jerusalem Chamber, where he had as usual a large levee, to be informed of the circumstance. On his return, seeing some little kind of disappointment perhaps in his face, the whole tribe of Levi almost unanimously cried out, "Vat is de matter! vat is de matter, Master F—?" —"Bad enough, indeed," says C—s, "here is a *second Messiah* come to plague you all."—*Related by Admiral B.*

A wench coming to confession, confessed abundance of sins, but the chief was lying with men. "Well," says the friar, "whoredom is a thing does much displease God." "I am sorry for that," says she, "for I am sure it *pleaseth* me."

The Hon. Mr. F—, upon seeing hung at a lady's watch the picture of her deceased husband, who, it was believed, had hastened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, said, "It was barbarous in her to hang him in chains so near the place of execution."

Lord H—n assured a young lady that he would do any thing to serve her. "If I was

poor and necessitous," said the lady, "I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner." "Indeed, Madam, I would not," replied his Lordship, "for if you was *naked* I would *cover* you."
—*Related by his Lordship.*

During the time of General Bellisle's confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him; a gentleman meeting them on the road, asked where they were going, and upon what business? when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, "We are going to Windsor to keep a *General fast*."—*Related by Lord H—.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which, the prosecutors cries out, "*Ten-pence*, my Lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*." "Oh," says his Lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*."
—*Related by Counsellor E—.*

During the American war, Captain Fanshaw's ship, in company with the frigate commanded by Sir Andrew Snape Hammond,

mond, was ordered to throw in some additional forces to our posts on the North River; to effect which service, they would be obliged to sail within point-blank shot of two of the enemy's most powerful batteries; it was the general opinion of the officers, that they would be blown out of the water in attempting it; to which Captain Fanshaw replied, "Look you, gentlemen, we are positively ordered to convey the troops to their destination; and if that order had been to land them in hell, by G—d I would have had a thunder at the gate!" This speech had its proper effect, and the service was fully accomplished.

An ambassador from France, to the Papal see, at a time when the court of Rome assumed a tone and consequence that no longer exist, had sought in vain for an audience to obtain some point, which the temper of the times required his majesty to supplicate; at length an opportunity afforded, and the minister urged the suit of his prince with submissive earnestness. The haughty pontiff, turning to some of his courtiers, sneeringly observed, "*Gallus cantat,*" The irritated ambassador exclaimed, "*Utinam ut ad Gallicantum Petrus respiceret.*" This

happy stroke effected what he had before urged in vain."

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a very small volume, remarkable for its copiousness and pomposity, replied, "That it was similar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pigsty."

Lord F—— having discovered the infidelity of his wife, whose ruling passion was avarice, appeared for some time to take no notice of it; at length he sent for her into his chamber, and after producing undeniable proofs of her guilt, coolly requested to know what sum of money she had received as the price of her virtue; she confessed she had yielded to the temptation of a 50l. bank note. He immediately compelled her to send for the adulterer (the son of an eminent merchant), who being arrived, the husband, in the presence of his wife, paid him back 49l. 19s. and the remaining 1s. with cool contempt, he gave to his wife: saying, "That was enough for any wh—e in the kingdom;" after which he ordered his porter to turn them both out of doors.—*Related by the Duke of Y—.*

A lady

A lady seeing the sheriff of a county, who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman standing by, asked her which she liked best, the judge or the sheriff? the lady told him, the sheriff; "Why so?" said the gentleman. "Because," answered she, "though I love judgement well, I love execution better.—Related by Sir H—y M—.

A young fellow confessed himself to a priest, and told him, that, since his last confession, he had committed fornication six times. For this the priest enjoined him to repeat a rosary, which is a certain number of prayers. Shortly after comes another, who had been nine times guilty; for which he was ordered a rosary and an half. In a few days comes a third, who confessed to eleven times. "Eleven!" said the priest, eleven! that is a puzzling sort of a number; a number I am not used to; therefore, my friend, e'en go and do it once more, and then say two rosaries.

Mr. D—, who is celebrated for punning, was, when at college, taken to task by one of the heads of the university; who told him that his puns were a scandal to him,

though ever so much *in tempore*. "Sir," replied Mr. D—, "my puns are all *ex tempore*."

A French gentleman presenting, familiarly, a young marquis, named De Tierceville, to a lady of his acquaintance: "Madam," said he, "this is the Marquis de Tierceville, and he is not so great a fool as he looks to be." "Madam," answered Tierceville, "there lies the difference between him and me."

As the late King of Prussia was one day reviewing his troops, he observed a soldier who had his face much disfigured with scars; he walked up to him, and asked him at what public house he got those scars? To which the soldier replied, "Please your Majesty, it was at a place near *Macksen*,* where your Majesty paid the reckoning."

A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if those were all *bibles*? "No, Sir," answered

* A town in Silesia, near which the king lost a great battle.

answered one of the clerks, "they are testaments!"

A gentleman at dinner one day, expressed his partiality for all kinds of internals; when the lady of the house, who had known him for a series of years, very shrewdly observed, "That he was mistaken, as he neither liked cow-heel nor calf's foot."—*Related by Mrs. K——, well known among her friends for her partiality to Irish blunders.*

A girl was debauched by a man who had promised to marry her; but afterwards laughed at his promise. She was at a sermon, where the preacher spoke bitterly against those men who debauch girls by pretending promise of marriage; and said, that all the future crimes of those unhappy women were to be laid to the charge of their debauchers; and that they should answer for them to God. The girl upon this, whispered to a companion: "I am happy to have it in my power to take vengeance on the wretch—If he is charged with all the sins I shall commit, he will certainly be damned."—*Related by the P— of W—.*

Some words in French have no correspondent

pendent rhyme. A lady asking a poet a rhyme for *coiffe* (a lady's head-dress,) was answered; "Madam, there is none; for what belongs to a lady's head has neither rhyme nor reason."

Lady H— one day said to her Lord, who is much attached to reading, "I wish I was a book, that I might always have your company." "Then," answered he, I should wish you an almanack, that I might change once a year."—*Related by himself.*

A certain clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, "He wanted his death." "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake; it was your *living* I wanted."

Gaston, of Orleans, after engaging many lords to rebel against Louis XIII. ungenerously abandoned them to their fate. One night the Prince of Guimené leaping from the stage into the pit; Gaston held out his hand

to

to him ; “ My Lord, I am infinitely obliged to you,” said Guimené, “ for I am the first whom you have assisted to descend from the scaffold.”

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name ? being informed it was *Ruffel* : “ Pray,” says the gentleman, “ is *your coat of arms* the same as the Duke of Bedford’s ? ” “ As to our *arms*, your honour,” says the porter, “ I believe they are pretty much alike ; but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*.”——*Related by the Earl of Inchiquin.*

The Duke of Newcastle, when prime minister, told the Rev. Mr. Sterne one day in conversation, “ That men of wit were not fit to be employed, being incapable of business.” The wit replied, “ They are not incapable, my Lord, but above it ; a sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an *ass* ; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.”——*Related by the illustrious Mr. Pelham.*

One objecting to Aristippus his luxu-
 2 rious

rious feeding ; he shewed him some dear-bought dish, and said, " Would not you buy this, if it were sold for a penny ? " " Surely," said the other. " Then," said Aristippus, " I only give to luxury what you give to avarice."

Some time after Madame Barré lived publicly with the French king, her ambition suggested to her to ask for the honour of the guards. His majesty, who could refuse her nothing, immediately consented ; but the Duke de Choiseul, hearing such a thing was in agitation, took every opportunity to dissuade him from it, but in vain ; the king was inflexible, and often diverted his fair Statira with the Duke's importunities. Some time after this affair was given up, the King, Madame Barré, the Princess of Conti, and the Duke de Choiseul, were at a party of whist together. The Duke de Choiseul and the Countess were partners ; who, in the course of their play, happened to be eight ; a number well known to entitle the party to call honours. The Countess de Barré, who held three in her own hand, asked her partner, the Duke, as is usual in such cases, " Can you one ? " " No, Madam, replied the Duke, shaking his head. " Why then,"

then," replied the Countess, giving him a very insignificant look, and laying down her cards at the same time, "*I have got the honours without you.*"

When General Coote was a young man, his eldest brother had a small living in Kilrush, a mean village, situated in the most desolate and barren part of Ireland. One day the divine was reading the account from the Bible, of the formation of the world; and when he came to that part, which says, "*and God saw all was good,*" Mr. Coote stopped him, protesting, if it was so, the Almighty must have had his thumb upon the part of the globe where they were then situated, and did not consequently see it, else he would not have made such an assertion.—*Related by Archbishop Graddock.*

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors Commons, for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his Proctor, as he was writing his excellent tragedy of the Gamester: the Proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished; which the Proctor found

found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the last act?" "Oh! very easily," says the poet; there I intend to put them both into the *Spiritual Court*."——*Related by the Earl of Chesterfield.*

Lord N— exulting over C. F. on the news in an Extraordinary Gazette, of New-York being conquered; the patriotic wit replied, "It is a mistake, Sir; New-York is not conquered; it is only, like the Ministry—*abandoned.*"——*Related by the Earl of C—.*

Lord Mansfield examining a man, who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant? "O, my Lord, I knew him; *I was up to him!*" "Up to him!" says his Lordship, "what do you mean by being up to him?" "Mean, my Lord; why, *I was down upon him!*" "Up to him, and down upon him," says his Lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?" "Why, I mean, my Lord, as deep as he thought himself, *I flagg'd him!*" "I cannot conceive, friend," says his Lordship, "what you mean by this sort of language,
I do

I do not understand it :” “ Not understand it !” rejoined the fellow, with surprise, “ *Lord, what a FLAT you must be !*”——
Related by Sergeant Davy.

A witness on a trial being interrogated by *Judge Wills* in a manner not pleasing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him in a half-whisper, “ He did not come there to be *queer’d* by the *old one*.” *Wills* heard him, and instantly replied, in his own cant, “ I am old, ’tis true,—and I’m *rum* sometimes—and for once I’ll be *queer*—and I’ll send you to *quad*.*”——*Related by Counsellor D.*

Lord B ——e asked Dr. Johnson, why he hated the Scotch so much ? The cynic replied, “ You are mistaken, my Lord, I do not hate the Scotch ; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element* ; but I do not like to have them hopping about my bed-chamber.”——*Related by the Countess of B——e.*

Seageant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wanted to put off a few days,

* Prison.

days, asked Lord M——, the late chief justice of the King's-Bench, when he would bring it on? "Friday next," says his Lordship. "Will you consider, my Lord, Friday next will be Good-Friday." "I do not care for that," says his Lordship, "I shall fit for all that." "Well, my Lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a Good-Friday since Pontius Pilate's time."—*Related by Lord M——.*

When Wilkinson, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded in so well, as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off was Luke Sparkes, the player, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it: consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "Very true, Sir," says Luke, very gravely; "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."—*Related by Garrick.*

The

The first night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, Lady Spencer was observing to Sir G. W——n, who sat near her, what a number of *Jews* were in the house. “O Lord! Madam,” says Sir George, “I do not wonder at that; consider, they are assembled to try the value of a *Diamond*.”—*Related by General B——e.*

A witty divine receiving an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me *one heart*, and take back t'other nine.

Related by my mother.

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the Duke of G——n, Lord B——b——e, George Selwyn, and a country 'Squire, whose wife had lately eloped; the latter was one day, after dinner, extolling for a long time the fine fair for
horned

horned cattle he had on his estate; when Selwyn, heartily tired of such conversation, proposed cards. "Stop a-while," says the Duke, "I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here presently." "Do you so," says Selwyn, flapping the Squire, who sat next to him, upon the back, "why then, my friend, we shall have a *horned* fair of our own.—*Related by the Duke of G——n.*

James the Second, when he was Duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had writ against his father, Charles I.?" Our immortal bard made the following reply: "If your Highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? the displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me*, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his *head*."——*Related by my father, who had it from Mr. Mallet.*

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave
abjured

abjured the Catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin, the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present; the Duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his Lordship "Whether the *ministers of state*, or the *ministers of the gospel* had the greatest share in his conversion?" "Good God! my Lord Duke, how can you ask me such a question? do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I *left off confession!*" — *Related by the late Lord Chesterfield.*

Dr. P—, an Irish parson, and a remarkable ordinary man in his person, having a neat parsonage house, very curiously furnished, was one day shewing it to Dr. Berkely, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. "Well, my Lord," says the Doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, "you see what a nice *marriage trap* I have got here." "Why, yes, Doctor," says the Bishop, looking him full in the face, "I see you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will relish the *bait.*" — *Related by my mother.*

When

When Madame Barré became the mistress of Louis XV. such an elevation of one in her mean circumstances, necessarily became the topic of conversation. Some young fellows talking this matter over one night at the English coffee-house, in Paris; a gentleman present said, "He remembered her when she was to be had for a *six livre piece*." "Very true, Sir," says another, "but she is now risen to a *Louis*."—*Related by the Dutchess of Northumberland.*

At Mr. Fordyce's sale, at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a pillow; on which a gentleman asked him, "What particular use he could have for a single pillow?" "Why, says Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed so much*) could sleep upon it."—*Related by the Dutchess of Queensbury.*

The late excellent wit, Counsellor Crips of Cork; who, from a very fine beau, dwindled to a mere sloven as he advanced in years, was invited by Lady Doneraile to dinner, at her country house. Her Ladyship,

ship, knowing his inattention to his dress, told him in the card, that the first person-ages in the neighbourhood of Doneraile were to dine with her, and requested he would be very spruce upon the occasion; but the request had no effect upon the Counsellor: he appeared before her Ladyship in an old rusty black coat and waistcoat, with a pair of greasy *velvet breeches*; which so disgusted her, that she lectured him pretty smartly: "If I had not told you," says her Ladyship, "in my card, that I expected a brilliant company to dinner, I should not be angry; but I remember I made it a particular request to see you decently dressed; instead of which, this old coat (taking hold of it) is not fit for a beggar; and the front of your waistcoat begrimed with snuff, with the nastiest greasy *velvet breeches* I ever beheld;—for shame Counsellor!"—"Stop," says the wit; "my coat and waistcoat are old to be sure, and should be thrown aside; but my *velvet breeches* I have the utmost veneration for,—they are an *old pall* I carry to cover a *dead friend*."—*This is by much the best stroke of wit I ever heard, and was communicated to me in an admirable manner, by the late Earl of Inchiquin.*

H

Marshal

Marshal Turenne happening one hot day to be looking out of the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap, a servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand, which was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Marshal instantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master. Down he drops upon his knees—*Oh! my Lord! I thought it was George.—And suppose it had been George,* replied the Marshal, cubbing his backside, *you ought not to strike quite so hard.*

Monf. de Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep. “Go, I say,” continued Voltaire, tyrants never sleep.”—*Related by the intelligent Lord M——d.*

The present Prince of Orange was lately conversing

conversing with one of his officers; the officer, from a scruple of politeness, declined enforcing what he said with such arguments as the subject would have admitted; which the prince observing, desired the officer *never to give up his opinion whenever he spoke to him upon any business, as from experience it must be superior.*—This is a noble instance of a great mind.—*Related by the Prince of M. S.*

That admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated *Naval Review of Portsmouth* made so much noise in the world. One of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the GREEN ROOM, whipt open his waistcoat; the ladies set up a loud laugh; which the wag heightened, by observing, *the ladies had an opportunity of seeing a Naval Review, without going to Portsmouth!*

The same excellent companion happened to be in company with a gentleman, whose father was a *footman*, when heraldry became the topic of conversation: the gentleman observed, “ he had seen his arms on a Ba-

ronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit, "your family, Sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

Lord Shelburne, passing through one of the streets at the west end of the town in a coach, with two friends; one of them cried, "There goes Charles Fox." "And in *boots*," says the other. "Tut, man," replied his Lordship, with his usual vivacity, "how could he be otherwise, when you know *Townshend is in his shoes?*"—*Related by Lord T——.*

Lady C——, walking in St. James's Park with a young lady, a novice in affairs of love; the young lady, on seeing Lord C—— coming up, dressed *à la mode de Paris*, and displaying a number of fantastical airs, exclaimed, "Lord! Lady C——, what a charming angelic man." "Never," says the literary wit, "never, my dear girl, judge of the *piece* by the *drapery*."—*Related by Miss K——.*

It is well known that the celebrated monarch, Charles the Fifth, who, from
the

the extensiveness of his dominions, and the rapidity of his conquests, projected nothing less than an universal monarchy, at last grew sick, not only of this vain pursuit, but relinquished his crown, and with it all earthly grandeur, to retire to the monastery of St. Just, where he ended his days in the most exemplary line of mortification. The day when he went in his turn to wake the novices, at the hour of matins; one of them, who did not choose to be so early disturbed out of a sound sleep, pretended not to hear him. The devotion of Charles, however, would take no excuse: he continued shaking him, till the novice found it was impossible to feign any longer; then bouncing out of his bed, he exclaimed, "What the devil! have you not troubled the repose of the world long enough already, without coming here to disturb that of a peaceable man who has *forsaken it?*"——*Related by General C——.*

George S——n being in a bookseller's shop at the west end of the town, a short while ago, was asked by a nobleman, what he thought of the *constitution* of Great B——n? the wit replied, "The *constitution*

tution of E.—d, my Lord, and that of your humble servant, are alike—in a rotten condition; though I must own I have the advantage—for I have the assistance of an *able surgeon*; but our poor country is committed to the care of a *parcel of quacks!*”—*Related by General C.—.*

The Earl of B. who is well known to be a lover of virtù, called at a broker's shop in one of his morning walks, where he had bought many pictures. The broker died the day before, and lay in his coffin in a back room; and the wife of the deceased was out about some business. It so happened that she left a woman to mind the shop, who made light of sacrificing modesty to a stroke of humour; and who, we must suppose, had an intrigue of some standing with the deceased: for when his Lordship asked if she had any *dead game*, (meaning thereby *pictures*) she replied, “The best she had ever met with,” and instantly led his Lordship to take a view of the *corpse*.—*Related by General C.*

There was a grand masquerade ball held at Paris, in the reign of Lewis XIII. who was a weak prince. His Majesty, notwithstanding

withstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arm round the waist of one of his mistresses; one gentleman complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *King's Arms*. "No," replied he, "that will not do; *the King's Arms is full*; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's Head*, for *that is quite empty*."——
Related by my eldest son.

The King of Naples interferes so much in the amusements of the Neapolitan court, that he superintends the management of the *opera* himself.—His Majesty invited some English gentlemen to be present at the rehearsal; when he took occasion to inquire of one of them how the King of England employed his mornings?—"Sire," replies the gentleman, "in arranging plans for the conduct of his navy, and reviewing his army."—"Very well, Sir," says his Majesty, "so do I: this is my *navy*, and this is my *army*," pointing to different groupes of dancers.—"And who are these?" adds the gentleman, noticing some *gigantic castratos*.—"O," replies his Majesty, "those are the *neutral powers*!"——
Related by the N. Ambassador.

At the contested election for the city of Westminster, between Lord Trentham (now Earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn, Esq. (father to the late Sergeant Glynn) went in a plain dress to the hustings in Covent-Garden, to poll, and was interrogated by one of the clerks with all the insolence of office, with, "Well, Sir, who are you? what is your name?" "John Glynn." "Where do you live?" "In ——— street, Westminster." "What trade are you?" "A very poor trade indeed, Sir," replied Mr. Glynn, "for an honest man to get a living by; I am a *member of parliament*.

I am very fond of rural excursions, which I often make, in company with my eldest son, General C——, and other friends. It happened not long since to rain, while I was amusing myself in this manner; when my companions and I entered a cottage, where a woman was very busy washing linen. The woman left her work, and pressed us to sit down; seeing us in a *blue uniform*, she riveted her eyes on us, till I told her to go on with her work; this she declined, alledging, she would be time enough, as she had but two or three shirts
to

to wash for her son, who was in service in London. I asked her how many sons she had? to which she, with much gravity, answered, (surveying my cloaths at the same time) *I won't tell you how many sons I have!* I begged the poor woman's pardon for being so inquisitive; and on leaving her, gave her a guinea: she looked at me very earnestly, thanked me; and hearing General C. say we were unacquainted with the short cut to Windsor; she, with much good-nature in her countenance, said, she would shew us; which she instantly did. After parting, she met a friend, to whom she communicated her fears; with, "*What do you think, neighbour, them soldiers you see go along, were in my house a few minutes ago, and one of them asked me how many sons I had got? but I was too cunning for them; I saw, the moment they came in, they were a party of the OXFORD BLUES, who wanted to list my poor boys. You know, neighbour, I had a son prest not long ago, and it was as much as my poor husband and I could do to get him off.—The tallest of them is a good-natured fellow for all that; for though I answered him in a very surly manner, he gave me a guinea—long life to him.*"

The Countess of B—— informed me

a few days ago, Colonel C—— paid his addressee to Miss Hudson, a great coquette, and met with a repulse, which hurt him severely: "I am not at all surprised at that, Madam," replied I, "for he is not the only warrior who has been foiled endeavouring to enter *Hudson's Bay*."

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play *Macbeth*; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued untill the end of the act; when the Doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, "Pshaw, Sir, how can you be so mistaken? *Your place* is in the *shilling gallery*."——*Related by Garrick.*

An American lady, who arrived in Corke a few weeks ago, and whose passage to Ireland was accompanied with storms and tempests, was called on after dinner at the Earl of Inchiquin's (whose delightful seat is near the *cove* of Corke) for a toast, upon which she instantly gave the *spit* in the *harbour's*

*bour's mouth,** which threw the company into the utmost good humour.—*Related by Admiral R.*

Lord Northington being much afflicted with the gout during his chancellorship, it happened on a birth-day, soon after his Majesty's accession, that he was taken so ill, as to send Lady N—— (who, by the bye, was no Solomon) to court in his stead. On her return, she was telling that the king had asked her, who built Grange? (the seat of the Lord Chancellor.) "And who did you say?" replied my Lord. "Why, I told him it was *Indigo Jones*." "Well, and what did the k—g say?" continued he. "Why, he said, he thought as how it was *Indigo Jones*, by the style." Upon this his Lordship set up a hearty laugh, which his lady interpreting to be from some mistake of her's, begged to know whether she had not informed his Majesty right?" "O," says the other, in his usual blunt way, "perfectly so, Kate; I was only laughing to think which of you was the greatest f—l."—*Related by the late Lord Ligonier.*

* A stake so called, which is placed in the Cove as a guide to pilots,

Anecdote of William Collins the poet.—

This unfortunate son of Apollo having once some intelligent friends drinking tea with him at his apartments at Magdalen College, Oxford; a member of another college, as remarkable for his brutal behaviour as for his good scholarship, came in, and without the least provocation, kicked the tea-table, with all its furniture, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though naturally of a warm temper, took no notice of the aggressor; but calmly rising from his chair, picked up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of the crockery-ware, repeating mildly,

“Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.”

—*Related by Doctor J.—*

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well: upon which he asked if he had followed his prescription? “*Followed your prescription?*” cried Nash, “No.—Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of a two pair of stairs window.”

—*Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.*

A porter

A porter going to Mr. Blast's house one day with a load upon his back, said to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket: "Pray, your honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blast lives?" "Mr. Blast? Blast did you say?" replied the gentleman. "Yes, *Blast*, your honour," said the porter. This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, so irritated the gentleman, that he not only refused to give the porter information, but in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.—*Related by Lord T——.*

Mr. T—— T———d being in company some weeks ago with the Westminster orator, and some other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates last winter in the House of Commons, and observed that Mr. F—x had never been oftener *on his legs* in any one session. "True," replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes, "*for the Jews left me not a chair to sit on.*"——*Related by the Earl of S——e.*

A Mr. Hare breakfasted with the celebrated Mr. Fox some time ago, whose dealings with the Jews were pretty extensive.
Looking

Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out, "Pray, gentlemen, are ye *fox-hunting* or *bare-hunting* this morning?"—*Related by Sir James W——.*

The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early, across Covent-Garden, when a chairman cried out, "A chair! your honour, a chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub." "Och, by J s?" says the chairman, "there goes a *pair of ye!*" The facetious Doctor gave his countryman halfy a-crown for the saucy witticism.—*Related by Lord V. T——d.*

Counsellor Crips being on a party at Castle Martyr, the seat of the Earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the Doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says the Counsellor, "he is but just stepped out to
pay

pay a visit to some of *his old patients*."——
Related by the Earl of Shannon.

Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote some years ago, the Emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former as in the present reign; the Doctor the contrary: this dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."——*Related by Garrick.*

It is confidently asserted of Lady H—, that her Lord having some very strong suspicions of her Ladyship's infidelity, and even the just right his daughters had to call him father, her Ladyship made this very satisfactory declaration: "I solemnly declare, "my Lord, that you have not the least reason "to doubt of your being their father; for I "protest, before Heaven, that I never injured your bed, till *after* I was pregnant."——*Related by Lady C——.*

A certain author had a child born one morning, and published a volume of his writings the next; which gave an opportunity to his wife to observe, that his attention, no doubt, would be devoted to the first born, though least meritorious; "You, my dear, have introduced into the world a child of letters, and I have introduced a blockhead, that takes more pleasure in eating and drinking, than all the sciences put together can convey to his imagination; what your child will earn through his knowledge of letters, mine will spend lavishly in the nursery of ignorance."——*Related by Dr. J——.*

The late Bishop Herring, not more remarkable for his learning than his benevolence, having been applied to by a curate of the parish, on the death of a clergyman to whom he had himself given the living, (but who had discovered a disposition quite opposite to his own) for his continuance under the new rector, behaved to him in a manner which exceedingly surprised him.—The good Bishop, being as well acquainted with the man, as with the hardships he had suffered, and with the poorness of his pay, conceiving a high regard

regard for his understanding and character, and pitying the distresses to which he had been driven, by the demands of a numerous family, told him he should have the living himself.—“ Shall I, by God!” said he, in a transport.—The Bishop, instead of being shocked at an exclamation, which evidently proceeded from the fullness of his heart, and not from a swearing habit, replied, with his usual mildness, but with a very serious air, laying his hands with solemnity upon his breast, “ By the living God you shall!”

The summer that George the Second did not spend at Hanover, was passed away at Kensington; during his residence there, all well-dressed persons were admitted to walk in the gardens, which the king frequented very much. It is supposed, that in his perambulations, he had met with some people he did not like, and had said something, in hearing of his servants, about it; for a report was spread in the palace, that his Majesty could wish not to be met with in his walks by any body. One morning as a page and his wife were taking the air, they saw the king coming towards them, and were afraid to meet him,
he

he being at a great distance, and no turning between them, he put his wife through the hedge, and walked gently on to meet his Majesty; when he came near, the king called to him that he should approach, and then asked him, why he put the woman through the hedge, and also wished to avoid him? the page answered, "That he heard there was an order from his Majesty, that no person should be in the same walks with him, and therefore was afraid of offending him: the king immediately replied, "why should *one honest man be afraid to meet another?*—*Related by my mother.*

A few days after the late Lord L—— married the buxom Miss H. he found it necessary to withdraw from the business of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena to be sent him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which, shewing her, he took leave with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after his return home, the said nobleman and his lady were looking out at a window, at their cows grazing in a field adjoining: "My dear," said he, "what
is

is become of the bull which used to be so brisk among the cows here?" "Oh! child," says she, "he's *subpœna'd*, I suppose, *to the other end of the field.*"——*Related by Lord C.——.*

Mr. Gray, the celebrated author of *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London before his promotion to the professorship of Modern History in the university of Cambridge; and when his circumstances were so cramp'd, that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large: among the rest, there was a very elegant book-case, filled with a well-chosen collection of the best French classics, handsomely bound, the price 100 guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the amiable Duchess of Northumberland, who knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was? She was told it was the celebrated *Gray*. Upon their retiring, she bought the book-case and its contents, and sent it to Mr. *Gray's* lodgings, with a note, importing, that she was ashamed of sending so small

small an acknowledgement for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*.—*Related by the Earl of C——.*

*A Highwayman and Chimney Sweeper; or
No Distinction at the Gallows.*

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir," replied sweep, "I won't keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you."—*Related by Garrick.*

Few

Few men would succeed in their gallantries if the women were always to conduct themselves with the prudence of the lady, who being urged by her lover to consent to his happiness; answered him as follows: "When I was about to be married, I took the advice of my parents;—Now that I am married, I obey my husband's:—Go, therefore, to him; make your proposal, and if he consent, be assured that I shall have no objection."——*Related by my wife.*

Sir E. W——, father to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, who has been labouring threescore years with unremitting ardour at his violoncello. It has been his mistress, his rage, his foible, his caprice! It has entirely engrossed his mind, and given him that absence of manner, which has been imputed to Euclid, Newton, and other abstruse philosophers. One proof he gave the day his eldest daughter was married to Mr. K. afterwards Bishop of E. The *form* was, that when the bride had retired, Lady A. the bridegroom's mother, should acquaint Sir E— that she was in her chamber: and the Knight was to carry the message to his son-in-law. The Dowager performed the task a little after eleven.

eleven. "Very well, Madam," said the father, who had just then turned over a leaf in a new solo. In a moment he had forgot the important business, and actually kept on *strum-strum*, till past two in the morning; whilst poor K. who was the very child of form, kept pacing it in the passage before the parlour door, waiting for the information, without which he could not stir. The lady, in the mean time, was entertained by her maid, who sat above two hours by her bed side, keeping her awake.—*Related by the Duke of M.*

A lady in an advanced age, and declining state of health, went lately, by the advice of her physician, to take lodgings at Illington. She agreed for a suite of rooms, and coming down stairs, observed, the bannisters were much out of repair: these she said, must be mended before she could think of coming to live there. "Madam," replied the landlady, "that will answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, are continually breaking the bannisters." The old lady was so shocked at this funeral intelligence, that she immediately declined all thoughts of occupying

cupying the apartments.—*Related by Doctor H—.*

Sir Francis Blake Delaval, having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? “Look ye,” said he, “I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*.”——*Related by Foote.*

In one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a fine whole length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the Third, which was universally allowed to be the best likeness of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down stairs from the exhibition room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him how he did? “Why, faith, my Lord,” replied Garrick, “but *so-so* this morning; but if your Lordship will walk up stairs, you will see me as well as ever I was in my life.”——*Related by Lord T—.*

Menecrates, a physician, having performed some wonderful cures, was so intoxicated with the public applause, that he seriously adopted

adopted the name of Jupiter, given him by the idolization of his countrymen. Writing to Agefilaus, he began his letter, "Menecrates Jupiter to King Agefilaus, health." Agefilaus returned him this laconic answer, "King Agefilaus to Menecrates, health of mind."

Agefilaus being very fond of his children, he would sometimes ride about on a cane among them. A friend catching him at this sport; he said, "Tell nobody till you are yourself a father."

Some Athenian called the Spartans unlearned: "True," said Antalcidas, "we alone of all the Greeks have learned nothing bad from you Athenians."

A soldier saying, at Thermopylæ, that the arrows of the Barbarians were so numerous as to hide the sun: "Then," said Leonidas, "we shall have the great advantage of fighting in the shade."

When Xerxes wrote to Leonidas to surrender his arms; he only returned, "Come and take them."

A dancer saying to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can." True, answered the Spartan, *but any goose can.*

Aristippus being in a storm, shewed great fear. Upon being reproached for this by an officer present, he answered, *Our lives are of very different value.*

Anacharsis the Scythian sage being asked "In what respect learned men differed from unlearned?" answered, *As the living from the dead.*

Zeno thus addressed a garrulous youth, *Nature gave us two ears, and one mouth;—that we might hear much, and talk little.*

When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, *I bring two Gods with me, Force and Persuasion.* He was answered, *And we have too stronger, Want and Impossibility.*

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great
I affairs,

affairs, got up and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has *said*, I will *do*."

Zeuxis entered into a contest of art with Parrhasius. The former painted grapes so truly that birds came and pecked at them. The latter delineated a curtain so exactly, that Zeuxis coming in, said "Take away the curtain that we may see this piece."—And finding his error, said, "Parrhasius, thou hast conquered. I only deceived birds, thou an artist."

Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes; the birds came again and pecked. Some applauding, Zeuxis flew to the picture in a passion, saying, "My boy must be very ill painted."

Leo, the Byzantine sophist, came to Athens to persuade the people to concord. Being a little fat personage, with a portly belly, he no sooner mounted the rostrum than a loud and universal laugh ensued. But he, nothing moved, taking advantage of the incident, said, "Why do you laugh, men of Athens? My wife is yet fatter than me." A louder laugh arose. But he proceeded,

ceeded, "Now, far as we are, and large, one bed easily hold us when at concord; but when variance arises, the whole house cannot contain us."

Antimachus the poet, reading his verses, was left by all his hearers save Plato, to whom he said, "I shall proceed nevertheless; Plato is himself an audience."

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me."

The people of Terracona, in Spain, sending to inform Augustus, as an happy omen, that a laurel had grown out of an altar they had erected to him; he answered, "Ay, it appears how often you sacrifice."

At Dyrrachium the great Cæsar waited for some forces from Brundisium. When their arrival was retarded, he secretly, and

unknown, entered a little boat, to pass the sea. A storm arising, the master wished to return, but Julius encouraged him with the famous expression, "Know, you carry Cæsar, and all his fortunes."

When Cæsar conquered Pharnaces at the first onset, he sent this laconic letter to a friend; I came, I saw, I conquered."

Fabia Dollabella saying, she was thirty years of age; Cicero answered, "It must be true, for I have heard it these twenty years."

Marcus Livius, after Fabius Maximus had retaken Tarentum, boasted, that Fabius could not have retaken it but for his assistance, who commanded the citadel.— "True," said Fabius, "if you had not lost it, I could never have retaken it."

Domitian used to shut himself up, in order to hunt flies, his favourite diversion. One asking, if any body was with Cæsar, Vibius Crispus answered, "Not even a fly."

Servilius Geminus, supping with Lucius Mellius, a famous painter at Rome, and
seeing

seeing his children deformed, said, "Melius, you do not make as you paint."—"No," answered he, "I make by night, but paint by day."

The Emperor Nero said of a thieving servant, "That he was so honest, nothing was under key to him."

Catullus saying to Philip the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was answered, "Because I see a thief."

When a certain orator had made, as he thought, a moving harangue, he asked Catullus, "Have I excited pity?" "Yes," said Catullus, very great!"

Caius Lælius being reproached by a person of low birth, that he was unworthy of his race; answered, "By Hercules, you are worthy of yours!"

Of two brothers, one served the King; the other toiled hard for his food. The former saying to the latter, "Why do you not serve the King, and get rid of your toil?" was answered, "Why do not you toil, and get rid of your slavery."

A king saying to a Dervise, "Do you never think of me?" was answered, "Yes: but it is when I forget God."

A person came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the schoolmaster of Toledo, founder of the College of Saint Catharine, who sent for a purse of reals and gave them to him. The borrower took them, and put them in his pocket without counting them. The schoolmaster observing this, asked for the purse, that he might see there was the sum; but, returning it into his chest, said, "A man who borrows without counting, can never mean to repay."

Brother Barnardino Palomo said, that wine has two losses, "If you put it in water, you lose your wine; and if not, you lose yourself."

The King Don Ferdinand lodged one night in the castle of Montilla, which Don Alonso de Aguilar had furnished with much magnificence. The king going up a staircase too narrow for so grand a house, asked, why he had so little a staircase? "Sir," said Don Alonso, "I never expected to have so great a guest."

The

The Duke Philip of Borgona said, "Of great lords speak neither well nor ill; because, if you speak well, you lye; and if ill, you are in danger."

A gentleman who assisted the Count de Cabra in putting on his armour before a battle, perceiving him tremble, asked, what could cause this emotion in a man of such known bravery? The Count answered, "My flesh trembles at the dangers into which my soul will lead it."

A law-suit arose in an university, upon the point, Whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine, should hold the precedence? The judge asked the council Whether it was usual for the thief or the hangman to walk first at an execution?—Being answered, That the thief always walked first. "Then," said the judge, "let the doctors in law have the precedence; and let the doctors in medicine be next in rank."

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the Alcade that the

blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the Alcade said, "How then can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough, hang the other."

A bad painter, who had never produced any thing of worth, went to another place, and commenced physician. A person who knew him, meeting him there, asked the reason of his change. "Because," said he, "if I now commit faults, the earth covers them."

A certain bishop had a Biscayan manservant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scripture in this manner:—*Isaiah says thus; Jeremiah says thus:* at last happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, went on, *And what says David?* Upon which the Biscayan roared out, "He swears to God, that if you do
not

not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again."

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a little kid, which he was carrying to market. "See! see!" said one of them, "what a pretty little goat, though it has no horns." The rustic cried, "Ladies, it is not married."

One saying to another, You speak foolishly. He answered, "It is that you may understand me."

The Archbishop of Toledo standing at a window, and seeing a clown beat his ass most unmercifully, opened the casement, and called out, "Have done, have done, you scoundrel, else I shall have you whipt." The clown answered, "Your pardon, good master; I did not know my ass had friends at court."

Andrea Marteneti, a celebrated painter, pourtrayed, by order of Innocent VII. the four cardinal virtues, with the opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, "Holy Father, shall I paint one more vice, called Ingratitude?"

"Yes," answered the pope, "if you add another virtue, called Patience."

Two scholars being in a tavern, fell a talking, in presence of their host, of the great Platonic year; in which, they said, after thirty thousand years, every thing shall revert to its former state. The host seeming much pleased with the novelty of the idea, one of them said to the landlord, that, seeing every thing was, in thirty thousand years, to revert to its present condition, they hoped he would trust them till then, and they would pay him most faithfully. The host, who was a shrewd fellow, replied, "Gentlemen, I will trust you with all my heart; but, as thirty thousand years ago you must have been just this sum in my debt, I must insist on being paid that first."

A girl being deflowered, was bitterly reproached by her confessor, who said she had lost a treasure never to be regained. "Ah," said she, "how difficult it is to keep this treasure, when every clown has a key to it!"

The celebrated Hugo Grotius, being ambassador

bassador for the queen of Sweden, in France, had a chaplain who was very proud of his own sacred character. One day, in his sermon, enlarging on the prerogative of priesthood, he repeatedly assumed the title of *ambassador of the King of kings*. When they went to dinner, Grotius, taking the chaplain by the hand, went to place him in his own armed chair, at the head of the table, saying, "I am only ambassador of a queen." The chaplain, much abashed, drew back; and Grotius said, "Learn then, my friend, that an ambassador can only be sent from one sovereign to another. You are but a messenger."

One of the *puisné* Judges of the Court of King's-Bench, who had not long since departed this life, did not acquire the reputation, nor was he possessed of the abilities of his father, who long presided in the Court of Common Pleas with uncommon professional dignity. Upon a witness making use of the words "*also*" and "*likewise*," and repeating them alternately, as being of one and the same signification; our *puisné* Judge interrupted the witness, by peevishly observing, that the words he rung the change on, were of synonymous import: where-

upon the evidence archly replied—by no means ; for instance, your father, my Lord, was a judge, so are you “ *also*,” but not “ *like wife*.”

A girl said to her young lover, I shall grant you all you ask, after you have given me what you have not ; what you cannot have ; and yet may give me—A husband.

A courtier being suspected of impotency, and always denying the charge, met Benserade, who had often rallied him on it, and said, “ My good Sir, notwithstanding your precious wit, my wife was yesterday brought to bed.” “ What then ? ” said Benserade, “ nobody accused your wife ? ”

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said, he looked like an ox. “ I know not,” said the courtier, “ what I am like : but I know that I have often had the honour to represent your majesty.”

A vessel lately in the Guinea trade having arrived at Exeter, a Negro boy, the captain’s servant, called Pompey, being on shore one Sunday about noon, observing several people

people resorting to a baker's for different pies which had been left in the morning, and each person throwing an halfpenny upon the counter for the baking, which he considered as the purchase money.—He returned on board, exclaiming, “ Massa, Massa, give me one halfpenny, and I will bring you one great big pie!” His master not understanding what he meant, but having a mind to humour his intentions, complied with his request: he hastened to the baker's, threw down his money, and the woman asking which was his? eyeing the whole group, he pick'd out the largest, exclaiming “ dis à my pie, dis à my pie:” the woman helping it on his head he repaired, with the prize, to his messmates, who were not a little gratified with an unexpected repast, procured by untutored simplicity, at the expence of some person's hunger.

Henry IV. being much enamoured of Madame d'Entragues, asked her, one day, which was the way to her chamber? *Through the church, Sir,* answered she.

An ignorant judge, hearing a counsellor cite the Acts of the Apostles, asked him, what these acts were? The counsellor answered,

swered, " They are acts that were passed in the parliament of Jerusalem."

An Abbé, who was a celebrated preacher, but of no severity of manners, being censured for making the morality of his sermons too rigid, answered, " I use that plan in order that my auditors may have so much to blame in their own lives, that they shall have no leisure to reflect on mine."

A bishop was consumed with the desire of being a cardinal. He envied the good health of his treasurer, and said, " How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treasurer answered, " My Lord, the reason is that you have always a hat in your head; and I have always my head in a hat."

Monsieur de Vivonne, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the king, closed his letter in these words: *To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men.* He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general.*

A good

A good monk being charged with making a catalogue of a library, and meeting with a Hebrew book, put, *Item, a book which begins at the end.*

The Marquis de Grancé, returning from the army, all covered with dust, and in a mean dress, went to the Louvre to pay his court to the prince. Two marshals of France, meeting him in the antichamber, said to him, "Bless us! what a pickle you are in! You look like a waggoner." "Yes," answered he, "and ready to exercise my whip upon you, if you please."

A remarkable eater, who piqued himself upon devouring as much as six other men could manage, was brought before Henry IV. expecting that monarch would make him a present to keep his chops a going. The king, who had heard of this hero of the platter, asked him, if it was true that he could eat as much as six; "Yes, Sir," answered he. "And do you work in proportion?" added the king. "Sire," replied he, "I work as much as any other of my strength and age." *Get along!* exclaimed the king, *had I six such*
as

as thee in my kingdom, I should cause them all to be hanged, to prevent a famine.

Cardinal Richelieu procured a pension of two thousand livres to M. Vaugelas, who was employed in the Dictionary of the Academy. Vaugelas going to see him, the Cardinal said, "Well, Sir, you will not at least forget the word *Pension* in your dictionary." "No," my Lord, said Vaugelas, "nor that of *Gratitude*."

An idle Count and an idle Abbé being in company together, the Count hearing the word Abbé always bandying about, was piqued, and asked the Abbé where his abbey lay? The Abbé replied, "Bless me, do you not know it? It is in your county."

A good friar preaching upon the power of God, said he had created nothing but what was perfect in its kind. A hunch-back wag waiting for him at the door, said, "Father, I thank you for your sermon: but do you really think that I, for instance, am perfect in my kind?" "Yes," said the father gravely, "a very perfect hunch-back, surely."

A gen-

A gentleman, of the name of Addison, after spending the evening with several good fellows, became at length so much intoxicated as to be unable to speak, and, reclining his head on a table, fell into a sound sleep; on which one of the company, who sat opposite, remarked, that their friend, Mr. Addison, was at present neither a **TATLER** nor a **SPECTATOR**, but might speedily want a **GUARDIAN**.

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, "Do you smoke, Sir?" "Yes," said the gentleman very gravely, "any one that has a design upon me."

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service was dispatched by the Duke of Berwick, from fort Kehl, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment. His majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. "Sir,"
says

says the officer, "all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

A friar preaching a very dull sermon on happiness, a lady, who saw him next day, told him he had forgot one sort of happiness, *Happy are they who did not hear your sermon.*

A Gascon officer, who had served under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a considerable time, came to the king and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with your Majesty, Money or Discharge." "Four with you," answered his Majesty, "Neither one nor t'other."

When Marshal Villars was past fourscore, he gave a signal instance of courage and vivacity, in attacking some squadrons of Imperial horse, with the king of Sardinia's guards. That monarch telling him, that he lost the experienced general in the ardour of a young officer; the Marshal answered, "Lamps are apt to sparkle when they are expiring."

King James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, "The deel tak my faul, firrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the
Five

Five Hundred Kings in the House o' Commons. They'll fure tame ye."

Lord Hunfdon, in queen Elizabeth's time, faid, " To have the courage to obferve an affront, is to be even with an adverfary. To have the patience to forgive it, is to be above him."

The late colonel Chartres, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, " That if fuch a thing as a good name was to be purchafed, he would freely give ten thoufand pounds for one." The nobleman faid, " It would certainly be the worft money you ever laid out in your life." " Why fo?" faid the honeft colonel. " Be-
caufe," answered the lord, " you would forfeit it again in lefs than a week."

The late Duke of Cumberland was a remarkably fine boy, but very fullen. The late queen, his mother, being angry with him one day, ordered him to his chamber. Soon after he returned, and the queen asked him, what he had been doing? " Reading the New Testament," answered he peevifhly. " What part?" fays the queen.

queen. He answered, "Where it is said,"
 'Woman, why troublest thou me?'

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There is a smart country girl; I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "So, Child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see?" "Yes, Sir," answered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope?" "Yes, Sir," "Pray now," says he, "let me examine you? I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his Dog; now, can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, Sir," says she, "his name was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was."

A mistress of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation; "Nay," says the mistress, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush," "Pardon me,"

said

said she, " it is only the reflection of your face."

Sandys, a gentleman of a bold spirit and wit, being examined before the House of Commons, Lenthall, then speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him. At last he asked, " What countryman he was?" " Of Kent," said Sandys; adding, " and now, Sir, may I demand the same of you?" " I am out of the West," says Lenthall. " By my troth," answered Sandys, " so I thought, for all the wise men come out of the East."

A gentleman disputing about religion in Button's coffee-house, some of the company said, " You talk of religion! I will hold you five guineas, you cannot repeat the Lord's prayer; Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began, " I believe in God; and so went through his Creed. Well, said the other, " I own I have lost, but I did not think that you could have done it."

A gentleman having lent a guinea two or three days to a person whose promises

misses he had not much faith in, was very much surpris'd to find that he punctually paid him. The same person being soon after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, "No," said the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second time."

The late Dr. Monsey riding in Hyde-Park, with the celebrated defender of the Trinity, Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. David's, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, concluded his remarks, with saying: "And, Doctor, I talk with people who believe there is no God;"—"And I, my lord, talk with people who believe there are three."—The frightened Athanasian immediately put spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of so severe a rebuke, and so profane a reply.—*Related by Dr. Priestly.*

Some gentlemen at Nando's, the other day, were conversing on the increasing neglect in most writers of that necessary part of composition, *punctuation*. It was remarked, that the omission began with the long robe, who never use any stops in their writings—A third person added, that he would not say any thing to their using commas,

mas, semicolons, or colons; but he had sufficient authority to say, there was no *period* to their works.

A certain member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speaker, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself: it was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws?—If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?"—So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"—Which à-propos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

A gen-

A gentleman calling for small-beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very hard, gave it the servant again without drinking. "What," said the master of the house, "do you not like the beer?" "It is not to be found fault with," answered the other, "for one should never speak ill of the dead."

When Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*: on the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

Tom Burn happening to be at dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign; after two or three healths, the ministry were toasted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to a person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?" *At nothing*, says Tom, and so drank off his glass.

A profligate young nobleman, being in company

company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the Devil. The gentleman who sat next to him, said, "He had no objection to any of his lordship's friends."

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long, which it was thought would make him more pitied by the people. The barber came to him, and asked him, "Whether he would please to be trimmed?" "In good faith, honest fellow," said Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

A bishop of Lincoln had FIAT LUX painted in all the windows of his house; and so thick in his hall as to make it very dark. A mad scholar coming thither, and observing the opacity of the light, because of the motto, fell a breaking the windows with his stick. A servant carries him before his lord, who asked him the cause of such outrage. "To fulfil your wish, my Lord, FIAT LUX."

Pope was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had

got poring over a Latin manuscript, in which they found a passage that none of them could comprehend. A young officer, who hearing their conference, begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh," says Pope sarcastically, "by all means, Pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the manuscript, and, considering a while, said there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case. "And pray, Master," says Pope, with a sneer, "What is a note of interrogation?"—"A note of interrogation," replied the young fellow, with a look of great contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

King Charles the Second, after the Restoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verses and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. "That may very well be," replied Waller, "for poets generally succeed better in imaginary things than in real ones."

Captain Robert Bacon revelling at Sir William Paston's, had his sack served him in a curious Venice glass, but very much
under

under the size that he generally used. So, after a long contemplation of his measure, "Sir William," says he, "if you value this glass, as I believe you do, tie a good long string to it, to draw it up again; for I am sure I shall swallow it at one time or another."

Oliver Cromwell, while carrying on war in Scotland, was riding near Glasgow, at the head of a body of horse. A Scotch soldier, planted on an high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him, but missed him. Oliver, without slackening or drawing his rein, turned round and said, "Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark, he should have an hundred lashes." He did not even order the man to be seized, and he made his escape. A rare example of true courage!

A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs. The grenadier upon his infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer by the tip said, "Sir, If you were not my officer, I would extinguish you."

Joannes Scotus, an Irishman, being in company with Charles the Bald, king of France, that monarch merrily said, "What is the difference between a Scot and a Sot?" Scotus, who sat opposite to the king, said, "Only the breadth of the table."

A silly priest at Trumpington being to read that place, "Eli, Eli, Lamafabacthani," began to consider with himself, that it might be ridiculous and absurd for him to read it as it stood, because he was vicar of Trumpington, and not of Ely : and therefore he read it, "Trumpington, Trumpington, Lamafabacthani."

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked, what connection swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your Majesty came out of your way, I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you."

Rocheſter, in King Charles the Second's time, was as famous for his frolic and humour, as he was infamous for his vices; one day as he was walking in the Park,
with

with some of his gay companions, he saw Dr. Barrow, one of the greatest divines, and the greatest mathematician of his time, musing along the Mall, in his usual contemplative manner; and so he proposed to make up to him, and have some drollery, as he termed it. His companions were ready enough to attend him; and upon meeting the doctor, Rochester, making a very low bow, with great vivacity said, "Doctor, a good morning to you—I am exceeding glad to see you—I am yours to the very center of gravity." The doctor, who was not easy to be surprised, perceived his drift, and with all the composure in the world, returned the lowly bow, and said, "My Lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." This put him to a short pause; but as wit is seldom at a loss—Doctor, says he, "I am yours to the lowest pit of hell."—"There then," replied the doctor, "I will leave you."—And so pursued his walk.

A Westminster Justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at Young Man's coffee-house, Charing-cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The Justice asked him, "If he would swear that the ground came to the money?" The

man said, "He would take his oath of it." The Justice replied, "Friend, I am a magistrate;" and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, "He must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit."

Two scholars being one day at table with Bishop Eaton, a fat goose was set down; and the bishop ordered it to be put before the scholars, "And be your own carvers, while I attend to the rest of the company." The bishop afterwards asked if they had done with the goose yet? "Yes, my lord," cried one, "the goose is *Eaten*."

A gentleman, the first time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every thing by the persons in whose house he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which, some time after, complaining to Beau Nash, Sir replied the latter, "they have acted towards you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" says the man. "Why, returned Nash, 'you was a stranger, and they took you in.'"

An old bawd being carried before justice

M—s,

M——s, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged upon her. ‘Housewife! Housewife!’ said the justice, “how have you the assurance to deny it; you do keep a bawdy-house, and I will maintain it.” “Will you?” replied the old lady, “the Lord blefs you, I always took you to be a kind-hearted gentleman.”

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. “I will lay a wager,” says a wag, “I get an invitation from him.” The wager being accepted he goes the next day, to this rich man’s house, about the time that he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately; for that he can save him a thousand pounds. “Sir,” says the servant to his master, “here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds.” Out comes his master. “What is that you say, Sir? That you can save me a thousand pounds!” —“Yes, Sir, I can: but I see you are at dinner. I will go and dine myself, and call again.—“Oh, pray Sir, come in and take a dinner with me.”—“Sir, I shall be troublesome.”—“Not at all.” The invitation was

accepted. And dinner being over, and the family retired, "Well, Sir," says the man of the house, "now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds." "Why, Sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage.—"I have."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."—"I do so."—"Why then, Sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, in a sharp wintery morning, what was the Latin for cold; the boy hesitated a little, "What, sirrah," said he, "can't you tell?" "Yes, yes," replied the boy, "I have it at my fingers ends."

A friend of the late Alderman Townshend's meeting him after an absence of some years, in addressing the alderman, said, "he believed he had the honour to speak to Alderman Townshend." To which, with a great deal of politeness, the alderman replied, "his name was Townshend; but the honours he must beg leave to divide."

When the late Dr. Whitfield arrived at
America,

America, observing, during his voyage, the dissolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occasion to reprehend them for their infamous manner of living, "You will certainly," says he, "go to hell.—God will never save your wicked souls.—Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you; but believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions."—Upon which, one of the sailors, knudging his brother messmate, observed, that "the greatest rogue always turned king's evidence."

A gentleman talking to a fisherman one day at Brighton, asked him whether the Prince of Wales ever went to church? "Lord, please your honour," said the fisherman) what should he go to church for? we poor souls are obliged to pray for ourselves, but there are enough to pray for him."

His Majesty's present Chancellor of the Exchequer is sufficiently notorious for the positiveness with which he delivers and supports his opinions. The Chancellor, once rebuked him in his own way. Mr. P— was disputing, at a cabinet dinner, on

the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could.—“ Then, said the Lord Chancellor, “ your father and mother must have been two *negatives* to have made such a damned *positive* fellow as you are.”

A warm dispute arose at a parish meeting about repairing the workhouse; when Mr. M——, who was born in it, but is well known to have acquired a good fortune in the world, forgot himself, and strenuously opposed the laying out any money on that account, observing, it was habitable and that was sufficient. “ Don’t be positive, my friend,” says one of the parish officers, “ the building is strangely run to ruin since your mother lay in of you there.”—*Related by the Hon. Mr. T——.*

A silly fop being in company with L—y F——, and wanting his servant, cried out “ Where is my blockhead?” “ Upon your shoulders;” replied the lady.

A gentleman at the Rotunda, one evening

ing seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dress, who sat next to him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it: "Bless me, Sir, what are you doing?"—"Only trying to make an impression upon you, Madam."

Dr. C——d having been out a shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there; and, adds the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them." "Doctor them!" says the master, "what do you mean by that?" "Why kill them, Sir."

The Elector of Cologne is likewise an Archbishop. One of the Electors swearing one day profanely, asked a peasant who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at. "To hear an Archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the Elector, "not as an Archbishop, but as a Prince."—"But, my Lord," said the peasant, "when the Prince goes to the Devil, what will become of the Archbishop?"

An arch boy, belonging to one of the
K 6 ships

ships of war at Portsmouth, had purchased of his playfellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's house, and was at the door feeding of it, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, "T—T—T—Tom," says the gentleman, "can your mag t—t—talk yet?" "Ay, Sir," says the boy, "better than you, or I'd wring his head off."—*Related by L. Rodney.*

A young fellow who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage in comedy, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered, that he had done the part of Abel in the Alchymyst. "You mistake, boy," replied Quin, "It was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

Mr. Hume the philosopher and the witty Sheridan were crossing from Harwich to Holland, when a high swell rising, Hume seemed under great apprehensions lest he should

should go the bottom. "Why," observed the wit, "that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface."

His M—— being at the play-house soon after the imposing an additional duty on strong beer, a fellow in the upper gallery called out to one of his acquaintance, and asked him if he would drink; for he had got a full pot. "What did you give for your full pot?" said the other. "Three-pence halfpenny." "Three-pence halfpenny! why, where did you send for it?" "To the new King's Head." "You fool," said the other, "why did you not send to the old King's Head? you would have had it there for three-pence."

Serjeant Maynard, an eminent counselor of the last century, waiting, with the body of the law, upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) at his arrival in London, the prince took notice of his great age, the serjeant then being near ninety. "Sir," said he, "you have outlived all the men of the law of your younger years." "I should have outlived even the law itself," replied the serjeant, "if your highness had not come over."

"I shall

"I shall clip your wife's wit," said Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in the presence of his wife. "That will be hanging matter," said she, "for 'tis *sterling*."

Sir Watkin William Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin:—*About this time the world was created.*"

Epigram by M. du Belley, on a lady's dog.

Latratu, fures excepti—mutus, amantes.
Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominæ.

It may run thus in English:

At thieves I bark'd and made a fuss,
To beaux I wag'd my tail;
My master and my mistress, thus,
To please I could not fail.

It

It was the custom of Charlemain to affix to the treaties which he consented to a waxen seal, impressed by the pommel of his sword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will support it."

The oath used among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a most solemn denunciation of vengeance, in case of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it is administered, there is no book to be kissed; but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate the expression of a Highlander, who at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity having been observed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference,"

difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and domming 'one's ain faul?"

"No!" said an Italian gamester, after an intolerable run of ill-luck; "no, thou jade, Fortune! thou mayst, indeed, cause me to *lose* millions; but I defy thy utmost power to make me *pay* them."

Two gamesters had deposited a very large stake, to be won by him who threw the lowest throw with the dice. The one thought himself secure of success, on finding that he had thrown two aces. "Hold," cried the other, "wait for *my* chance." He threw, and with such dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he shewed only one ace on the uppermost of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the stakes.

None fight with true spirit who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to to act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose just at present; but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas

neas last night, and I warrant you he will fight like any devil !”

A political presence of mind fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favour of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero, and at a time when a vast stake was on the board, the king cried out in ecstasy, that he had the game in his hand. Ruy Gomez had superior cards, but flung up his cards, and acquiesced. The next day the other players told Philip how the affair had passed; and the king, not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but took him into his counsels, and intrusted him with his most secret plans.

A parson Patten, of Whitstable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther assistance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented.

sented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist; saying, he should not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest; "but I find you are a very honest, good natured fellow; so I will take *somebody else* in. Had *you* made it, you would never have been paid for it."

The proud Duke of Somerset had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote to James I. for assistance, in these words: "Help me, dear sovereign lord and master! and pity me so far; that I, who have been born to
a bag,

a *bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a *wallet*. Nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live."

A person told M. de Sorbriere that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There," said Sorbriere, "I differ from you; I like them best in *fructu*."

"Silence! keep silence in the court!" said, one day, an angry judge, "why will you not keep silence? Here we have judged a dozen causes this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them."

The following story, which is really authentic, and was delivered to the editor, immediately from the *inferior* of the parties concerned, is at least interesting, as it exhibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleasing light, than that in which it has been generally seen.

About five-and-thirty years since, a very worthy man, and one whose word may be relied on, went to St. James's Palace to visit one of the pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly (on his friend's shutting the
door

door after him,) he half slipped, and half tumbled down a whole flight of steps; and, probably, with his head burst open a closet door. We say *probably*, because the unlucky visitor was too completely stunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himself, on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and sitting with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking plaster to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's unwigged pate. For some time his surprise kept him silent; but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig, and replaced it on his battered head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received, and inquiries into the mishap. These were, however, instantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand towards the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his steps downwards for the remainder of the staircase, and wondering how so much humanity,

ty, and so much unfociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder (which, like all other wonder, was connected with folly), ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received to the first man in the kingdom; who, after having exercised the humanity of the *fellow creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to support a familiar conversation with the person he had relieved.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter," answered, "Upon my soul, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

About thirty years ago, some alterations were making in a part of Kensington-gardens, and the good old George the Second used to take pleasure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among these, there chanced to be an half-witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the king as with any other person for whom he had been used to work. One day, finding what he

he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his sovereign, and with great earnestness, demanded "something to drink." Displeased at the boldness of the request, yet ashamed to deny it, the king mechanically employed both his hands in search of coin, and finding none, replied, with dignity, and his usual German accent, "I have no money in my pockets." "Nor I neither," returned the idiot, "I can't think where it is all gone, for my part!" The sovereign frowned at the repartee, which, like many an other joke, was prejudicial to its maker, and the fool was employed no longer near the palace.

A gentleman, who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often in conversation, to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, Madam," said he, "I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honour," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her, as you can be."

A cer-

A certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that approached him; was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The king, perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said, in the sweetest manner imaginable, " My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying." The bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation.

When the Earl of Wharton who made so eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a stripling, during the life of his father, a most formal Presbyterian, there being an extraordinary entertainment for some young gentry, on the anniversary of this hopeful son's birth, he was ordered by the old lord to say grace; whereupon, turning up his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following strain :

" I pray God to shorten the days of Lord Wharton,
 And set his son up in his place;
 He'll drink, and he'll whore, and ten thousand
 things more,
 With as good a fanatical face."

The

The pious parent being deaf, and not hearing what he had said, but perceiving he had finished, very innocently gave his assent to it, by an *Amen, I pray God*. Which, to his great surprise, made the whole company burst into a laughter.

Fontenelle, after the first representation of Oedipus, said to the author, some previous compliments having been paid, "I could wish your verse was not quite so pompous, it would be more easy and flowing, and better suited to tragedy." "Sir," replied Voltaire, "that is a fault I intend to correct, and with that view will go directly and read your Pastorals."

Madame de * *, who was very handsome, spoke highly in praise of the wit of Voltaire, who returned the compliment by saying, "I know, Madam, you perfectly well understand what wit is; but I must be allowed to be a connoisseur in beauty, and I am at present in raptures."

He complimented another very handsome lady, by telling her, "Your rivals are master-pieces of art; you are a master-piece of nature."

LIST

LIST OF TAXES.

The following list of taxes was put into my hands this morning; there is something so whimsical in the whole, that I thought it worth preserving. It is addressed to Lord North, out of office.

A tax on all schemers, which, from the inventive genius of idleness, would produce annually at least 900,000l.

A tax on all attornies, who were not able to prove, that, in the course of a year's practice, one eighth of their income was got honestly, which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on liars, which, on an average of only one in a hundred being a man of truth, would produce a sum, not less than sufficient to pay the national debt in two years.

A tax on every person that went to an Italian opera, who did not understand the language: on every person who attended a concert, without a knowledge of music; and on all persons sleeping at church; which proved to your Lordship, might produce in one year 500,000l.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boasted of female favours that they never received. This on an average might be computed a tax on 9999 men, out of ten thousand who

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had

had attained the age of twenty-one years: and would produce, at a moderate interest, *per capitum*, an annual revenue of 800,000l.

A tax on white neck, red cheeks, and lily hands, with a draw-back on proving where the pencil of nature was the only artist, to be collected at the play-houses, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Kensington, and other places of public diversion, exclusive of demi-reps, who paint in the way of trade, would produce, in the female world, fifty out of ever sixty, and among the men, four out of every twenty, liable to impost. I reckon this at 400,000l.

A tax on all slander and back-biting; one methodist to be considered as four churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, 99 persons out of every hundred in the kingdom as subject to the duty.

A tax on all unnecessary words in the House of Commons; your Lordship thought this would be partially severe on Mess^{rs} Burke and Fox; and therefore, in consideration of the numerous family of words, and the small income of money those two orators possessed, this most salutary tax was struck out of my list.

A tax on all gentlemen coachmen, which considering the immense increase of great coats

coats with eight capes, would produce at least 50,000*l.* per annum.

A tax on all young gentlemen, who had got an university education, and made the grand tour, but who could not construe an ode of Horace, or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This on computation might produce 20,000*l.* yearly.

A tax on all gentlemen and ladies, indiscriminately, who could not tell, on being asked, in what part of holy writ the Revelations, and the first chapter of Genesis are. This, in the west end of London, would produce something worth the collection.

A tax on every citizen of London who eats more than two pounds of solid meat within twenty-four hours. This tax, as it would prevent apoplexies, and add considerably to the revenue, I thought a very salutary one. But your Lordship observing that the Aldermen would make up the deficiency, in order to evade the tax, by eating pies, puddings, turtle soups, jelles, &c. I took that article back to reconsider, and have since totally forgot to look into it.

A tax on mock visits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious head-achs, false alarms of pregnancy, and other incidental non-entities in women of fashion, might render six in ten

throughout the higher and second orders of the female world liable to duty.

A tax on healthy and sound constitutions among men of fashion. I pointed this duty particularly on the first rank, because with them it is considered a luxury. I dropped it, however, as you may recollect, because, on consideration, would it not pay the fees of collecting.

A tax on all barristers, who, in each half hour's pleading, said, *my lud* and *your ludship*, more than fifteen hundred times. Your Lordship observed this would injure the client, as *my lud* and *your ludship*, were interjections in law, to fill up the vacuity of an advocate's imagination, when he was at a loss for words to convey the meaning of his argument. I therefore dropped the idea, as I thought every client sufficiently delayed, injured, oppressed, and taxed already!

A tax on all footmen under the age of fifty, and above the height of four feet eleven inches. This I did, that the army might be recruited with genteel good-looking vagabonds, who, from a state of liveried idleness, may be called into regimental activity.

A tax on all coffee-house beaux, who call for the Amsterdam Gazette, and the Courier de l'Europe, without being able to understand

stand the meaning of one line in either. This is a tax on vanity, but it will not bring in much.

A tax on real old English hospitality in the houses of great men, as the only means, by making it expensive, to make it fashionable. This will take some time before it will come to perfection; the very idea of domestic conviviality being now so vulgar as to be turned out of almost every gentleman's house in Great Britain. Your Lordship smiled at this idea, shook your head, and said, you feared when the trick was found out, the tax would cease. I think so too, my Lord; and therefore leave those fashionable people to their new adopted luxury of smiling without a cause of risibility, of ostentatious parade without inward comfort, and of the appearance of happiness without one particle of real felicity.

Your Lordship's old friend,

And most obedient humble servant,

SCACABACK SCREECHKINKERTON.

Half-way house, between Jest and

Earnest, Sept. 9. 1782.

The Commercial Treaty promises to be of infinite advantage to this kingdom, and particularly to the metropolis, as appears by

the following improvements, &c.—In Dyot-Street, St. Giles's, a new shop is opened, and over the door these words:

“Soup Meagre every day here at a penny per quart—and young ladies taught the French Language in purity, by Monsieur and Madame Rien, just arrived from Paris.”

An Academy appears in Hedge-lane, and a board over the first floor window, exhibits thus,—“New French songs taught to English ballad-fingers and *les jolies filles de joye* instructed in the Parisian step, by Madame Dimirip, just arrived from Paris.”

But that which surpasses all the rest, is a new shop in Old Gravel-lane, Wapping; the shew-board of which has this inscription:—“Eyes for the blind, teeth for the toothless, legs for the lame, and calves for the spindlehanked:—false hips, false rumps, false colours, false nails, false fingers, false hair, and every other falsity that can beautify and adorn the English, so as to make them as amiable and as elegant as the French, to be had here at a moment's warning, and fixed in by Monsieur Fauxpas, just arrived from Paris, at the following rates:—

	£.	s.	d.
A black eye - - - - -	0	0	6
A blue eye - - - - -	0	0	4
A hazle			

A hazly eye - - - - -	o	o	3
A grey eye - - - - -	o	o	2
A wall eye to match - - - - -	o	o	1
A single tooth in front - - - - -	o	o	1
A double tooth - - - - -	o	o	1
A cork leg with springs - - - - -	o	2	6
A wooden leg and foot - - - - -	o	1	6
A pair of false calves - - - - -	o	o	6
A pair of false hips made with horse- hair, elastic - - - - -	o	1	o
A pair of common rag ditto - - - - -	o	o	4
A red nose, flat - - - - -	o	o	8
A pale nose, ditto - - - - -	o	o	6
An Aquiline nose - - - - -	o	o	9
A Roman nose - - - - -	o	o	9
A sharp nose a-la-mode d'Eden	o	1	6
Madame Eden's nose - - - - -	o	2	o
Madame Eden's arm - - - - -	o	1	o
Madame Eden's leg - - - - -	o	o	2
A wax bosom, flat, with red nipples	o	2	6
A wax neck and stomach, so as to shew shoulders, &c. complete	o	4	o
A wax bosom, en bon point - - - - -	o	3	o
An enamel for the whole face war- ranted to last twelve days and nights, let the weather be ever so boisterous - - - - -	o	2	o
A breath sweetner - - - - -	o	o	
Paints of all kinds on the lowest terms.			

The following Shandean intelligence was put into my hands by Lord N——, who assured me it was written by the ingenious and reverend Mr. B. Let the author be who he will, he possessed exquisite humour, and I have not a doubt but my readers will thank me for securing this lively production from the fate that generally attends those pieces committed to a short-lived newspaper.

“ The most extraordinary intelligence that ever was published within the walls of Paris, or ever set the spirit of Frenchmen upon the wing, has been published within these few days. The victories of Henry and Edward of England, did not astonish the nation so much; nor did the conquests of Louis XV. give the people half so much satisfaction, as the capture of the English merchantmen. It was as novel as it was unexpected.

“ Half the people in France will be ruined by the expence of rejoicing—every house is open, all the bells ringing—men, women, and children, of all denominations, trades and professions, dance, caper, skip, and jig it about with the agility of Benevento’s devil.

devil. What with lights and illuminations, bonfires, and transparent paintings, rockets, squibs and crackers, and discharges from the artillery, feu-de joys from the small arms, huzzaing from the nobility, the country looks like hell itself.

“ The court was met on the occasion, when a grandee of Spain, whiskered up to the eyebrows,—cuffed up to the elbows—booted up to the hips, and spurred like a game cock, arrived express from Madrid, with a message congratulatory from his most Catholic Majesty. The grandee wore a Ramillie tail down to his waistband, and carried a basket-Toledo, in the hilt of which was deposited his handkerchief.

The grandee of Spain was announced as the *Sieur O'Reilly*, by the gentleman usher. The *Sieur O'Reilly* entered on the instant his name was announced, the most Christian King having just time to take his throne. The most Christian King arose to receive the *Sieur*—the queen turned to her favourite maid of honour, *Lucetta*. This grandee must be Irish, said the Queen, by the great O he carries before his name. It is true, said *Lucetta*, for your Majesty may remember most of the brigade who are returned to Ireland, have great O's before

their names. True, said the Queen, blushing.

“ Her Majesty laying the back of her right hand convexed into the palm of her left, which she had concaved for the purpose, and rested her elbows upon her hips, with great ease dropped her hands. The Queens’s hands fell just upon that spot, where, in the picture of Venus, the golden clasp unites the argent zone of the goddess. The Queen, courtesying to the ground with the most amiable humility, while her eyes darted beams more penetrable than the rays of Apollo, said to the Sieur O’Reilly—
“ Noble Sir, you are welcome to these parts.”

“ The whole court was astonished at her Majesty’s condescension.

“ The Sieur O’Reilly bowing to the ground with profound respect, drawing back his right leg, thrust his spur into that part of the gentleman usher’s angle, where the articulation joins the leg to the foot. The electrified gentleman usher sprung from the ground with a *sacre Dieu!* and forgetting the presence he was in, laid his hand upon his sword. The Sieur O’Reilly turning up his mustachios over his nostrils, muttering something in a language neither English, Irish, French, nor Spanish; it partook

took of each—"he grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and the gentleman usher stood petrified. The whole court laughed—The Sieur O'Reilly took a pinch of snuff.

"The Sieur O'Reilly falling upon his knee, rivetted his eyes upon the Queen's—I have got it here, said O'Reilly, thrusting his hand into his *breeches*,—I have got it here to present to your Majesty, the like of which was never seen in France, Spain, or any other country on the continent. The ladies all smiled,—while their eyes followed the hands of the Sieur into his breeches pockets, and there imagination figured a thousand ideas. I have it here! exclaimed the Sieur, with an exulting voice, as he drew from his breeches pocket a long roll—it was a roll of parchment—it was a list of the English merchantmen taken by the fleets of France and Spain.

"The Sieur O'Reilly was right: France, Spain, nor no country in the universe ever before saw such a sight.

"The King had scarcely read one quarter of this list, when a nobleman came in—eagerness and astonishment were painted in his countenance. The Belle Poule, said the nobleman, is taken.—England must become bankrupt, said the King.—The captain,

officers, and one half of the seamen, said the nobleman, are killed. Lord have mercy on their souls, said the King, we have taken the English convoy—not 'till Te Deum is sung for our victory, said Monf. Sartine, have we taken the English convoy.

“The Belle Poule, the captain, the officers, and the crew, were immediately forgotten by the court of France. They had taken an English convoy.

“The King had got through half of the list, when another nobleman came in. The Comte d'Artois is gone, said the nobleman. Then we have lost the patron of fashion, said the gentleman usher. You must conceal his death, said the king, 'till the rejoicings are over—we have taken an English convoy. If half the princes of the blood were dead, I would not mourn this month, for we have taken an English convoy.

“Vive le Roi! said the nobleman—it is the Artois ship of war, carrying sixty-four guns, and 700 men, that is gone—Good heaven! said the Queen, the Artois was commanded by an Irishman; and was taken by an Irishman, said the nobleman.—“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,”—said O'Reilly,—Lucetta (whispered the Queen) these Irishmen are always
standing

standing in our way—That's our own *fault*, an't please your majesty, answered Lucetta.

“ Was there force equal? interrogated the king.—Pretty equal, answered the nobleman. By no means, said O'Reilly, turning to his countryman, who stood behind him. Cleonard fought against his king and country——disloyalty weighed him down; and the reproaches of being a paracide, weakened his heart——I know it from my own feelings——Merciful heaven! that zeal should so have blinded England, and my native land—but who could serve a government, which refused to let him serve his Maker, according to the dictates of his own conscience!

“ Big tears stood in the eye of the *Sieur* O'Reilly, and rolled down the furrows of his sun-burnt cheek——he took his handkerchief from the hilt of his sword to wipe them away, which his countryman perceiving, he clasped the veteran in his arms, and received the tears upon his faithful bosom.

A man

A man of wit, on his arrival at Fernei, having addressed Voltaire with these words,

Hic est Mæcenas Virgiliusque simul.

In you we find both Mæcenas and Virgil.

Voltaire immediately replied, This ought to be true of one who is honoured with such a visitor.

Voltaire compared the English to a butt of their own strong beer, the froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent.

“Your nation, like your language,” said Voltaire, one day to an Englishman, “is a strange mixture of a variety of others. When I behold one of your countrymen fond of the tricks and chicane of law, I say, there is a Norman who came over with William the Conqueror. When I see another, affable and polite, he has the manners of a Plantagenet; or a third, outrageous and brutal, that, says I, is a Dane.”

Notwithstanding his enthusiasm in behalf of the English, he confessed there were among them many unsociable and melancholic characters. He one day said to Lord Lyttleton.

Capricious, proud, the self-same axe avails
To chop off monarch’s heads, or horses
tails.

When

When Voltaire came to Paris, M. Turgot hastened to see him. He was then very much troubled with the gout, which had rendered him hardly able to move his legs. After the first compliments, Voltaire, turning towards the company, said, "when I look on M. Turgot, I think I see the statue of Nebuchadnezzar," "Yes; the feet of clay," replied the minister.—"And the head of gold! the head of gold!" returned Voltaire.

POETICAL AMUSEMENTS.

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE; THE GERANIUM; and THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE, now omitted in this Collection, are to be found in the FESTIVAL OF LOVE; these two volumes forming together a library of elegant amusement.

*The following EPIGRAM that wicked wight
Peter Pindar wrote during my late illness.*

IF blisters to his head apply'd,
Some little sense bestow;
What pity 'tis they were not try'd
Some twenty years ago!

EPIGRAM.

In imitation of the manner of MARTIAL.

Seven wives has Philaris sent back to earth,
If ev'ry husband sev'n would add to these,
How soon of cuckolds there would be a
dearth,
Un-Xantipped the men would live in ease.

On

On parting with a collection of flowers to an old conceited maid, who said they would best adorn her bosom, and which were seen withered in an hour after.

Sweet offspring of enraptur'd May,
 Ill-fated flow'rs adieu !
 No more the enamour'd god of day
 Shall sip thy silver dew.

The blush of morn thy tints resign,
 Thy fragrant charms are fled,
 Fond Zephyrus no more is thine
 In Flora's balmy bed.

No kind invigorating heat,
 Her hand thy stems afford ;
 Love has forsook her vestal seat,
 And winter reigns her lord.

Hard fate, in such a clime to die !
 Between two hills of snow !
 Cheerless the sunshine of her eye,
 And past the pow'r to glow.

Now, like the bard *, whose faded form
 Pale Misery inshrin'd—
 Thy charms find shelter from the storm,
 All blooming in my mind !

* The unfortunate Chatterton.

On

On the DEATH of Mr. FOOTE.

Pardon, old friend, if at thy death
A sudden joy prevails,
'Tis not that you've resign'd your breath,
But that you can't *tell tales* !

On the SAME.

Satire and Irony no more
Shall forth their arrows shoot ;
Ev'n Wit must fall—the reason's plain,
Because she's ne'er a Foote !

THE ANT AND GRASSHOPPER.

A FABLE.

A grasshopper had chanted it away,
Each summer's day :
Now that cold weather was set in,
Began to look most piteous thin.
Away she hopp'd to see her neighbour th' ant,
And begg'd some small relief she'd grant
From her abundant store ;
Or else, e'er half the winter o'er,
She needs must die for want ;
And faith and troth she swore
The loan with int'rest to restore
By autumn next—if not before.

Your

Your ants they never lend on trust :
 Our housewife was devout as well as just ;
 T' encourage sloth she held a crime.
 How did you spend, quoth she, the harvest
 time ?

And please you, night and day I tun'd my song
 T' amuse the travellers that pass'd along.

Oh, ho ! and so you sung the summer out ?

Yes, Ma'am. Why that was wond'rous wise :
 And now that winter's come, might I advise,

E'en dance about ;

You'll have, at least, the comfort for't,

To've led a merry life, tho' short.

*The following humorous EPITAPH has been
 given to three of my intimates ; the Hon.
 C. F. the Earl of C. and Lord V. T. Be it
 whose it will, it is a very ingenious com-
 position.*

HERE cool the ashes of MULCIBER GRIM,

Late of this parish, blacksmith;

He was born in Seacoal-lane, and bred
 at Hammersmith.

From his youth upwards he was much ad-
 dicted to vices, and was often guilty of
 forgery.

Having some talents for irony,

He therefore produced many heats in his
 neighbourhood,

Which

Which he usually increased by *blowing up*
the coals.

This rendered him so unpopular,
 That when he found it necessary to adopt
cooling measures,

His conduct was generally accompanied
 with a *hiss.*

Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
 Yet, where his interest was concerned,
 He made it a constant rule to *strike while the*
iron was hot,

Regardless of the injury he might do thereby:
 And when he had

Any matter of moment upon the *anvil,*
 He seldom fail'd to *turn it to his own*
advantage.

Among the numberless instances that might
 be given of the cruelty of his
 disposition, it need only
 be mentioned,

That he was the means of *hanging* many of
 the innocent family of the *Bells,*
 Under the idle pretence of keeping them
 from *jangling;*

And put great numbers of the *hearts of steel*
 into the *hottest flames,*

Merely (as he declar'd) to *soften* the
 obduracy of their *tempers.*

At

At length, after passing a long life in the
 commission of these *black actions*,
 His *fire* being exhausted, and his
Bellows worn out,
 He *fled* off to that place where only the *fer-vid*
ordeal of his own *forge* can be exceeded ;
 Declaring with his last *puff*,
 That “ man is born to trouble as the *sparks*
 fly upwards.”

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

A FABLE.

Up in a tree a Crow had got
 A cheese or cake, no matter what ;
 When Master Fox, allur'd by smell or smoke,
 First lick'd his chops, then thus he spoke :
 Good-morrow, Master Crow,
 How fine you are ! a very beau !
 Dear me, if I'm not quite in love :
 Well, if the warble of your throat
 Answers the beauty of your coat,
 You are the phoenix of the grove !
 The Crow thus tickl'd, needs must
 prove
 His great harmonious skill ;
 And opening wide his bill,
 Of course the prey let go ;
 Which Reynard catch'd below :

And

And thus advis'd the bird above :

Mark well the lesson which I give ;

All sycophants expect to live

On those they flatter ; henceforth caution
take,

The counsel's good, no doubt and worth
your cake :

Adieu. The Crow, asham'd and griev'd,
Curfing his fate,

Swore, but too late,

He never more should be deceived.

*Translation of a GREEK EPIGRAM on a
GRECIAN BEAUTY.*

Thy eyes declare the imperial wife of Jove ;
Thy breasts disclose the Cyprian queen of
love ;

Minerva's fingers thy fair hand displays,
And Thetis' limbs each graceful step betrays.

Blest man ! whose eye on thy bright form
has hung ;

Thrice blest ! who hears the music of thy
tongue :

As monarchs happy ! who thy lips has prest ;
But who embraces as the gods are blest !

The

The following EPITAPH, made by a husband on the decease of his second wife, and who happened to be interred immediately adjoining his former one, is copied from a stone in a church-yard in the county of Kent.

Here lies the body of SARAH SEXTON,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one;
I can't say that for her at the next stone. }

The DEATH of ALICO, an African Slave. Condemned for Rebellion in Jamaica, 1762. By BRYANT EDWARDS, Esq. of that Island.

'Tis past:—Ah! calm thy * cares to rest:
Firm and unmov'd am I:—
In Freedom's cause I bar'd my breast,—
In Freedom's cause I die.

Ah, stop! thou dost me fatal wrong:—
Nature will yet rebel;
For I have lov'd thee very long,
And lov'd thee very well.

To native skies, and peaceful bow'rs,
I soon shall wing my way;
Where joy shall lead the circling hours,
Unless too long thy stay.

* He is supposed to address his wife at the place of execution.

O speed

O speed, fair Sun! thy course divine;
 My ABALA remove;
 There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
 And I for ever love!

On those blest shores—a slave no more!
 In peaceful ease I'll stray;
 Or rouse to chase the mountain boar,
 As unconfin'd as day!

No Christian tyrant there is known,
 To mark his steps with blood,
 Nor sable Mis'ry's piercing moan,
 Resounds thro' every wood!

Yet I have heard the melting tongue,
 Have seen the falling tear;
 Known the good heart by pity wrung,
 Ah! that such hearts are rare.

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes—
 —I reach the joyful hour;
 Now bid the scorching flames arise,
 And these poor limbs devour:

But know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
 Eternal war to wage;
 The death thou giv'st shall but combine
 To mock thy baffled rage.

O Death! how welcome to th' oppress'd!
 Thy kind embrace I crave;

Thou

Thou bring'st to Mis'ry's bosom rest,
And *Freedom to the Slave!*

DIALOGUE *between a Nobleman, in a dream, in which he fancied himself dead, and a dead Beggar, buried by the side of him.—From the French.*

I dreamt that, buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my
pride,

Thus (like a corpse of quality) I cry'd:

“ Away! thou scoundrel! henceforth touch
“ me not,

“ More manners learn, and at a distance rot.”

“ Thou scoundrel!” in a louder tone, cry'd
he, [“ thee!

“ Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and

“ We're equal now—I'll not an inch resign,

“ This is my dunghill, as the next is thine.”

ODE to MISS *****.

By BRYANT EDWARDS, Esq. of Jamaica.

O clear that cruel doubting brow!

——I'll call on mighty Jove

To witness this eternal vow;—

'Tis you alone I love!

M

“ O leave

“ O leave the god to soft repose,
 (The smiling maid replies)
 “ For Jove but laughs at lovers’ oaths,
 “ And lovers’ perjuries.”

By honour’d beauty’s gentle power ;
 By friendship’s holy flame :
 “ Ah ! what is beauty but a flow’r,
 “ And friendship but a name !”

By those dear tempting lips, I cry’d ;
 —With arch ambiguous look,
 Convinc’d my Chloe glanc’d aside,
 And bade me *kiss the book*.

*The late Dr. KENRICK, who was eternally
 railing at all mankind, gave rise to the fol-
 lowing bitter Epigram :*

The wits who drink water, and suck sugar-
 candy,
 Impute the strong water of Kenrick to
 brandy. [short is,
 They are not so much out ; the matter in
 He sips *aqua-vitæ* and spits *aqua-fortis* !

VERSES UPON Mrs. CREWE.

By the Hon. CHARLES FOX.

Where the loveliest expression to features is
 join’d,
 By nature’s most delicate pencil design’d ;
 Where

Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without
art,

Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in
the heart; [trace,

Where in manners enchanting no blemish we
But the soul keeps the promise we had from
the face;

Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must
prove

Defences unequal to shield us from love:

Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell!

By what wonderful art, by what magic spell,
My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am
wise,

And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes:
That my wishes, which never were bounded
before,

Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for
no more?

Is't reason? No: that my whole life will
belie;

For who so at variance as reason and I?

Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my
heart,

Nor allows any softer sensation a part?

Oh no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.

Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?

For alike in this only, employment and pain
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which
they strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune
can flow,

That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest
know,

Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at
strife.

But, tho' vers'd in extremes both of pleasure
and pain,

I'm still but too ready to feel them again :

If then for this once in my life I am free,

And escape from a snare, might catch wiser
than me,

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For, tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness
that warms ;

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we
gaze,

But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor
we praise ;

So beauty our just admiration may claim ;

But love, and love only, the heart can in-
flame.

The following lively EPITAPH was put into my hands by the late Lord LYTTLTON, which may with some propriety be applied to himself.

Translation of REGINER'S EPITAPH.

Gayly I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought ;
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

AN EPICRAM ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

When Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to
be rude,
Miss Daphne cry'd ; pish ! and ran to the
wood :

And, rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's
hair.

The nymph was, no doubt of a cold con-
stitution ;

For sure, to turn tree was an odd resolution !
Yet in this she behav'd like a *coterie* spouse,
As she fled from his arms to *distinguish his*
brows.

VERSES said to have been written by SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. at the request of a gentleman, to whom a lady had given a sprig of myrtle.

What hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create!

Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!

'The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)

Not less capricious than a reigning fair,

Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer:

In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain;

In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;

The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,

Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads;

Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,

And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart:

Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his
doom,

Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

GRACE.

BY MR. GARRICK.

Ye beaux esprits, say, what is Grace?

Dwells it in motion, shape, or face?

Or is it all the three combin'd,

Guided and soften'd by the mind?

Where

Where is it *not*, all eyes may see ;
 But where it *is* all hearts agree ;
 'Tis there, when easy in its state,
 The mind is elegantly great ;
 Where looks give speech to every feature,
 The sweetest eloquence of nature ;
 A harmony of thought and motion,
 To which at once we pay devotion.
 —But where to find this *nonpareil* !
 Where does this female wonder dwell ?
 Who can it will our hearts command ?
 —Behold in public——CUMBERLAND !

TO MADAME DE VILLEGAGNON,

*On the SEISURE of CLOATHS by the CUSTOM-
 HOUSE OFFICERS.*

BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

Pardon, fair traveller, the troop
 That barr'd your wardrobe's way ;
 Nor think your silks, your gown, and hoop,
 Were objects of their prey.

Ah ! who, when authoriz'd by law
 To strip a form like yours,
 Would rest content with what he saw,
 And not exert his pow'rs ?

THE PEASANT AND HIS ASS.

A FABLE.

As on the road a peasant drove his ass,
 He spy'd a meadow rich in grass ;
 And tho' he had no right to do it,
 He dar'd the pound, and turn'd the beast in-
 to it.

The jack-ass, charm'd at such a treat,
 With choice to crop, and time to eat,
 Graz'd here and there the field all over ;
 Then pranc'd, and rear'd, and toss'd his head,
 And in the thick on't made his bed,
 Like one that's nurs'd in clover.

Amidst this jubilee the foe appears ;
 The clown cries out, Haste, haste away !
 At which our ass prick'd up his ears,
 And bray'd, No, friend, I choose to stay :
 Will those folks load a double pack
 Upon my back ?

Why, no :—then what is it to me,
 If I belong to them or thee ?
 You may by flight your freedom save,
 If you disdain to be a slave :
 For me, it is no new disaster ;
 Nor do I know
 The thing that I can call my foe,
 Except my master.

To

To MADAME DE DAMAS, *learning English.*

By the Hon. Horace Walpole.

Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars, like you, but slowly can improve,
For who could teach you but the verb *I love*?

M. DE LA CONDAMINE *to his Lady, the
Morning after their Wedding.*

Thus match'd of old, Tithonus and Aurora;
I and Tithonus both old fellows;
His wife, like mine, more beautiful than
Flora,

Yet I should make Tithonus jealous.
Tho' strong his love, tho' great her charms,
Their union was less blest than ours:
Aurora's spouse grew older in her arms,
You make me young again in yours.

TO A LADY WHO LOVED DANCING.

Written by the late Judge Burnet.

May I presume, in humble lays,
My *dancing* fair, thy steps to praise?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a *dance*.

That human-kind, both man and woman,
 Do *dance*, is evident and common;
David himself, that god-like king,
 We know could dance as well as sing:
 Folks who at court would keep their ground,
 Must *dance* the year attendance round:
 Whole nations *dance*; gay, frisking France
 Has led the nation many a *dance*;
 And some believe both France and Spain
 Resolve to take us out again.
 All nature is *one ball*, we find;
 The water *dances* to the wind;
 The sea itself, at night and noon,
 Rises and capers to the moon;
 The moon around the earth does tread
 A Cheshire round in buxom red;
 The earth and planets round the sun
Dance; nor will their *dance* be done
 'Till nature in one mass is blended;
 Then we may say—*the ball is ended*.

GRACE *after Dinner, at a Miser's.*

Thanks for this miracle; it is no less
 Than finding manna in the wilderness:
 In midst of famine we have found relief,
 And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
 Chimnies

Chimnies have smok'd, that never smok'd
before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no
more.

IMPROMPTU.

Beyond all climates, far above all skies,
The soul that once inform'd my Sylvia flies :
May guardian angels still point out its way,
Through all the regions of eternal day ;
May heav'nly love still bless that tender mind,
Which ever was with love and truth combin'd ;
And that her joys, unmix'd with care, may
flow,
Conceal, kind Heav'n, from her my heart-
felt woe !

*On a Report of the KING of SPAIN's marrying
MADAME VICTOIRE, a Princess of France.*

Tho' Frenchmen may promise him Madame
Victoire,
He'll find it a trick and a cheat ;
An union with France, upon this or that
score,
Will wed him to Madame—*Defeat.*

THE POET AND STRAW.

A FABLE.

On *Richmond* hill, with doublet bare,
 A hungry poet takes the air :
 'The air on *Richmond* hill, tho' good,
 And excellent chameleon food,
 Is rather of too thin a nature,
 For a beef-loving, two-legg'd creature.
 Our poet stops, he looks around,
 And murmurs thus in doleful sound :
 " While plenty o'er the landscape reigns,
 Shall bards alone feel meagre pains ?
 Ah ! what avails, if in the town
 My madrigals acquir'd renown ;
 If, stranger to all-powerful coin,
 I seldom taste the rich sirloin ;
 If for the produce of my brain,
 I meet from money'd fools disdain ;—
 In vain the laurel crowns my brows ;
 What crowns my pocket !—not one sou :
 Of bay or laurel where the use is ?
 Nor bay nor laurel fruit produces :—
 I've Fame pursu'd, and now I've caught her,
 She proves mere moon-shine in the water ;
 How happier the unletter'd glutton,
 Who can indulge on beef and mutton :
 How curs'd each servant of the Nine !
 I'd rather be a fool, and dine."

He

He said, and to his great surprise,
Beneath his feet a straw replies :—

“ Ah ! hapless bard, look down and see

Thy striking emblem here in me ;

Despis'd by those, to whom my head

Furnish'd the staff of living—bread :

That gain'd, behold me here cast down,

Trod on by every sordid clown :

Just so the bard, who from his brain

The hungry mind can entertain,

Is soon neglected and forgot,

A barren praise his hapless lot ;

To Fame becomes an empty bubble,

Trod on by fools like straw or stubble.”

EPITAPH on Mr. THOMAS HAMMOND, *Parish Clerk of Ashford, in Kent, who was a good man, and an excellent backgammon-player, and was succeeded in office by a Mr. TRICE.*

By the change of the dye,

On his *back* here doth lie

Our most audible clerk, Mr. Hammond ;

Tho' he bore many men

'Till threescore and ten,

Yet, at length, he by death is *back-gammon'd* ;

But hark ! neighbours, hark !

Here again comes the clerk :

By

By a hit very lucky and nice,
 With death we're now even;
 He just stept up to heaven,
 And is with us again in a Trice.

Recited to me by Lord T.

PARISH TYTHES,

An old TALE, in Verse.

By Robert Lloyd.

The parson of a pleasant village,
 Who had other tythes besides of tillage,
 Being in a merry mood one day,
 Thus to his clerk did gaily say:
 "Uriah, I am told, thou art
 A fornicating clerk at heart.
 Now, if thou'lt own the dames thou'lt kifs'd,
 I'll tell thee honestly my list."
 "With all my soul (the clerk replies)
 Old Nick take him the first that lies."
 To prove their work, they early go,
 Each takes his desk—and as each do
 Come into church, he who has known
 The lady gay, or fair or brown,
 Must stroke his chin, and call out, *Hem!*
 And t'other must reply, *Amen!*
 The clerk, thus leaning on his Psalms,
 The parson without any qualms,

Loll

Lolls on his Bible, waiting keen
 To *hem* at the first lady seen,
 The 'squire's wife, demure and sly,
 Enters the first; the parson's eye
 Fixes on her—he *hems*. Another,
 Supporting her aged mother,
 Attracts the parson's quick attention;
 'Twice he *hem'd*—I shall not mention
 The qualities and generous faces,
 Of all the parson's village graces:
 Suffice it then to say, eleven
 Came in; he *hem'd*—the clerk said "Heav'n!"
 Twelve more appear'd—he did afford
 Twelve *hems*—Uriah cry'd, "O Lord!"
 Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one—
 He *hem'd*—the clerk cry'd, "Thou'rt a rare
 one!"

At length, quite sober, sleek, and thin,
 The parson's pretty wife came in;
 The parson *hem'd*—the clerk *hem'd* too;
 "Zounds!" cries the priest, "that can't be
 true!"
 "Not true! why not? you may condemn,
 "But Old Nick have me, but 'tis *hem*!"

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

If full of *grace*, and *graceful* is the same,
 Your saints to *graceful* boast the strongest
 claim;
 To such alone all-gracious Heav'n gives grace,
 And unbelievers are a *graceless* race.
 How *graceful* TOTTENHAM, thy chosen few,
 Compar'd, St. JAMES's, with thy *graceful*
 crew!

II.

"What's fashionable, I'll mainrain,
 "Is always right," cries sprightly *Jane*;
 "Ah! would to heav'n!" cries graver *Sue*,
 "What's *right* were fashionable too."

*The following sprightly and entertaining piece
 was read to me by Lord N—, some years ago,
 at Windsor: I gave it to my eldest son, for an
 Easter Task; and he, to the astonishment of
 every one, got it by heart in half a day.*

To Mr. R. laid up with a fit of the Gout.

By Mr. Lloyd, confined in the Fleet-Prison.

There is a magic in sweet sounds,
 Which draws forth ev'ry thing but—pounds.

EPICRAMS

By

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By magic song's commanding tune,
 Medea could unhinge the moon.
 At old Amphion's plastic call
 The stones jump'd up, and form'd a wall;
 The priests loud horns began to blow,
 Down went the walls of Jericho:
 The sailors, people not renown'd
 For nice intelligence of sound,
 Chuck'd poor Arion fairly o'er,
 To swim, at least, nine leagues to shore,
 Down fiddle went, and fidler—pish!
 He got a horseback on a fish!
 You see the force of music here,
 Your dolphins have a charming ear.
 Young Orpheus, whom you oft have seen
 In play-house suit of lightest green,
 Scarce sweetly swept the whizzing wire,
 When, at the magic of his lyre,
 From cunning trap-doors of the earth,
 Sprang trees of instantaneous birth;
 While, all responsive to his airs,
 Leapt bulls, and wolves, and dancing bears.
 When David sung, what some folks call
 (See Doctor Brown) the *Cure of Saul*,
 He touch'd the monarch to the quick,
 Like Orpheus when he sooth'd *Old Nick*.
 A foaming wolf, relentless, fierce,
 Who never heard one word of verse,
 Came rushing from a neighbouring wood,
 Just where the careless poet stood;

But * Horace (was he much to blame?)
 Humm'd a short ode—the wolf grew tame,
 And went as empty as he came. }
 Strange pow'r of verse in ancient times!
 Lost in our luckless land of rhymes;
 All things are tending to decay,
 Poor Nature's in a palsy'd way.
 Now kings may *touch*, and *touch* again,
 The *royal evil* will remain;
 And modern bards, and scepter'd kings,
 Are equally *ungifted* things.
 Not all the laws we laymen make,
 Can charm away the belly-ache.
 Can numbers numb the twinging gout,
 And bring the cripple dancing out?
 Say, can I soothe, with carol sweet,
 The *Cerberus* who guards the *Fleet*?
 Can I, by rhyme's harmonious aid,
 Charm *Argus Turnkeys* from their trade?
 Their mind on other passions rolls,
They have no music in their souls.
 While on their accents senates hung,
 When Rhet'ric spoke from Tully's tongue,
 While he pursu'd his surest art,
 To wind him into Cæsar's heart,
 As if the words had pierc'd his soul,
 The artful Cæsar dropp'd his scroll.

* Ode XXII. Book I.

Wonders

Wonders we cannot work like these,
 Say what you list, say what you please,
 J——n will hear, yet keep his keys.
 Say, will my song, *da capo*'d o'er,
Piano soft, *andante* roar,
 Tho' even Handel set the air,
 Call up one tree to shade the *bare*?
 Tho' I burst both my cheeks for spite,
 And blow aloud from morn to night,
 The trumpet, flute, and horn, and all—
 The devil of a brick will fall;
 And poetry like mine, I trust,
 Can neither raise a wall nor crust.
 In that loose cash, however strong,
 Who'll take the payment of a song?
 What wolf will now forego his prey
 For all that I can sing or say?
 My rhymes, alas! will *catch no fish*,
 To swim in sauce upon my dish!
 And for *these* notes, however clear,
 Will the next dolphin * give me beer?
 Alas! my friend, how vain our boast!
 The ancients still must rule the roast:
 They could raise walls by music's spell,
 Bring trees from earth, and wives from hell:
 But fruitless you may pipe and thrum;
 Nor wives, nor trees, nor walls will come.

* A public house on Ludgate-hill.

Though

Though you, like Phœbus, sweetly sing,
 Though I should soar on Pindar's wing,
 Yet neither tune nor words avail ;
 The gout's a gout, the jail's a jail.
 What is't to us, or prose or rhyme,
 My measur'd verse, your measur'd time ?
 Have we not lost all use of *feet*,
 You in the *gout*, I in the *Fleet* ?

EPIGRAM.

Imitated from Sir THOMAS MORE.

THE LONG NOS'D FAIR.

Once on a time I fair *Dorinda* kiss'd,
 Whose *nose* was too distinguish'd to be miss'd :
 My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
 But tho' your lips say *Ay*—your nose says,
No, Sir.

—The maid was equally to *fun* inclin'd,
 And plac'd her lovely lily hand BEHIND :
 Here, swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely
 kiss ;
 Where there's no nose to interrupt thy *bliss*.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

No praise the grutching *Rosalinda* yields
 To bards, till they are in the *Elysian fields*.
 She says, that every modern is a dunce,
 Forgetting *Homer* was a modern once.

Die

Die—Die—she cries—and then I'll deign
a smile.

Your servant, Ma'm—but 'tis not worth my
while.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE,

An EPIGRAM from the GREEK.

To a Mouse, says a Miser, " My dear Mr.
Mouse, [house?]"

Pray what may you please for to want in my
Says the Mouse, " Mr. Miser, pray keep
yourself quiet.

You are safe in your person, your purse, and
your diet;

A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow,
or board."

*The following excellent lines were written by a
LADY of Norwich, on observing some white
Hairs on her Lover's Head.*

Thou, to whose pow'r reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time!

Alike the dread of lover and of friend,

Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy
prime?

Already twining 'midst my Thyrsis' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of
care.

Through

Through all her forms, tho' nature own thy
sway,

That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in
vain;

To the last beams of life's declining day,

Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent
reign.

Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to
charm,

Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth
inform.

Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall
fly;

When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd
brow,

And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses every grace,
Each smile that beams from that ingenuous
face—

Then, thro' her stores shall active Mem'ry
rove,

Teaching each various charm to bloom
anew,

And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love

Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's re-
moteft hour.

A beautiful

A beautiful young Lady, who possesses one of the best hearts in the world, repeated the following poem to a large company one evening last winter. The author deserves much praise, particularly for the latter part of it, which turns upon a very pretty thought.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

A TALE.

A strolling player, as story tells,
 If truth in modern story dwells,
 Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
 Hard by an honest farmer's gate;
 And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
 Who heard the beating of the drum:
 For country actors round about,
 Whene'er their cash and credit's out,
 Or when his worship shall determine
 To drive them out, like other vermin;
 Then some poor youth, who fain would sup,
 For six-pence takes the drum-sticks up
 And gladly rambles up and down,
 To beat the play thro' half the town;
 And oft this man, by hunger prest,
 Is better paid than all the rest——
 But as our present mouth-piece stood,
 And curdled ev'ry rustic's blood,

Exerted

Exerted all his might and pow'r,
 On Henry's murder in the Tower;
 How Glo'ster basely took his life,
 And after marry'd Edward's wife,
 Then quickly stopp'd his nephews' breath,
 By vilely stifling them to death.
 With many other horrid crimes,
 Whose mention shocks the latest times!
 'Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
 And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field.
 The honest farmer, sighing, said,
 ' What ways there are of getting bread!
 ' I dare say, friend, you'll think it hard
 ' To work in any farmer's yard;
 ' Yet tell me, tho' you speak so fine,
 ' Whose trade is better, your's or mine?
 ' Is any fellow in your station
 ' Of half our value to the nation;
 ' And yet at us you toss your nose,
 ' Whene'er you get a rag of cloaths;
 ' With saucy jests presume to flout us,
 ' Altho' you could not eat without us;
 ' In London I have seen the players
 ' In better waistcoats than our mayors;
 ' Nay, I declare it on my word,
 ' I've seen an actor wear a sword;
 ' And not a creature in the town,
 ' Would ever knock the fellow down.
 ' Altho' the puppy had began
 ' To think himself a gentleman;

‘ When but the very summer after,
 ‘ (I scarce can mention it for laughter)
 ‘ He came among the country boors,
 ‘ And beat just such a drum as yours;
 ‘ What can you say ?” the farmer cry’d.

When thus our orator reply’d ;—

‘ Sir, if my word you’ll please to trust,
 ‘ I own your censure often just :
 ‘ Experience ev’ry day declares
 ‘ The foolish pride of many play’rs ;
 ‘ And some, perhaps, but let that rest,
 ‘ Whose lives are not the very best ;
 ‘ But tho’ this truth on some may fall,
 ‘ The censure ne’er can reach to all.
 ‘ A rascal howsoever drawn,
 ‘ Had been a rascal clad in lawn ;
 ‘ And worth will every eye engage,
 ‘ Tho’ fortune place it on the stage ;
 ‘ Professions, Sir, you never find
 ‘ Have chang’d the temper of the mind :
 ‘ And if a man, genteelly bred,
 ‘ A faultless life has ever led ;
 ‘ Why will your censure wish to blame
 ‘ The merit justice would proclaim ?
 ‘ I need not say what native fires,
 ‘ Or judgment, such a life requires ;
 ‘ A truth like this I need not smother,
 ‘ They’re higher much than any other :
 ‘ And if sometimes we meet with losses,
 ‘ (All men are liable to crosses ;)

N

‘ Why

- ‘ Why is an actor’s made a jest,
- ‘ When pity smiles on all the rest ?
- ‘ Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
- ‘ You, Sir, had work’d about the town,
- ‘ Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
- ‘ Without a six-pence in your purse.’—

Here paus’d the youth;—the farmer turn’d,
 Whose breast with true good-nature burn’d,
 ‘ Of all thy trade, I ne’er espy’d
 ‘ A man possess so little pride :
 ‘ A ask thy pardon, honest youth ;
 ‘ Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth ;
 ‘ And while with us you choose to stay,
 ‘ I beg thou’lt see me every day ;
 ‘ Nor blush, if e’er thou art distressed,
 ‘ To be an honest farmer’s guest.
 ‘ A man, I dare be sworn, thou art
 ‘ Blest with a very noble heart.
 ‘ And, harkee,—nay—but this way stand,
 ‘ Here, take a guinea in thy hand ;
 ‘ Had I been in thy place, I see,
 ‘ You would have acted just like me.’

VERSES BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq;

Mr. Sheridan meeting Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan, at the entrance of a grotto, in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice; with which apprehending that she was displeased, he left the following lines in the grotto next day.

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-drip-
ping tree;

Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will
own,

And, willow, thy damps are refreshing
to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;

And this is the tree kept her safe from the
wind,

As blushing she heard the grave lesson I
taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd
stone,

And tell me, thou willow, with leaves
dripping dew,

Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was
gone?

And did she confess her resentment to
N 2 Methinks

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries

To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel ;
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,

And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow ;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see :

She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow ;

She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe ;

I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see :

I cannot, I will not believe it was so ;

She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,

It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain :

But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet,

Yet, oh ! if indeed I've offended the maid,
 If Delia my humble monition refuse ;
 Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy
 shade,
 Fan gently her bosom, and plead my
 excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st
 preserve
 Two lingering drops of the night-fallen
 dew ;
 And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll
 serve
 As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and
 I swear
 The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
 I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine
 tear.

So mayst thou, green willow, for ages
 thus tofs
 Thy branches so lank o'er the slow wind-
 ing stream ;
 And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
 While yet there's a poet to make thee his
 theme.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her
charms

Each evening, and sometimes the whole
evening long ;

Then, grotto, be proud to support her white
arms ;

Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to
her song.

PRIZE MONODY,

On the DEATH of Mr. GARRICK.

For the Vase at Bath Easton, Feb. 11, 1779.

By Miss Seward.

Dim sweeps the shower along the misty vale,
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale ;
O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,
And gazes absent on the faded scenes :
And sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly
grace,

That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,
When, with sweet smiles, her garland gay
she twin'd,
And each light spray with roseate ribbons
join'd.

Dropt

Dropt from her hand the scatter'd myrtles lie:
 And lo! dark cypress meets the mournful eye.
 For thee, O Garrick! sighs from Genius
 breathe,

For thee sad Beauty weaves the fun'ral wreath.
 Shakspeare's great spirit, in its cloudless
 blaze,

Led him unequall'd thro' the inventive maze;
 'Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,
 Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.
 He caught the genuine humour glowing
 there,

Wit's vivid flash, and cunning's sober leer.
 The strange distress that fires the kindling
 brain

Of feeble madness on the stormy plain!

Or when pale youth, in Denmark's mid-
 night shade,

Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the
 glade;

Or, starting from the couch with dire
 affright,

When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the
 fight,

In all the horrors of the guilty soul,

Dark as the night that wraps the frozen
 pole!

—Our subject passions own'd the sway complete,

And hail'd their Garrick, as their Shakspeare, great.

That voice which pour'd its music on our ear,
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,
Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,
With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,

Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple sleek,
Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek ;
Where are they now?—Dark in the narrow cell

Insensate — shrunk — and still — and cold
they dwell !

A silence solemn and eternal keep,
Where neither Love shall smile, nor Anguish weep.

Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh !
Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye !

With slacken'd strings suspend your harps,
ye Nine,

While round his urn yon cypress wreath
ye twine !

Then give his merits to your loudest fame,
And write in sun-bright lustre GARRICK's name !

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

For sparkling wit, for knowledge, and for
sense,

The world allows *Cleora* fair pretence :
Envy her not ! for still remain behind
Malice and hatred, and a treach'rous mind.

II.

Fair *Climene*, of late I find
Love's pleasing empire sways my mind ;
By Heav'n the declaration's true :—
Why frown, proud nymph ? 'tis not for you,

III.

A member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for ;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

IV.

Could *Kate* for *Dick* compose the Gordian
string,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring !
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

To Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in death,

Doll counted the chalks on the door ;

“ In peace,” cry’d the wretch, “ let me give up my breath,

And fate will soon rub out my score.”

“ Come, bailiffs,” cries Doll, “ (how I’ll hamper this cheat)

Let the law be no longer delay’d ;

I never once heard of that fellow call’d Fate,

And by G—d he shan’t die till I’m paid!”

VI.

You say, without reward or fee,

Your Uncle cur’d me of a dang’rous ill.

I say he never did prescribe for me,

The proof is plain—I’m living still.

THE DEVIL’S TAIL.

A Bon Mot of the Marquis of CONFLANS.

A cardinal one day returning from court,

Seem’d to wish on Conflans to make a resort ;

There’s nothing in France of so common a date,

Says he, my dear Count, as the poor and the great ;

And

And to prove my assertion both common and plain

I've a kinsman of yours, faith—to hold up my train.

Conflans made reply—Sir, I pity the man,
But indeed I've resolv'd on a much better plan.

The red or blue guards, tho' of vilest degree,
Have open'd a certain asylum for me ;

And I'd rather be starv'd and o'er-run with
each evil,

Than take by the tail—*such an arrogant devil!*

PROLOGUE.

*Supposed to be written by Mr. Warton, and
lately spoken at the Winchester Theatre,
which stands over the city shambles.*

Whoe'er our house examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse :
Then kindly listen, while the Prologue ram-
bles [shambles !

From wit to beef—from Shakspeare to the
Divided only by one flight of stairs,

The monarch swaggers, and the butcher
swears !

Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans—to mutton
chops !

While for Lothario's loss, Calista cries,
Old women scold, and dealers *damn your eyes!*

Here, Juliet listens to the gentle lark;
 There, in harsh chorus, hungry bull-dogs
 bark.

Cleavers and scymeters give blow for blow,
 And heroes bleed above, and sheep below.
 While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
 Rebellow to the roar the staggering ox,
 Cows-horns and trumpets mix their martial
 tones;

Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-
 bones;

Suet and sighs, blank-verse and blood a-
 bound;

And form a tragi-comedy around:

With weeping lovers, dying calves com-
 plain;

Confusion reigns—*Chaos is come again!*

Hither your steel-yards, butchers bring, to
 weigh

The pound of flesh Antonio's bond must pay!
 Hither your knives, ye butchers clad in blue,
 Bring, to be whetted by the cruel Jew!

How hard our lot, who seldom doom'd to
 eat,

Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden treat;
 Gaze on sirloins, which ah! we cannot
 carve,

And in the midst of legs of mutton starve!
 But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
 Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
 The

The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
 Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
 Monarchs no more would supperless remain!
 Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain!

V E R S E S

*On converting the Chapel to a Kitchen, at the
 seat of the Lord DONNERAYLE, called
 The Grove in Hertfordshire.*

By *Ovid*, among other wonders, we're told
 What chanc'd to *Philemon* and *Baucis* of old;
 How their cot to a temple was conjur'd by
Jove;

So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at
Grove.

The lord of the mansion most rightlly conceiting,

His guests lov'd good pray'rs much less than
 good eating;

And possess'd by the devil, as some folks will
 tell ye,

What was meant for the soul, he assign'd for
 the belly.

The word was scarce given——when down
 dropt the clock,

And straight was seen fix'd in the form of a
 jack:

And,

And, shameful to tell ! pulpit, benches, and
 pews,
 Form'd cupboards and shelves, for plates,
 saucepans, and stews.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters ; nor think
 it a fable,

A dresser sprung out of the communion table ;
 Which, instead of the usual repast, bread
 and wine, [fir'oin.

Is stor'd with rich soups, and good *English*

No fire, but what pure devotion could raise,
 'Till now, had been known in the temple to
 blaze :

But, good Lord ! how the neighbours around
 did admire, [spire !

When a chimney rose up in the room of a

For a *Jew* many people the master mistook,
 Whose *Levites* were scullions, his high-priest
 a cook ;

And thought he design'd our religion to alter,
 When they saw the burnt offering smoke at
 the altar.

The bell's solemn sound that was heard far and
 near,

And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to
 pray'r,

No

No more to good sermons now summons the
 finner,
 But blasphemous rings in—the country to
 dinner.

When my good Lord the bishop had heard
 the strange story,
 How the place was profan'd, that was built
 to G—'s glory;
 Full of zeal, he cry'd out, “ Oh, how impious
 the deed,
 “ To cram christians with pudding, instead
 of the creed !”

Then away to the *Grove* hied the church's
 protector,
 Resolving to give his lay-brother a lecture ;
 But he scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd
 before him,
 A haunch piping hot from the *Sanctum*
Sanctorum.

“ Troth !” quoth he, “ I find no great sin in
 the plan, [to man :
 “ What was useless to God—to make useful
 “ Besides 'tis a true christian duty, we read
 “ The poor and the hungry with good things
 to feed.”

Then

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration ;

But reserv'd the full right of a free visitation ;
Thus, 'tis still the Lord's house—only varied the treat,

Now there's meat without grace—where was grace without meat.

ON LESBIA.

When beauteous *Lesbia* fires my melting soul,
(She who the torch and bow from CUPID stole)

By many a smile, by many an ardent Kiss ;
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale blifs:
Thro' all my frame the madding transport
glows,

Thro' every vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er heaven's concave shine,
Or clusters that adorn the fruitful vine ;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys
T' inflame my breast the wily maid employs ;
But dearest LESBIA ! gentle mistress, say,
Why thusd'ye wound my lips in am'rous play?
With KISSES, smiles, and ev'ry wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart !
Let us, MY LOVE ! on yon soft couch reclin'd,
Each other's arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire,
And panting, struggling, both at once expire!
For

For oh! my LESBIA! sure that death is
sweet,
Which lovers in the fond contention meet.

THE KISS OF NEÆRA.

While you, NEÆRA, close entwine,
In frequent folds, your frame with mine,
And hanging o'er, to view confest,
Your neck, and gently heaving breast;
Down on my shoulders soft decline
Your beauties more than half divine!
With wand'ring looks then o'er me rove,
And fire the melting soul with love.
While you, NEÆRA, fondly join
Your little panting lips with mine;
In frolic bite your am'rous swain,
Complaining soft, if bit again;
And sweetly murm'ring, pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue;
Your tongue! now here, now there that
strays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid kisses sip,
Now wanton darts between my lips,
And on my bosom raptur'd lie,
Venting the gentle whisper'd sigh;
A sigh, that kindles warm desires,
And kindly fans life's drooping fires,

Soft

Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
 And balmy as the breath of spring.
 While you, SWEET NYMPH, with am'rous
 play,

In KISSES suck my breath away ;
 My breath with wasting warmth replete,
 Parch'd by my breast's contagious heat ;
 Till, breathing soft, you pour again
 Returning life thro' ev'ry vein ;
 And thus elude my passion's rage,
 Love's burning fever thus assuage.
 Sweet NYMPH ; whose SWEETS can best
 allay

Those fires that on my bosom prey ;
 Sweet ! as the cool refreshing gale
 That blows when scorching heats prevail :
 Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
 " No POW'R can with LOVE'S POWE'R com-
 pare !

" None in the starry court of JOVE
 " Is greater than the GOD of LOVE !
 " If ANY yet can greater be,
 " Yes, my NEÆRA ! yes, 'tis THEE !"

The PASTIME of VENUS.

Intent to frame some new design of bliss,
 The wanton CYPRIAN QUEEN compos'd a
 kiss ;

An

An ample portion of AMBROSIAL JUICE,
 With mystic skill she temper'd first for use;
 This done, her infant work was well be-
 dew'd

With choicest NECTAR; and o'er all she
 strew'd

Part of that HONEY which fly CUPID stole,
 Much to his cost, and blended with the
 whole.

Then, that soft scent which from the vio-
 let flows,

She mixt with spoils of many a vernal
 ROSE!

Each gentle BLANDISHMENT in LOVE we
 find,

Each graceful winning GESTURE next she
 join'd;

And all those JOYS that in her ZONE abound,
 Made up the KISS, and the rich LABOUR
 crown'd!

Considering now what beauteous nymph
 might prove

Worthy the gift, and worthy of her love,

She fix'd on CHLOE, as her fav'rite maid;

To whom the goddess, sweetly smiling, said,

"Take this, MY FAIR, to perfect ev'ry grace,

'And on thy LIPS the FRAGRANT BLESS-
 ING place."

THE

THE KISS OF LYDIA.

Lovely Lydia! lovely maid!
 Either rose in thee's display'd;
 Roses of a blushing red
 O'er thy lips and cheeks are shed;
 Roses of a paly hue
 In thy fairer charms we view.
 Now thy braided hair unbind;
 Now luxuriant, unconfin'd,
 Let thy wavy tresses flow;
 Tresses bright of burnish'd glow!
 Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair!
 Now thy snowy shoulders bare!
 Bid the vivid lustre rise
 In thy passion-streaming eyes:
 See! the lucent meteors gleam,
 See! they speak the wishful flame!
 And how gracefully above,
 Modell'd from the bow of love,
 Are thy arching brows display'd;
 Soft'ning in a sable shade:
 Let a warmer crimson streak
 The velvet of thy downy cheek:
 Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
 Deeper purple now assume:
 Give me little billing kisses,
 Intermixt with murm'ring blisses—

Soft,

Soft, my love!—my angel stay!
 Soft!—you suck my breath away!
 Drink the life-drops of my heart!
 Draw my soul from ev'ry part!
 Scarce my senses can sustain
 So much pleasure! so much pain!

Hide thy broad voluptuous breast!
 Hide thy balmy heav'n of rest!
 See! to feast th' enamour'd eyes,
 How the snowy hillocks rise!
 Parted by the luscious vale,
 Where luxurious sweets exhale;
 Nature form'd thee but t' inspire
 Never-ending, fond desire!

Again! above its envious vest,
 See! thy bosom heaves confest:
 Hide the rapt'rous, dear delight!
 Hide it from my ravish'd sight!
 Hide it;—for thro' all my soul,
 Tides of mad'ning transports roll!
 Venting now th' impassion'd sigh,
 See me languish! see me die!

Tear not from me then thy charms,
 Snatch, oh! snatch me to thy arms!
 With a life-inspiring kiss,
 Wake my sinking soul to bliss!

CUPID

CUPID STRAY'D.

Yes, beauteous queen—thy son, they say,
 Thy wanton son, is gone astray :—
 Nay, Venus, more ;—'tis said, from thee
 A kiss the sweet reward shall be
 To any swain, who truly tells
 Where 'tis thy little wand'rer dwells :
 Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear,
 For know the little urchin's here ;
 He, from the search of vulgar eyes,
 Conceal'd within my bosom lies.
 Now, goddess, as I've told thee this ;
 Give me, oh give the promis'd kiss !

KISS OF BONEFONIUS.

Clasp'd, sweet maid, in thy embrace,
 While I view thy smiling face,
 And the sweets with rapture sip ;
 Flowing from thy honey'd lip ;
 Then I taste in heav'nly state,
 All that's happy—all that's great :
 But when you forsake my arms,
 And displeasure clouds your charms,
 Sudden I, who prov'd so late
 All that's happy—all that's great,
 Prove the tortures of a ghost,
 Wand'ring on the Stygian coast.

ON A KISS.

Ah! can'st thou cruel nymph! suppose,
 One kiss rewards thy am'rous youth;
 Enough rewards his tender woes;
 His long, long constancy and truth?
 Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
 By simple kissing?—for the kiss
 Is but an earnest, beauteous maid!
 Of more substantial future bliss:
 Sweet kisses only were design'd
 Our warmer raptures to improve;
 Kisses were meant soft vows to bind—
 Were silent pledges meant of love.

THE POET'S TALE;

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

Brides, in all countries, have been reckon'd
 For the first night, timid and coolish;
 If they continue so the second,
 They always have been reckon'd foolish:
 The reason's obvious and plain—
 In many nice and ticklish cases;
 There's much to lose, and nought to gain,
 By affectation and grimaces:

A Bride.

A Bridegroom, on the second night,
Whipt off the bedcloaths in surprize,
Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,
Enough to make your choler rise.

She turn'd away, as red as scarlet :
Whilst he continu'd, pray behold ;

Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,

That looks so impudent and bold.

This is the fifteenth time, in vain,

He hath been sent to jail and fetter'd ;

But there's no prison can contain

A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.

The bride turn'd round, and took her place,

After some studying and thinking—

Said she, recovering her face,

Tho' modesty still kept her winking :

In vain the vagabond's committed,

And to hard work and labour sent,

If you, his keeper, are outwitted

By his pretending to repent.

You treat him ruggedly and hard,

Whilst any insolence appears,

But you're disarm'd and off your guard,

The moment that he falls in tears.

Now you must know that I suspect

A fellow-feeling in such shape,

Or else you would not, through neglect,

Let him continually escape.

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
That you'll deliver him to me;
And suffer me to keep him there,
'Till I consent to set him free.

For the following excellent Song, I am indebted to

LORD LE DESPENCER.

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD at the Annual Meeting of
the President, Vice-President, Governors,
&c. of the London Hospital.*

Written by PAUL WHITEHEAD.

Of trophies and laurels I mean not to sing,
Of *Prussia's* brave prince, or of *Britain's*
good king:

Here the poor claim my song, then the art
I'll display

How you all shall be gainers—by giving
away. *Derry down.*

The cruse of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow:
So here with your purse the like wonder
you'll find;

The more you draw out, still—the more left
behind. *Derry down.*

O

The

The prodigal here without danger may
spend ;

That ne'er can be lavish'd to Heaven we
lend ;

And the miser his purse-strings may draw
without pain,

For what miser won't give—when giving is
gain ? *Derry down.*

The gamester who sits up whole days and
whole nights,

To hazard his health and his fortune at
White's ;

Much more to advantage his bets he may
make,

Here, set what he will, he will double his
stake. *Derry down.*

The fair one, whose heart the four aces
controul,

Who fights for *Sans-prendre*, and dreams of a
vole,

Let her here send a tythe of her gains at
Quadrille,

And she'll ne'er want a friend—in victorious
Spadille. *Derry down.*

Let the merchant who trades on the perilous
sea,

Come here and insure, if from loss he'd be free ;
A policy

A policy here from all danger secures,
For safe is the venture—which heaven in-
sures. *Derry down.*

The stock-jobber too may subscribe without
fear, [bear;
In a fund which for ever a premium must
Where the stock must still rise, and where
Scrip will prevail,
Tho' South-Sea, and India, and *Omnium*
should fail. *Derry down.*

* The churchman likewise his advantage
may draw,
And here buy a living in spite of the law—
In heaven, I mean; then, without any fear,
Let him purchase away—there's no Simony
here. *Derry down.*

† Ye rakes, who the joys of Hymen disclaim,
And seek, in the ruin of virtue, a fame;
You may here boast a triumph consistent with
duty,
And keep, without guilt, a seraglio of beauty,
Derry down.

If from charity then such advantages flow,
That you still gain the more—the more you
bestow;

* Additional Stanza for the annual feast of the sons
of the clergy.

† Additional Stanza for the Magdalene Hospital.

Here's the place will afford you rich profit
with ease :

When the bason comes round—be as rich as
you please. *Derry down.*

Then a health to that patron *, whose gran-
deur and store

Yield aid and defence to the sick and the
poor ;

Who no courtier can flatter, no patriot can
blame :

But, our president's here—or I'd tell you his
name. *Derry down.*

I do not approve of the subject of the follow-
ing poem, but I admire the humour, and
therefore have given it a place in this Se-
lection. I had it from Lord T——

AN ODE FOR 1780.

Tune,—O my kitten, my kitten.

Oh ! the devil, the devil,
Oh ! the devil, the d.
Such a new year as this,
Would a blind man gladly see.

CHORUS

* The late Duke of Devonshire.

C H O R U S.

Here are we dead at a stop,
And there we sink deeper and deeper,
Little G****y's as sound as a top,
And his *Primate* an excellent sleeper.

Fol de rol lol de rol.

Oh, that matters are right !
Oh, that subjects are weighty !
Who would not covet to live
In seventeen hundred and eighty ?

C H O R U S.

Parliaments *squabble and gabble*,
Ministers *wonder and stare*,
Fleets they go backwards and forwards,
And troubles remain *as they were*.

Fol de rol, &c.

Oh, my Jemmy, my Jemmy,
Oh, my Jemmy, my deary ;
Such a FIRST LORD as this
Is neither far nor neary.

C H O R U S.

Here's an INFERIOR fleet,
With an ADMIRAL *wrapt up in flannel* ;

Here we got knock'd o' the head,
And there they come into the Channel.
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh! how *bloody and stout*
Fight the Commanders in Chief!
Oh, what *solid* remains
Of the spirit of British *roast beef!*

C H O R U S.

Here we hurry and scurry,
Our cowardly enemies scorning;
Here run away over night,
And there we wait till next morning.
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh! for *gibbet and block!*
Oh! for *hatchet and cleaver!*
Oh, what a *gentle* knock
Would prove a kind reliever.

C H O R U S.

Here we'd lop 'em and chop 'em,
And bring their heads on a level;
Jemmy should lead up the dance,
And caper away to the devil.
Fol de rol, &c.

Oh, how *pretty*, how *pretty!*
Oh, what King would refuse

To

To prance it about a whole summer
To army and navy *reviews* !

C H O R U S.

Here we make *snuffers* and *buttons*,
(Since ——s must have something to do)
Here we *play the hand organ*,
And gallop from WINDSOR to KEW.

Oh, what a golden age,
Oh, how buxom and funy,
This is the way for a land
“ To be flowing with *milk and honey*.”

C H O R U S.

There we're demolish'd, abolish'd,
And not in a way to get right ;
Hollo, boys, the *k——'s o' five* !
Let us all run away *by the light*.
Tol de rol de rol lol de rol lol.

*On the Report of Mr. BARRY the TRAGEDI-
AN'S Death some days before his Exit.*

BARRY is dead, cries busy fame ;
A bard replies, “ that cannot be ;
Barry and Nature are the same,
Both born to immortality.”

TIME's DEFEAT.

Tune,—*Cupid sent on an Errand, &c.*

I.

One evening, *Good Humour* took *Wit* as his
 guest,
 By *Friendship* invited to *Gratitude's* feast ;
 Their liquor was claret, and *Love* was their
 host,
 Laugh, song, and droll sentiment garnish'd
 each toast.

II.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the design,
 And dainties were furnish'd by *Love*, *Wit*,
 and *Wine* ; [knock,
 Alarm'd ! they all heard at the door a loud
 A watchman hoarse bawling, 'Twas past
twelve o'clock !

III.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog
 found, [bound ;
 And up stairs they brought the impertinent
 When dragg'd to the light, how much were
 they pleas'd [seiz'd.
 To see 'twas the grey-glutton *Time* they had

IV. His

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,
And his single lock dangled adown his
smooth skull;

My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit
to knock, [o'clock!

And bid ye be gone, for 'tis past twelve
V.

Says the *venom'd-tooth'd savage*, on this ad-
vice fix, [to fix;—

Tho' *Nature* strikes twelve, *Folly* still points
He longer had preach'd; but no longer they'd
bear it,

So hurry'd him into a hoghead of claret.

VI.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in
our prime,

There is nothing like *claret* for killing of *Time*;
Love, laughing, reply'd, I am pleas'd from
my heart, [part.

He can't come and put us in mind we must

VII.

This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyrant long
known, [thrown;

By *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine* can be only o'er-
If hereafter he's wanted on any design,

He'll always be found in a hoghead of wine.

VIII.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our wine, let us
 think [we drink;
 By this rule we are sure of our *Time* when
 Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be
 prim'd,
 We're certain our drinking must now be
well-tim'd.

A SONG.

I.

That living's a joke, *Johnny Gay* has ex-
 press'd,

Fol de roll, toll loll.

In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest ;

Lol de roll, &c.

A load of conceits, a long life we are
 lugging,

Which some are humbugg'd by, and some
 are humbugging.

Fol de roll, &c.

II.

His Honour with consequence charges his
 face,

Bows round to the levee, and ogles his
 grace ;

Then

Then whispers his friend, Sir, *depend on my word—*

But if you depend, you're humbugg'd, by the Lord!

III.

Says Patty, the prude, and she wide spread her fan—

*Me marry! What? I go to bed to a man?
I detest all male creatures! my God!—I shall swoon!*

She did—and was brought to bed; faith, before noon!

IV.

To London Pa sent her, when bloom was regain'd,

Invi'late her maidenhead there she maintain'd;

For a virgin was wed, she knew how to be *mum,*

So gain'd a good husband, her husband a *hum.*

V.

Miss *nicely* observ'd, *wastly* vulgar's this word,
Immensely indelicate, monstrous absurd:

Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself snug,

You confess'd—*without loving—life's all a humbug.*

VI.

The wanton wife often, too often I fear,
 Proves words to be facts when she calls her
 spouse, *dear* ;
 And enjoys the sweet cheat, as stol'n pleasures
 sures she hugs,
 How cunningly now she her cuckold hum-
 bugs.

VII.

But husband at home, as few marry'd men
 wish, *Fal de roll, toll loll.*
 To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,
 Lol de roll, &c.
 Makes a meal with her maid, the thing pub-
 lic known is,
 A tête-à-tête feast, call'd the *Lex Talionis*.

THE COMET.

Tune.—*Should I once become great, what a
 business 'twould be !*

I.

Had I old *Homer* here, I would make that
 wretch see,
 (*Quoth Venus*) whom 'tis he abuses ;
 What business has any verse-monger with me?
 Their prudes let them stick to—the Muses.
 And

And so I was wounded by rough *Diomede*,
 A pretty dress'd-up sort of story!
 See *Jupiter* smiles—but Papa, now indeed,
 'Tis not for your honour and glory.

II.

Why will you permit these mortality frights,
 What *Olympus* has plann'd to review?
 Don't suffer such reptiles to creep out at
 nights,

T' observe what we deities do.

Immensely impertinent 'twas, you must own,
 My *Transit* to see—and expose it;
 Because, t'other day, I just drove out of town,
 Their spectacles peep'd in my closet.

III.

A moment *Jove* laid his bright dignity down,
 And let laughter illumine his face;
 To his daughter reply'd—*Cytharea*, a frown,
 Becomes not the empress of grace.
 Those atoms of clay, which you see to and fro',
 Skip about on yon globular crust,
 Like the blue on a plumb, are but insects
 you know,
 A mere animalculous dust.

IV.

Those emmets, 'tis true, scientificall prate,
 A race of half-reasoning elves, [state,
 Who all can account (as they think) for my
 Yet know not the state of themselves.

They,

They pretend to examine eternity's rules,—
 The cause of all causes dispute;—
 I'll shew you these arrogant earth-worms
 are fools,
 And thus all their systems confute.

V.

Away, at his word, the vast COMET rush'd
 forth,
 And swift thro' immensity blaz'd;
 Yet *Attraction* went on, tho' it girdl'd the
 earth;
 On earth how the *star peepers* gaz'd;
 Each circled and circled a scheme of his own,
 And reason'd about and awry;
 In derision, a moment, immortals look down,
 'Twas a jest for the sons of the sky.

VI.

Be humble, ye beings of feeble threescore,
 Shall *Finites*—*Infinity* scan?
 The best of us only are men, and no more—
 And, at best, only think *what is man?*
 A contrary mixture of *pity* and *scorn*,
Pride, *servility*, *sorrow*, and *mirth*;
 In a moment he's made, in a moment he's
 born,
 In a moment again he is earth.

VII. Son's

VII.

Son's of error—for that's all the birthright
ye share,

As ev'ry day's actions make known;
No longer let *Vanity* gaze into air,

But think of itself, and look down.
Yet hold!—let us think—to look down did
I say?

I did so—and so seiz'd my cup:
Come, do as I do, and I'll shew you the way,
The best way, my lads, to look up.

COURTISHIP.

Tune.—*To all ye Ladies now at Land.*

I.

Let others sing of flames and darts,
And all love's lullaby;—
Of crying eyes and cracking hearts—
The deuce a bit will I.

If you are willing, I'm so too,
If not—why there's no more to do.

With fa, la, la.

II.

Shou'd you expect, in sorrow's guise,
I'll wear a woeful face,
Such maudlin mumm'ry I despise,
Mine is no love-sick case—

'Tis

'Tis but my whim, e'en make it thine,
Then whim to whim, and yours to mine.

With fa, la, la.

III.

Or if you think in golden rain,
Like *Jove*, I'll pave my way,
Such expectations are but vain,

I've only this to say,——
You've something which I wou'd be at,
I've something too;—so *tit* for *tat*.

IV.

Your taste, your talk, I may admire,
And praise, with truth, your face;
Your sparkling eyes that speak desire,
And give expression grace:
Yet there's a —— but I'll not be bold,
Nor say, what's better *took* than *told*.

V.

Well kens the lafs what I wou'd win,
And well I ken the road;
He that is out would fain be in,
A patriot à la-mode.——
As you're my sov'reign, grant me grace.
I only ask a little place.

VI. Least

VI.

Least said, they say, is mended soon,
 With you I'll not dispute;
 Ill tastes the long-requested boon,
 'Tis sweet, when short's the suit.
 Then grant, with grace, the grace I sue;
 Or let me, without grace, fall to.

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

Here lieth to digest, macerate, and
 amalgamate with clay,
 in balneo arenæ,
 stratum super stratum,
 the residuum, terra damnata, et caput mortuum
 of Boyle Godfrey, chymist,
 and M. D.
 A man, who in this earthly laboratory,
 pursued various processes to obtain
 arcanum vitæ,
 or the secret to live;
 also, aurum vitæ,
 or the art of getting, rather than making, gold.
 Alchymist like,
 all his labour and projection,
 as mercury in the fire, evaporated in fumo.
 When he dissolved to his first principles,
 he departed as poor
 as the last drop of an alembic;

for riches are not poured
 on the adepts of this world.
 Though fond of news, he carefully avoided
 the fermentation, effervescence,
 and decrepitation of this life.
 Full seventy years his exalted essence
 was hermetically sealed in its terrene matraass;
 but the radical moisture being exhausted,
 the elixir vitæ spent,
 and exsiccated to a cuticle,
 he could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
 but precipitated gradatim,
 per campanam, to his original dust.
 May that light, brighter than Bolognian
 phosphorus, preserve him from the
 athanor, empyreuma,
 and reverberatory furnace of the other world;
 depurate him from the sœces
 and scoria of this;
 highly rectify, and volatilize
 his ætherial spirit;
 bring it over the helm of the retort of this globe;
 place it in a proper recipient,
 or chrystaline orb,
 among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin;
 never to be saturated
 'till the general resuscitation,
 deflagration, calcination,
 and sublimation of all things!

The

The Place of the DAMNED.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
 Allow there's an hell—but dispute of the place;
 But, if hell may by logical rules be defin'd,
 Of the place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my
 mind :

Wherever the damn'd do most chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is hell to be found:

Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd block-
 heads, damn'd knaves,

Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute
 slaves ;

Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords
 and damn'd 'squires ;

Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends,
 and damn'd liars :

Damn'd villains corrupted, in every station ;
 Damn'd time-serving priests all over the na-
 tion ;

And into the bargain I'll readily give you,
 Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors-
 privy.

Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
 For we know by these marks the place of the
 damn'd :

And hell, to be sure, is at Paris or Rome,—
 How happy for us that it is not at home !

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

Says John Wilkes to a lady, pray name if
 you can,
 Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest
 man?
 The lady replied, if you'd have me speak
 true,
 He's the handsomest man that's the most un-
 like you.

S O N G.

You have ask'd me, my friend, what of life's
 the best end?
 And bid me the question revolve,
 But the point, you must own, is so hard to be
 known,
 'Twill take up some time to resolve.
 When the brisk glass goes round, and our
 spirits abound,
 Say what with the bottle can vie?
 Ev'ry care is at rest, and our wishes possess,
 For that all our wants will supply.
 But the sportsman won't yield the delights of
 the field,
 When, hallowing, the vallies resound,
 As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in
 each vein,
 He swears no such joy can be found.
 When

When the lover hears this, he vows that all
bliss

Dwells with her who possesses his heart ;
That to live in her sight is ecstatic delight,
But, 'tis death's cruel pang when they part.
Then in short, my dear friend, it must come
to this end—

To each of these pleasures repair—
Take the sportsman's delight, let the bottle
invite,
And crown both with the charms of the fair.

A LOVE SONG, by *Dean Swift*.

A pud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres Ine ver require,
Alo veri find it a gestis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.

EPIGRAM.

By the Same.

Dic, heris agro at, an da quar to fine ale,
Fora ringat ure nos, anda string at ure tale.

TO SAMUEL BINDON, *Esp.*

By the Same.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,

No

No lasso finis,
 Molli divinis.
 Omi de armistres,
 Imi na distres.
 Cant u discover
 Meas alo ver?

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his
 wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life :
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
 squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
 rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take
 warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next
 morning :
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his
 life ;
 Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his
 wife.

A N O T H E R .

Thyrsis a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
 Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy ;
 Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

With

With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
 With numbers such as Phœbus self might use ;
 All, but the nymph who should redress his
 wrong,

Attend his passion and approve his song ;
 Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise ;
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

To a distinguished Spendthrift.

His whole estate thy father, by his will,
 Gave to the poor—thou hast good title still.

*An Ode for COLLEY CIBBER, Esq. the
 Laureat, by LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

I COLLEY CIBBER, right or wrong,
 Must celebrate the day,
 And tune once more my tuneless song,
 And strum the venal lay.

Heaven spread through all the family
 That broad illustrious glare,
 That shines so flat in ev'ry eye,
 And makes them all to stare.—

Heaven sent the prince of royal race,
 A little *whore and horse* ;
 A little meaning in his face,
 And money in his purse.

And,

And, as I have *a son* like you,
 May he Parnassus rule,——
 So shall the crown and laurel too,
 Descend *from fool to fool*.

EPIGRAM.

Did ladies now (as we are told
 Our great-grandmother did of old)
 'Wake to a sense of blasted fame,
 The *fig-tree* spoil to hide their *shame*,
 So num'rous are these modern Eves,
 A forest scarce could find them leaves.

On RICHARD DYKE, a Grave-digger.

Hic jacet in fossâ, fossæ qui nomen habebat,
 Et tumulum, multos qui tumulavit, hæbet.

Translated thus :

Here lies in a dyke,
 Whose name was the like,
 Who deposited many a brother :
 Now Dick's turn's come round
 To lie snug in the ground ;
 One good office sure merits another.

A P P E N D I X.

For every article in the following Appendix,
(except such as are otherwise distinguished)
I am indebted to my worthy Friend Mr.
M—yh—w, of Lincoln's Inn, who keeps
a Common-place Book similar to mine.

The NIGHTINGALE, *the* OWL,
and the CUCKOO.

A FABLE.

To DAVID GARRICK, *Esq. on the Report*
of his going to retire from the Stage.

Never before printed.

Given to my Bookseller by Mr. NIXON.

CRITICS, who like the scarecrows, stand
Upon the poets' common land,
And with security of sense
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.
And yet the truth may lose its grace,
If blurted to a person's face,
Especially if what you speak
Shou'd crimson o'er the glowing cheek;
And, when you throw that flaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him:

P

How.

However just the application,
It looks asquint at adulation.

I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flatterer, or severe;
Need I be surly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the Truth?
And she, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked seen;
For every boy with Prior knows,
By accident she lost her cloaths;
When Falsehood stole them, to disguise
Her misbegotten heap of lies.
Why should the simple goddess dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that she is in piteous fright,
Lest, rising up to mortal sight,
'The prudish world would flee and flout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
And she might wear a proper dress,
And keep her essence ne'ertheless;
As Delia's bosom still will rise,
And fascinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck she draws
The decent shade of specious gauze.
I heard it buzz'd about the table,
What can this end in? Sirs, a fable.

When birds allow'd the Eagle's sway,
Ere Eagles train'd to fowls of prey;

Before

Before such things were made as hours,
 And Saturn held the upper powers,
 His royal majesty of air,
 Took music underneath his care,
 And for his queen and court's delight,
 Commanded concerts every night:
 Here every bird of parts might enter,
 The nightingale was made præcenter;
 Under whose care and just direction
 Merit was sure to meet protection.
 The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin,
 This concert always bore a bob in;
 The best performers all were in it,
 The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet,
 For these had clear and liquid throats,
 And carrol'd strong their genuine notes.

But birds, as well as men, will aim
 At things to which they've smallest claim;
 The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,
 Offer'd his service for a flute;
 The cuckoo needs would join the band;
 (The Thrush was but a paltry hand),
 And he could best supply that place,
 For he'd a swell, a shake, a grace.

The manager their suits preferr'd,
 Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard,
 But each their several praises miss'd:
 As both were heard, so both were hiss'd;

The cuckoo hence with rancour stirr'd,
 (A kind of periodic bird,
 Of ugly hue and body scabby,
 No wou'd-be-play-wright half so shabby)
 Reviles, abuses, and defames,
 Screams from a tree, and calls hard names,
 And strikes at Nightingale and Lark,
 Like Lisbon ruffians in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng,
 On pow'rs and excellence of song,
 "The Blackbird's note has lost its force ;
 "The Nightingale is downright hoarse ;
 "The Linnet harsh, the Robin shrill—
 "The sparrow has prodigious skill."

At length they had, what they desired :
 The skilful Nightingale retired ;
 When folly came with wild uproar,
 And harmony was heard no more.

VERSES written by the Dean of Dublin.

'Tis strange that maidens should flutter
 To the camp at Coxheath in such flocks,
 When 'tis known that each maid has about her
 A heath better suited to cocks.
 A heath where the hammer ne'er rattles,
 Where the murmuring rivulet flows,
 Where, after the toils of his battles,
 The soldier sinks down to repose.

A Copy

A Copy of an Advertisement drawn by Mr. M—, Mayor of Cambridge, and inserted in the News-paper.

Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are oftentimes occurred by damage of outrageous accidents by fire. We, whose names are hereunder fixed, have thought proper that the benefit of an engine bought by us for the better extinguishing of which by the providence of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a rate to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments.

A Sketch of the Thing called a Bachelor.

He is a sort of whimsical being, which nature never intended to create: he was formed out of the odds and ends of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the finer passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment; what remains for the bachelor is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown; to avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients; so, in dame Na-

ture tosses self-love, without weight or measure; a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use; a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained: and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus formed, thus finished, a bachelor is popped into the world, mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others. His only business is to keep himself quiet; he gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up. No tender impressions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable dreams disturb his slumbers. If ever he speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favourite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellars abound; on such subjects he feels the raptures of a lover. The pace of a bachelor is sluggish; he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge! but shew him a woman who is intitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper or his landress he can talk to without reserve; but any other

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of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror. A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against bright eyes and dazzling complexions; here he lounges out half his days; at home, he sits down to his unsocial meal, and when his palate is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify. Such is a bachelor! such the life of a bachelor! What becomes of him after death, I am not casuist enough to determine.

A Plumber's Bill, as delivered.

*Right Hon. Lady Craven, to Priest Shrubbs.
For work done in your Ladyship's Water-closet.*

	£.	s.	d.
To mending your ladyship's cistern	0	2	0
To a man to go to the bottom -	0	7	6
Easing your ladyship's waste pipe -	0	2	6
To a cock put in the front -	0	5	3
To a double ball ditto -	0	7	6
	1	4	9

Right Hon. Lord Craven, Dr.

To mending your lordship's cock	0	5	3
To lengthening ditto at snout -	0	7	6
Canvass and pitch to close the hole -	0	4	6
	0	17	3

A certain Vicar, of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape; Oh, oh, Mr. Twangum, says the vicar, from whence come you? Why, I don't know, doctor, says he; I have been *spinning* it out with my neighbour Freeport. Ay, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive, after your *spinning* it out, you are finishing the work by *reeling* it home.

A certain facetious Abbé of France, having engaged a box at the Opera-House, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a Marchal, as remarkable for his ungentleman-like behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The Abbe for this unjustifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted. When he pleaded to the following effect: "'Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so ably in the East-Indies, that I complain; it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain; it is not of the Comte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of the Marchal who took my box at the Opera-House,

House, and never took any thing else,
 This most poignant stroke of satire so sensibly
 evinced the court that he had already in-
 flicted punishment sufficient, that they refused
 to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment
 to the Abbe's wit.

Chancellor Northington, Easter Term, 3 Geo. III.

This cause was introduced to Lord Talbot,
 when the plaintiff was a fine florid virgin;
 and when she arrived to the age of maturity
 was brought before Lord Hardwick, at a
 time when he had nothing to introduce to
 her. Now she is in a state of decrepitude,
 you, with great impropriety, bring her to
 me, who am halting on my crutches. I
 shall take compassion on the good old lady,
 and dismiss her the court. Let the bill be
 dismissed. Call the next cause.

Man's Misfortune; or the modern fine Lady.

An Epigram.

False rumps, false teeth, false hair, false faces,
 Alas! poor man! how hard thy case is;
 Instead of *woman*, heavenly *woman's* charms,
 To clasp cork—gum—wool—varnish—in thy
 arms.

Original Letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

Dear Sur,

ON munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you if to be as you will send me down by the coach some provisions setting for the occasion, as I am to ax my brother the old *Mare*, and the rest of the Benth.

I am, Sur, &c.

Answer, by a Wag into whose hands it fell.

Sir,

In obedience to your order, have sent you per coach two bushels of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added bran to make a mash.

The BELLMAN of Haxam's invitation to a Funeral.

Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, Joseph Dixon is departed, son of Christopher Dixon was. Their company is desired to morrow, at five o'clock, and at six he is to be bu-ri-ed—for him and all faithful people give God most hearty thanks.

A cor-

A correspondent sent me the following copy of a Shop-bill at Wigan, in Lancashire.

James Williams, Parish Clerk, Saxtone, Town Cryer, and Bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasharies, groceries, &c. likewise hair and wigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice.

N. B. I keeps an evening school, where I teach at reasonable rates, reading, writing and singing.

N. B. I play the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N. B. My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teth, and shoo horses, with the greatest scil.

N. B. Children taut to dance, if agreeable, at 6d. per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coals—shoos cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and pr of stockens to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tusday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on tother side of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the sight of the 3 pigeons.

N. B. I sell good Ayle, and sometimes Cyder—Lodgins for single men.

ISAAC FAC-TOTUM,

*Barber, Perriwig-Maker, Surgeon, Parish
Clerk, Schoolmaster, Blacksmith,
and Man-Midwife.*

Shaves for a penny, cuts hair for two-pence. Young ladies genteelly educated. Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Also Psalm singing and horse-shoeing by the *real* maker. Likewise makes and mends all sorts of boots and shoes, teaches the hoboy and Jew's-harp, cuts corns, bleeds and blisters on the lowest terms.

Cow-tilions, and other dances, taught at home or abroad. Also deals wholesale and retail. Sells all sorts of stationary ware, together with blacking-balls, red-herrings, fine gingerbread, coals, scrubbing brushes, treacle, mouse-traps, and all other sorts of sweetmeats.

N. B. I teach Jograsfy, and them outlandish kind of things. A ba'l on Wednesdays and Fridays. All performed (God willing) by me,

Isaac Fac-Totum.

In

*In a private Chapel, belonging to the Family,
consecrated to Saint Francis.*

To the merry memory of F----D----Lord----

The most careless, and perhaps the most
facetious libertine of his age :

He was never known to have corrected one
error, or to have been reclaimed from
one vice, he had once determined
to indulge.

His residence in town and country was a
Rendezvous for the choicest geniuses
of the reign he lived in :

Having no religion of his own, he never
inquired into the principles of others ;
and being unable to hit on any
moral system thoroughly adapt-
ed to his taste, he confi-
dered the manners
of every man,

whether W--kes, Lord S-----h,
or P--l W-----d, as unexceptionable :

His notions were peculiar to himself, and
originated from a species of good hu-
mour highly commendable, though
it has not obtained, universally,
with the less eccentrical part
of mankind.

He

He built abbies, consecrated churches, and
dug caverns, for the sake of mirth
and good fellowship;

And having lived to see his dearest schemes
completed,

departed this life on the 17th of Jan. 178--,
in strong convulsions,

occasioned,
(as his domestics report)

by the agitations he felt on hearing that

Lord S-----h proposed taking the Veil,
and passing the remainder

of his days,

(by express command of his Holiness)

in a Roman Catholic

Nunnery.

*A Gentleman who has lately made the tour of
Ireland, and passed through this town a few
days ago, has favoured me with the following
extraordinary Advertisement, which actually
made its appearance in a weekly News-
paper published in Tullamore, in that king-
dom.*

Whereas I, Colonel Thomas Crowe,
have been truly informed, that several au-
dacious, atrocious, nefarious, pestiferous,
in-

infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbling, immature, peach stealing, rascals, all the spawns of whores, and rogues, and cubs of hell, do frequently villainously, and burglariously assemble themselves together in my boats, now on the river of Tulla, more, therein piping, fighting, swearing, sab-bath-breaking, whoring, roguing, duck-hunting, with many other shameless, enormous, and illicit acts, *which the modesty of my pen cannot express*.—This is therefore to give ye all notice, *Doharians, Delicarians, Cappincurians, Tullamorians*, base-born scoundrels, all rascals of whatever nation, ye be, return me my *Bogg-Sticks*, or, by the gods, the immortal gods, I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon for blood hounds, fiercer than tygers, and fleeter than wind, and with them, mounted on my Rat-tail, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, till I centre ye, in a cavern, under a great tree in Newfoundland, where the devil himself can never find ye.—*Hear ye, Hear ye, Hear ye!* reptiles, scoundrels, rascals, raggamuffins, rapscallions, tatter a---d aterdemallions, thieves, rogues, vagrants, vagabonds; lank-jawed, herring-gutted plebeians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare to set
foot

foot in my boats, I will send you to Charon, who will ferry ye over the river Styx, and deliver ye to the Arch-devil Lucifer, at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be blasted with the fat bitumen of Vesuvius, to be drudged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and roasted eternally before the ever-burning embers of Ætna.

The following Letter was sent with a Hare to a Nobleman.

Honoured Sir,
I have sent you a small present, who humbly hopes may prove worthy acceptance, which is a Hare, who is your—very humble servant,

A. Newling, Cambridge.

The true Ambition of an Honest Mind.

Were I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense than learning. I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune. Business enough to secure

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me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition, nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than the school of Hippocrates. As to my passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners and actions rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last for ever.

A Philosopher.

A Scotch Bank Bill.

No. 57.

Glasgow, Jan. 16, 1765..

We swear.

I, Daniel M'Cullum, cashier for Daniel M'Funn, Duncan Buchanan and company, bankers in Glasgow, having powers from them, promise to pay James Garderar, or the Bearer, on demand, *One Penny sterling*, or
in

in option of the Directors, three ballards six days after a demand: and for ascertaining the demand and option of the Directors, the Accomptant, and one of the Tellers of the Bank, are hereby ordered to mark and sign this Note on the back thereof. By order of the court of directors.

Daniel M'Cullum, Dan. M'Funn.

A whimsical Will.

Imprimis,

I leave my body, as a very wholesome feast to the *worms* inhabiting the vault of my family, to whom I acknowledge myself extremely indebted for eating up my ancestors, particularly for their kindness in demolishing an old testy father, who left me at his death 50,000l. tho' he was very near starving me during his life.

Item, To all practising *solicitors* and *attornies* I bequeath the following proverb, viz. *Honesty is the best policy*; and this legacy I choose to give those worthy gentlemen, it being the only one I can think of, for which I could be sure they would not quarrel.

Item, To the kings of England, and all others, God's vicegerents, I leave the following

lowing interpretation of that maxim in our law, so often quoted for the support of arbitrary power, viz. *The King can do no wrong*; and this I interpret to import only that the king can have no just prerogative to do any injury or wrong to his subjects.

Item, To all married women, I recommend cleanliness.

Item, To all married men, I bequeath the same good quality; as likewise the utmost decency of behaviour and expression, at least in the presence of their wives and daughters.

Item, To all coquettes within the cities of London and Westminster, I leave despair, rotten reputation, and the contempt of every man of sense.

Item, To all prudes, within the cities aforesaid, I from my soul bequeath virginity and wrinkles, or if they prefer having a bastard by their father's butler, groom, or coachman, or any other butler, groom, &c. I desire my executors may give them their choice.

Item, To the Parliament of Great Britain I leave all ecclesiastical courts! and hope an act will soon pass for purging them effectually.

Item,

Item, To the Parliament of Great Britain I leave the reformation of all the courts at Westminster-Hall, vulgarly called Courts of Justice.

Item, To the armies of Great Britain and Ireland I leave all the bad roads to be mended; and when that is done, I leave them to the Parliament for the same purpose.

Item, To the R—t R——d the B----ps, I give all due praise for their contempt of worldly grandeur, their glorious unanimity in the legislative sphere they act in, their disinterested care of Christ's Church, and their lively hope of being soon translated to a better state.

Item, To the parson of my parish, the Rev. Mr. C—, and all other parsons, I leave the following piece of advice: that they would not any longer expose their own weakness and absurdity, by attempting to explain things which are mysteries, and consequently incomprehensible, and above all explanation; and that instead of tiring their congregations with what they call demonstrations, they would be pleased to enforce the practice of that refined system of morality, which our Lord Jesus Christ came down from heaven to deliver to mankind.

JOHN.

JOHNSON'S BEST VIRGINIA.

I'll hold you a pot,
 In half an hour you read it not,
 In the right sense it ought to be ;
 Come try your skill and lay with me.

Had both	{ and a }	by both I set great
Lent my	{ to my }	store,
Ask'd my	{ of my }	and took his word
Lost my	{ and my }	therefore,
		and nought but words
		I got,
		for sue him I would
		not:

I Money Friend.

At length with	{ came my }	which pleas'd
Had my	{ but my }	me very well ;
If I'd both	{ and a }	away quite
Would keep my	{ and my }	from me fell.
		as I have had
		before,
		and play the
		fool no more.

Curious

Curious historical Fact.

During the troubles in the reign of King Charles the First, a country girl came up to London in search of a place, as a servant maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

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A Singular Character.

Extract of a Letter from a married lady in town to her friend in the country.

Dear Madam,

I thank you for your kind inquiries after Mr. K——y, and the whole family. Our son G——e and daughter E——r, are in good health; as to our daughter Catherine, she is beyond doubt a most extraordinary being; it is with the utmost concern I inform you, she has lately shewn a strong propensity to drinking, and when she can get at her favourite liquor she seems perfectly happy; she has no appetite for solids, nor has she ate above an ounce of flesh since she came to town, where she arrived on the 25th of November last. There is no such thing as reasoning with her on this subject; her friends, indeed, do not attempt to advise her, knowing it would be but lost labour. She has as many ridiculous airs as a woman of quality, and more attendants than her brother, notwithstanding she is single; (*apropos*, it is my opinion if she does not alter her conduct, in many respects, no man will be troubled with her.) She sleeps at least half her time, and keeps as irregular hours as her father.

father. When we talk seriously to her, she seems to listen, but shews no mark of contrition: from the general tenor of her conduct, it is but too evident, she has not the least respect for us. She is often, in appearance, thoughtful, but never communicates the objects which engage her attention. She is sometimes very angry without any apparent cause, and, at others, as placid we know not why: I will not say she wants charity, yet I never knew a tale of distress draw a tear from her. I think she would not lose one hour's amusement to serve her best friends, nor, (to do her strict justice) would she be tempted to injure her enemies. Prior's words in the "Indolent Couple," may with great propriety be applied to her:

*"No man's good deeds does she commend,
 "So never makes herself a friend;
 "No man's bad deeds seeks she to know,
 "So never makes herself a foe."*

Applause or censure she treats with equal indifference; she is often very indecent, even before strangers; when she converses, that delicacy, which is an ornament to our sex, is quite laid aside, nor is any subject too gross to engage her attention. The
 sen-

sentiments of a debauchee afford her, to all appearance, as much entertainment as the precepts of a divine; and she is so confident, that I never saw the least appearance of a blush in her countenance. She is, it is true, sometimes liberal, but bestows her favours in so imprudent a manner, that they are frequently received without thanks. You know, my friend, she and her mother were in distress lately, and were happily relieved; yet she has so little idea of gratitude, that Mrs. Tabby, and others, who then distinguished themselves by their ready assistance, are no more partakers of her favours than the stranger whom she never beheld.

Notwithstanding all these foibles, she has some good qualities, and it is but justice they should be mentioned, in order to balance the account. In the first place, she is not ambitious; the whole world could not lay a temptation before her which would create a wish to change her condition; she covets no more than she has a right to possess. She is chaste as ice, and treats all men with equal indifference; in this particular, no philosopher in petticoats ever exceeded her. She never (knowingly) utters a falsehood, slanders her companions, plays the hypocrite, or asserts more in conversation than

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she is able, by candid reason, to support. If she now and then, from an impetuosity of disposition, interrupts conversation, it is without any intention of offending; you may judge of her courage and confidence, when I tell you she is a total stranger to fear and modesty; *she neither listens to betray, nor talks to deceive*; has no taste for pleasure, or expensive amusements. She never lays her head upon the pillow with resentment in her mind, nor suffers uneasiness from the recollection of past injuries: as she treats her friends without ceremony, she is not offended with the want of it in others. Her mind is so enlarged, that she has an equal knowledge of men and things; the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and even Hebrew, are as familiar to her as her native tongue; you may judge how well she is grounded in grammar, when I inform you, she has never been known to make a false concord, use the plural for the singular number, or the past for the present tense. But, alas! what are all these accomplishments whilst she continues so fond of her bottle! a practice which the rhetoric of even a Cicero would not prevail upon her to desist from; however, I hope we shall be able to give a better account of this extraordinary

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ordinary girl in a short time, as there must soon be an alteration for better or worse, I hope the former. Adieu, &c.

Jan. 7, 1773.

P. S. I had almost forgot to inform you, she is *six weeks* old to-morrow.

LETTER from the DEAD, by the late Lord LITTELTON, never before published. It was sent to me by a near relation of his Lordship's.

This comes to you, my dear——, from the infernal shades, in which dark, inhospitable mansion my soul has been wandering ever since it left its tenement of clay. As our friendship, whilst I lived, was of the noblest kind, and was not cemented like that of libertines, by an association in debauch and voluptuousness, I have obtained leave of the *Infernæ Faxitor Aula*, by special licence, to indite this one letter: the pen made use of on this occasion was pluck'd from the back of a harpy, and the ink is neither more nor less than the unadulterated stream of black Cocytus, over which river I was yesterday ferried, and having gone through some trifling ceremonies of

lustration, am now registered Denizen of these gloomy regions, in which I spend my time very agreeably, *for a Ghost*; for I must confess the truth, as Achilles was forced to do, when interrogatd by Ulysses, I must own that the ghost of Minos himself would gladly change conditions with a London Chimney-Sweeper; and it was but last Monday that the emperor Titus, who never lost a day upon earth, being now condemned to everlasting night, the common lot of mortals, has proffered to go back upon earth in the capacity of a hangman, and promised to discharge, with nicety, all the duties of that high office, provided his soul may be once more incorporated; I mentioned to you before, that, for a spirit, I did as well as could be expected; and how should it be otherwise, when I am admitted to a coterie of the choicest spirits of Erebus? The late Earl of Egremont and Mr. Charles Churchill last night were very entertaining, and shewed their abilities in disputation to a crowded audience. The subject of altercation was, whether it was more expedient and honourable to be a Courtier or a Patriot? The noble Lord was of opinion that Patriotism was the *summum bonum*, and lamented his having mistaken

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the To Kalon, when he was Secretary of State, which mistake he averred had been fatal to him; and he added, it was not to be wondered at, as no less a lawyer than Charles York had been deceived by the same bait: these were his Lordship's chief arguments, but they were well refuted by poor Mr. Churchill. He insisted strongly upon the advantages of an arbitrary government, by which order, he said, was preserved in the state, and respect was shewn both to magistrates and poets; that at this time both were contemptuously treated in England, especially by Mr. Wilkes, who was certainly a Patriot, and who had starved him, the said Churchill, into a putrid fever, by refusing to pay him the sum of 12l. 8s. due to him for writing the *Prophecy of Famine*, at the request of Mr. Wilkes, and for his emolument.—Adieu for ever, my once much-loved friend—I am interrupted by Lewis the 15th, who has gone mad within this fortnight, as it is supposed, from ill usage he met with from Kitty Fisher. Immediately after his death he took her into keeping—and———Adieu, here comes Judge Minos.

Sir James Cockburne is humbly requested to forward the inclosed Letter from a departed friend to ———— Before his decease his departed friend ate very heartily of some peaches and nectarines that were sent him from Petersham, and for which he returns Sir J. Cockburne many thanks.

A gentleman who left Ireland some time ago, has favoured us with the following advertisement; it is from a Mr. Fay, a protestant clergyman, and who was some time ago a reader in the chapel of the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, near Dublin, but owing to irregularities, was dismissed; after which he turned to the laudable profession of *couple-begging*, or marrying every man or woman that goes to him without licence, or without asking any other question, but, “are you come to be married?” Mr. Fay gets such business as brings him in at least 1000l. a year; and having gone there as a witness on a matrimonial scheme, he received this advertisement from the hands of Mr. Fay. From the perusal of it, it will clearly appear that the *Medico Electrico Doctor* is greatly his inferior.

NOTICE.

N O T I C E.

To all Maids and Bachelors.

“ The Rev. Patrick Fay finds himself called upon to contradict a malicious and anonymous advertisement (published by some secret enemies, envious of his great success in his calling) tending to insinuate his being excommunicated, and thereby rendered incapable of officiating in his clerical capacity: he, therefore, thus acquaints all those who please to favour him with their commands in the connubial line, that he continues to execute every office of his function, with the utmost secrecy, care, and dispatch, on terms much more reasonable than any other person in the same business, as can be testified by all those who have made trial. — Witnesses provided if required; also, accommodations for consummation, with the necessary refreshments, &c. on paying a reasonable advance.

Mr. Fay, ever studious to procure pleasures for the young and gay, has lately purchased, at a considerable expence, a large piece of ground adjoining his house, which he intends to lay out in the most elegant taste, with baths, recesses, &c. in the Turkish style :

style : at the termination of the grand walk will be erected a magnificent temple exactly on the same plan as the famous temple of Venus, at Paphos, in the Isle of Cyprus ; for the decoration of which, he has fortunately procured from a person just returned from Italy, some of their most exquisitely voluptuous paintings, executed by the first masters of that science.—In another part of these improvements, there will be a library, furnished with a very choice and elegant collection of the most amorous authors of refined taste, in verse and prose.—There will be erected in another part, a sumptuous pavilion, where the finest cakes, sweetmeats, and the various fruits of the earth, more exquisitely flavoured than ambrosia, will be spread with profuseness ; and wines more delicious than nectar flowing from never-failing goblets in the hands of Bacchus.—The garden will be planted with amaranths and violets, fostered by the hand of Flora ; whilst from Pomona's bounty, it will far exceed the garden of Hesperia. The perfumes of the East will burn daily in the temple, and ever-blowing roses spread their velvet couches, whilst aromatic sweets increase the pleasures of this scene for Love !

Paradise-Row. Feb. 1, 1781.

An

An attempt to prove that English is the most ancient of all languages, and that the ancients, whom we suppose to have been Greeks and Romans, were Englishmen, only their names corrupted by the chance of time.

In the manner of Dean Swift.

Vide Swift's Works.

By CORNELIUS VANDERSTOP.

I.

Bacchus was a jolly good-humoured fellow, very fond of liquor : he was usher to a schoolmaster, and when his master was out of the way, used to regale himself in tippling ; and in order that the scholars might not tell of him, would frequently indulge them in playing truant ; at these times the scholars, fearing their master would find them out, and punish them for it, used to say to the usher, you must *back us*, you must take our part, usher ; you must *back us*, or we shall be flogged : from which expression being often repeated, occasioned his being called *Bacchus*.

II.

HECATE was an old woman, who passed for an old witch, from being always surrounded and exceedingly fond of *boar cats*: from this circumstance the waggish boys used to call her he-cat, he-cat, whence her name *Hecate*.

III.

ATLAS was a great wencher, so that no woman was free from his importunities, which made the wags say, there goes Mr. *At last*.

IV.

CASTOR and POLLUX were two famous boxers, one had a peculiar skill in throwing his adversary, which the standers-by observing, used to say, What a good *Castor*, he is, how nicely he flings his antagonist; and thus he obtained the name of *Castor*. *Pollux* was equally expert at boxing as the other, but had a manner peculiar to himself, which was to *pull* the *locks* of *Castor*, in order to bring him to the ground; and from this circumstance he was called *Pull-Locks*, which is now corrupted into *Pollux*.

Adver-

Ad-vertisement Extraordinary.

Whatever persons may read this Ad-vertisement, or should chance to hear of it, are intreated to reflect if they know any lady that answers the following description:— Tall and graceful in her person; more of the fine woman than the pretty one, good teeth, soft lips, sweet breath, with eyes no matter what colour, so they are but expressive; of a healthy complexion, rather inclined to fair than brown, neat in her person, her bosom full, plump, firm, and white; a good understanding without being a wit; but cheerful and lively in conversation, polite and delicate in speech; her temper humane and tender, and to look as if she could feel delight where she wishes to give it. If such a one there be! there is a gentleman of two thousand pounds a year, fifty-two years of age next September, but of a vigorous, strong and amorous constitution, that will marry her, be her fortune ever so small, and settle on her a clear jointure of six hundred pounds a year. But then she must consent to live entirely in the country, which, if she likes the man, she will not be unwilling to comply with; and it is to be hoped

hoped she will have a heart above all mercenary views, and honest enough not to be ashamed to own she loves the man whom she makes her choice; she must not be more than fourteen, nor less than seven years younger than the gentleman.

The following is a true Copy of a Painter's bill, at Cirencester, delivered to the Church-wardens of an adjoining parish.

*Mr. Charles Forbes, Church-warden of Sid-
dington,*

To Joseph Cook. Dr.

To mending the commandments,
altering the Belief, and making *l. s. d.*
a new Lord's Prayer ——— *1 1 0*

King John being shewn a stately monument, erected over the grave of a nobleman who had rebelled against him, and being advised to deface it; answered, *No, no, I wish all my enemies were as honourably buried.*

A remark-

A remarkable instance of the ignorance of the Clergy in the beginning of the 14th Century.

Magdeburgh, which is now secularized, and belongs to the crown of Prussia, was formerly an archbishoprick, and before its secularization, had been governed by 38 prelates, of whom Ernestus, Duke of Saxony, who died in 1513, was the last. In the year 1303, Henry D'Anhalt was appointed the 26th archbishop of Magdeburgh; he went to Rome for the purpose of getting his appointment confirmed, and of being consecrated by the Pope. His Holiness, not expecting to find in a German any great depth of learning, but still obliged to make the Prelate elect go through the *form* of an examination, asked him if he could say the Lord's Prayer. The new archbishop was confounded, and knew not what answer to make, for he did not understand what the Pope meant by the words *the Lord's Prayer*. His principal chaplain seeing his prince's embarrassment, observed to his Holiness, that the prayer in question was not known in Germany by the name of *the Lord's Prayer*, but by that of *the Pater Noster*. The Prelate could mutter *the Pater Noster*, but knew not by whom it had been composed. Clement V. who was then Pope, did not push the examination any further,
but

but consecrated Henry, and gave him the Pallium, the mark of his archiepiscopal dignity. The ignorance of this archbishop will appear the more extraordinary, as he was by birth a prince of the family of Anhalt, which is still of so much consequence in the empire.

Swift while at Oxford, had penned some verses which he submitted to the inspection of Dryden, in hopes of gaining his approbation. But the answer he received from that celebrated author, was, "I would advise you, young man, to pursue some other studies: for, depend upon it, you will never make a poet."

This answer Swift never forgave; and to this may be attributed that severity with which he treated his discouraging adviser ever afterwards.

Such is the intelligence gained from one of the first literary characters of the age, which at once opens the source of Swift's severity, in his *Battle of the Books*, and several other pieces towards Dryden.

An eminent lawyer, lately returning with a single servant from an assize at York, had unaccountably missed his way in a very
lonely

lonely part of the country ; when after halting a few minutes, the gentleman supposed he discovered a man in a field at some distance, to whom for direction his servant was ordered to ride, while the gentleman in the road waited the event of the inquiry. The supposed rustic proved only to be what is called a maukin, or a figure dressed up to frighten the birds from the corn. The servant aggravated at the difficulty of crossing some ditches in his way to it, struck the maukin on the head with his whip, and immediately returned. The gentleman by the help of his glass being a witness to this offence, and probably anticipating an action for assault and battery, prevented his servant's report by reproving him for the supposed outrage upon the man, and by way of compensation sent him back with a crown ; which pretending to dispose of as desired, the fellow had the artifice to conceal for his own use ; saying, on his return, that though the clown was extremely thankful for his master's bounty, he was still as well as at his first application, but so unintelligent, that he could make neither head nor tail of his directions.

A clergyman in an inland county, lately concluded his sermon with the following words :

words : — “ Brethren, next Friday is my
 “ Tythe-day, and those who bring the
 “ Tythes on that day, which are my due,
 “ shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but
 “ those who do not, may depend, that on
 “ Saturday they will dine upon a lawyer’s
 “ Letter.”

Now selling off at Prime Cost.

The remaining stock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off business, and retiring to a b—p—k; consisting of a complete set of manuscript sermons for the whole year, with fasts and festivals, including a deification of King Charles for the thirtieth of January; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon; the sins of the whole nation described, in a discourse fit for the next solemn fast; charity, accession, antigallican, and small-pox sermons, some half finished tracts against the Athanasian-creed, the marriage-act, and the 39 articles, with many other valuable pieces. The whole to be viewed to the time of sale, which will begin at twelve o’clock.

N. B. Likewise will be sold the doctor’s curious reading desk, in which is a contrivance,

trivance for keeping his new cribbage-board, tinder-box, and bible.

L O S T.

Supposed to be stolen from a boarding-school near Turnham Green, a beautiful young lady, aged 16, daughter of the late Earl of Froth, and heiress to £. 20,000, independent of her mother's jointure. She was observed to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Allemande the dancing-master, and is supposed to have made her escape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but her mistress's dram bottle out of the best china closet, the first volume of Virtue rewarded, Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure, and the Marriage Service torn out of the Common Prayer-book. They are supposed to be gone to Scotland.

A very devout fellow, not being able to please his nice piety, in his prayers, used only to repeat the Alphabet, then add, *O Lord God, put these letters into syllables; these syllables into words; and these words into sentences, that may be most for my real good.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

A BAD WIFE,

“Whereas Ann Molloy, alias Hinton, my wife has absconded from *my lawful bed* with Phil. M’Nemera, a *bandy legg’d itinerant dancing master*, whose *only powers* are confined to the *Irish Jig*, or *Rinka Moneen*—I caution the public against given her *six-pence* worth on my account, as I’ll never pay it, on account of her leaving me and my poor child, *without cause*, as the *neighbours can tell*, who knew me since I was the height of a *hand turf*, to be *honest*, and a MAN.—She has besides vilified and belied me, which is *well known to be a lie*, by people who *knew me before she did*. I’ll have *revenge* of her and her *galloper*, if justice is to be gotten from *judge or jury*.

his

DARBY + MOLLY.

mark.

New mode of punishing Adultery; lately practised at Hanover-square.

A country gentleman who had visited London only for winter amusements, being well assured that his wife was carrying on an intrigue

trigue with a certain Major, laid the following plan, which was put in execution: He went seemingly to Maidstone for a few days, but returning on the night of the morning he departed, he found the happy pair locked in each others arms. He did not, however, challenge the adulterer to single combat, as is sometimes the custom—but he caused him and the adulteress to be handcuffed and fettered by the legs in bed together, and yoked by the neck down to the bedstead. In this situation, having decently covered them, he sent to their intimate friends and acquaintance, and ushered them into the room, pointing out the modern Mars and Venus with great philosophic composure, and asking each, if “this was not a sorry sight?” This kind of bed-room visiting was continued for four days, during which time he allowed the lovers nothing but bread and water.

A METHODIST SERMON,

lately preached to a numerous congregation at Hackney.

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all *breathe there-in*)—If you are drowzy, I’ll *rouze* you: I’ll beat a *tat-too* upon

on the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*; even from the top of my voice will I *barwl*; and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the *sweet words* that I shall utter—shall sugar-candy over your souls, and make *carraway comfits* of your consciences—Do you know how many taylors make a man?—Why, nine—Nine taylors make a man—And how many make half a man?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice. Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to *Miss Fortune* the *fashion maker*; and now you are out of your times, you are set up for yourselves.—My *great bowels* and my *sm—ll guts* groan for you. I have got the gripes of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.—Give me a dram! Give me a dram—Do, give me a dram—A dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *wordly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes and butter-milk*, and therewith make a *sinful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and *Abomination*, is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub—Have you carried your con-

sciences

sciences to the scourers? have you brought any fullers earth at my shop to take the stains out?—You say, yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I say, no: you lie! you lie? you lie!—I am no *velvet mouth preacher*; I scorn your lawn sleeves—You are full of filth: ye must be parboiled: yea, ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladleful of: and then the *scum*, and the *scaldings* of your iniquities will boil over; and that is called the *kitchen stuff* of your consciences, that serve to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the *Devel's ditch*; and the *Devil's gap*.—The *Devil's ditch*: that's among the jockies at New-market: and the *Devil's gap*, that's among the other jockies, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields. —And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *Players*: the *players* that play the *Devil to pay*.—The *play-house* is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon tenterhooks of temptation.—*Tragedy*, is the *blank verse* of *Beelzebub*;—*Comedy* is his *hasty pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the *Devil's country dance*. And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays: yes, yes, but you won't pay me: No, no, 'till
Beelzebub's

Beelzebub's bumbailiffs lay hold of you; and think I will pay your garnish: but I won't. No; you shall lay on the common side of the world, like a toad in a hole, that is baked for the Devil's dinner. : Do, put some money in the plate.—Put some money in the plate; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back: and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the *chin* of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye,
How much this preaching scours the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
But that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

It was a just observation, and frequently spoken by *Winfride* (a *Devonshire* man, who converted the *Frieslanders* to *Christianity*) that “in the infancy of the Church there were *wooden* chalices, and *golden* priests; “in latter times, there were *wooden* priests, “and *golden* chalices.”

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Lord Le Despencer furnished me with the following Recipe, written by his friend Paul Whitehead, for Dr. Thompson, a Physician of very singular character; he was a remarkable Sloven, a great Scholar, and a Wit. He never had his shoes cleaned, but bought them at the Yorkshire Warehouse, wore them till his toes were through the upper leather, and then shook them off at the same place, and put on a new pair; and thus did he with all his other habiliments.

A Recipe for Doctor Thompson.

Let not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen upon your linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, than any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

Let not father Time's dilapidations be discoverable in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your stockings than the weaver intended; that your shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels; and that your galligaskins betray no poetical *Insignia*: for it will be generally concluded, he has very little to do with the repair of others constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own apparel.

Let

Let your wig always swell to the true college dimensions; and, as frequently as possible, let the Apothecary Bob give way to the Graduate Tye: for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable Full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

Thus dressed, let your Chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an *Herculean* Oak, and bemired to the knees; since an equipage so unsuitable to a sick lady's chamber will be apt to induce a belief that you have no summons thither.

Forbear to haunt Cook-Shops, Hedge-Alehouses, Cyder Cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your physical one.

Never stay telling a long story in a Coffee-house, when you may be writing a short recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you expence, while the last will gain you a Guinea.

Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with

at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient; and remember, that suffering a patient to want you, is the ready way for you to want a patient.

Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities; then shall your physical persecutors become abashed, and the legions of *Warwick-Lane* and *Black-Friars* shall not be able to prevail against you.

A good woman quarrelling with her husband for being somewhat too familiar with the servant maid, charged him with many other facts of the like nature; which he knowing himself innocent of, said to her, "Indeed wife, you lie with any woman in the kingdom, that's your failing." "No, you rogue," replied the good woman in a great rage, "It is you that will lie with any woman, and that's the reason I am in such a passion with you,"

An Irish Lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you*
R can't

“ can’t read this, carry it to the stationer’s,
 “ and he shall read it for you.”

I received the following Epitaph from a Lady who is on a visit to her Friends in Devonshire, and who is much addicted to rogucry. She can imitate *nature*, in a *variety of situations*, so well, that I will not answer for her not having imposed on me. But her impositions are so exactly like truth, that they may often serve for it. If this be not a genuine Epitaph, I am wholly imposed upon.

EPITAPH on Mrs. Greenwood, at Clebanger,
 in Devonshire,

O death ! O death ! thou hast cut down
 The fairest Greenwood in the town ;
 Her worth and amiable qualities were
 such,
 That she certainly deserved a Lord or a
 Judge ;
 But her virtue and great humility
 Made her rather choose a Doctor in Divinity ;
 For which heroic act among the rest,
 She was justly termed the phoenix of her sex ;
 And

And like that bird, a young one she did
beget,

One to comfort those she has left disconsolate.

My grief for her is so sore,

That I can only add four lines more :

For hers and another good woman's sake,
Never let a blister be put on a lying-in woman's back ;

For in all disorders of the bladder or womb,
It never fails, I think, to bring the patient
to the tomb.

When the Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ambassadors were constantly invited, not excepting the ambassador of France, with which nation we were upon the point of breaking : in return the Abbe de Ville, the French resident, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors, upon the like occasions. The Abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a quaintness, in which he took great pride ; agreeable to this humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms, *The rising sun, my master* ; alluding to the motto

of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company: it came then to the Baron de Reissbach's turn to give a health, and he to countenance the Abbe, and to please him, proposed, *The moon and fixed stars*, in compliment to his mistress the Empress Queen, which was greatly applauded: and when it came to the Earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but as that nobleman, whose presence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occasions, drank to his master by the name of *Joshua the son of Nun*, who made the *sun* and *moon* to stand still.

Copy of a Letter from a respectable Clergyman, a Widower, with Six Children, to a Friend, inviting him to supper, and to bring his Daughter, a beautiful Virgin of £.5,000 Fortune, with him.

SIR,

THERE is a volume lies in your study, in sheets, and all who have seen it wonder it continues thus long unbound. I think it is called Wilson's Epithalamium; but, lest I should mistake the title, I will describe it to you. It is a beautiful fair manuscript, writ

with fine shining ink, on the whitest vellum imaginable; the strokes of the pen are so delicate, as prove it was done by a masterly hand; and there is such a proportion in all the parts, and the features, as it may be termed, of each letter so exact, as put the reader to a stand in admiring the beauties of them. The book has an additional ornament; the initial letters and all the margins are done with gold; yet what renders it more valuable is, that though wrote near seventeen years it is not in the least stained or soiled, inso-much, that one thinks it never was turned over by any one: and there is the more reason to believe it, the first leaves being still unopened. The book of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I am informed its value is five thousand pounds; it would be a pity so rare a piece should be lost; and the only way to preserve it, is to increase the copies; so that if the author will give consent, and you grant it a licence, I will put it to the press directly. I have a curious set of letters never used but in the printing of one work, and of this there were only half a dozen impressions; so that you must naturally think they are not the worse for wear. On my side, I will spare no labour or charge to

adorn it with the most lively figures ; and doubt not to make this edition as engaging in the eyes of all men, as the original is in mine, which, to be ingenuous, is so very striking and fine, that I could read it o'er and o'er both day and night with pleasure. Therefore, if you will favour me with your company this evening, and bring this admirable piece with you, it will add to the entertainment of him, who is with true respect,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

JO. TRUELOVE.

ODE ON MY BIRTH DAY,

By MAJOR JOHN SCOTT.

I like the first Stanza of this Poem very well; the second contains a description of the situation of my closet; what does he mention my closet for? since the "Honest Man" has never been there? As to the third stanza, my wife says it conveys a strong likeness of my vacuity in conversation.

I.

Arise, my soul, on wings of fire;
 To God's anointed, tune the lyre!
 Hail George, thou all accomplished king,
 Just type of him who rules on high!
 Hail! inexhausted, boundless spring
 Of sacred truth and holy majesty!
 Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,
 Thou well built, worthiest, best of men!
 Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—
 Thy pages view thee, and are aw'd;
 Lo! how thy white eyes roll!
 Thy whiter eyebrows stare!
 Honest soul!
 Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair!

II.

North of thy drawing-room, a closet stands:
 The sacred nook. St. James's Park com-
 mands!

Here in sequester'd state, Great GEORGE
receives

Memoria, treaties, and long lists of thieves!
Here all the force of sovereign thought is
bent,

To fix reviews, or change a government!
Heaven's! how each word with joy *Camar-*
then takes!

Gods! how the lengthen'd chin of *Sydney*
shakes!

Blessing and bless'd the sage associates see,
The proud, triumphant league of in-
capacity.

With subtle smiles,

With innate wiles,

How do thy tricks of state, great George,
abound?

So in thy Hampton's mazy ground,

The path that wanders

In meanders,

Ever bending,

Never ending.

Winding runs the eternal round!

Perplex'd, involv'd, each thought bewilder'd
moves!

In short, quick turns the gay confusion
roves;

Contending themes the embarrass'd listener
balk,

Lost in the labyrinths of the devious talk!

Now shall the levee's ease thy soul unbend,
 Fatigued with royalty's severer care,
 Oh! happy few! whom brighter stars be-
 friend;

Who catch the chat, the witty whisper
 share.

Methinks I hear,
 In accents clear,

Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my
 ear.

"What?—what?—what?"

"Scott!—Scott!—Scott!"

"Hot!—hot!—hot!"

"What?—what?—what?"

Oh! fancy quick! Oh! judgment true!

Oh! sacred oracle of regal taste!

So hasty, and so generous too!

Not one of all thy questions will an answer
 wait!

Vain, vain, oh muse, thy feeble art

To paint the beauties of that head and
 heart!

That heart, where all the virtues join!

That head, that hangs on many a sign!

The following SPEECH, on suppressing the Promenade, at Carlisle-House, was written by the Duke of M——, as a Parody upon Lord ABINGDON's SPEECH in the House of LORDS.

MY LORDS,

The bill now before you appears so mysterious,

So nonsensical, comical, laughable, serious,
It stalks so in Buskin, and skips so in Sock,

That I'm puzzled, my Lords, therefore talk like a block.

The bill has two heads--first, it hinders from walking;

In the second, my Lords, it prohibits all talking:

As to walking, my Lords, working-folks have but one day,

For gadding about, which you know is on Sunday,

When shopmen from counters, and maids from the garret,

Drest in their best bibs and tuckers, as smart as a carrot; [noon,

Not to ramble about in broad day-light at Nor to study the stars by the light of the moon;

No, my Lords, lest their charms be expos'd to the air,

They wisely resort to the house in the square;
Where,

Where, my Lords, I have seen, or at least
 have been told,
 That ice cools the hot—and green tea
 warms the cold,
 There's no other refreshment for people who
 come,
 Except walking the *omne quod exit in sum*.
 This, my Lords, without taking too much of
 your time,
 Is the whole of the charge, and the whole of
 the crime.
 Now if walking's a vice, my Lords begging
 your pardons,
 It is so in the Park and in Kensington Gardens,
 Where refreshments are had—but it's not my
 intention
 To speak a thing out that's indecent to men-
 tion;
 Where, my Lords, each gay lad shews his
 love to his lass,
 And green is the gown which she gets on the
 grass.
 But besides this, my Lords, there's another
 objection,
 The bill should have struck at the Pall-Mall
 erection,*
 Where the doctor's impurities seem to be such,
 Justice took away some, but the rest she
 won't touch;

* *Dr. Graham.*

And the reason is plain, as this *paper declares,
'Tis a school where the nobles are taught to
get heirs.

On the bishops, my Lords, too, the doctor is
witty

Who exercis'd the beds for their carrotty
Kitty,

Who with old Mrs. Windfor, and Matthews
and Adams,

Are appointed commanders to manage the
madams.

As to talking, my Lords, why it must be
confest,

They talk to get rid of what will not digest;
For on Sunday they swallow so much about
faith,

That they talk to explain what the minister
saith;

Paying six-pence a-piece their poor pockets
to ease,

And enlighten their minds over porter and
cheese,

But, my Lords, if you mean our own man-
ners to mend,

Why should not some clauses to Brooks's ex-
tend?

Where, shame on the members! discourse is
so taudry,

That, my Lords, I'm inform'd they will
sometimes talk B——y;

* *The Doctor's Hand bills.*

Yes, B——y, my Lords, ay, or politics
either,

Not blasphemy, no—not as bad as that neither.

But it is not this house, 'tis the parson's, odd
rot 'em,

'Tis Oxford and Cambridge who are at the
bottom

Of all this affair, which we talk of to-day,
And what learning directs, we like fools must
obey,

But, my Lords, I'm no fool, learn'd clerks
shan't compel me,

To believe half the things they think proper
to tell me;

I'm none of your blockheads who kneel on an
hassock,

To look for a cloven foot under a cassock.

Truth lies in a well, and however I praise it,
Priests are but the buckets appointed to raise
it;

I have read Mr. Locke, and that great man
doth say,

None who do not believe can be bound to
obey

Thus, my Lords, to your Lordships my mind
I disclose,

I object to this bill, and shall, therefore,
oppose.

P R U S S I A N A;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF FREDERIC II.

When the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman was at the court of Berlin, one day in conversation with the king, his majesty asked him if he could ascertain how many patients he had killed in the whole course of his practice?—"That is an arduous task," returned the doctor, "but I think I may venture to say, not by one half as many as your Majesty."

Field-Marshal Count von S———n, requested his majesty to promote his son in a military line; the following answer was sent him:

Noble, and well beloved,

I have considered the request of your letter, dated May 22, a. c. and I must acquaint you, that I have a considerable time ago given orders, that no Count shall ever be admitted to any considerable rank in my army: for commonly

commonly when they have served me a year or two, they leave the army and return home. If your son wishes to enter into my service, he must entirely forget that he is a Count; and if he does not improve in his profession, he can never be advanced.

I am, &c. &c.

Frederic.

The following was added in the king's own hand writing:

“ Young Counts, if they learn nothing,
 “ are ignorant fellows in every country*.—
 “ The son of the king of England is now a
 “ midshipman on board a man of war, in
 “ order to acquire a knowledge of the ma-
 “ nœuvres of that service. If a Count means
 “ to be of the least use to the world or to
 “ his country, he must renounce all pride
 “ arising from birth or titles, (for these
 “ things are baubles) and he must depend for
 “ fame and praise upon his own personal
 “ merit,

Frederic.”

* The young gentleman here alluded to, though the son of one of the greatest generals of his time, was by no means famous for bright parts.

A very

A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the king, requesting that his majesty would appoint him inspector* in a certain place, where a vacancy had just happened. As it was an office of much consequence, the king was offended at the presumption and importunity of so young a man, and instead of any answer to the petition, he wrote underneath: 2d Book of Samuel, chap. x. verse 5; and returned it.—The young clergyman was eager to examine the quotation, but to his great disappointment, found the words: *Tarry at Jericho until your beard is grown.*

The King of Prussia had heard that a corporal in his regiment of body guards, who was well known as a remarkably handsome and brave young man, wore out of vanity a watch chain, suspended from a leaden bullet in his fob. He had the curiosity to inquire into the circumstance himself, and an opportunity was contrived, that the king should meet the corporal as by chance, without his suspecting any design. “Apropos, corporal,” said the king, “you are a brave fellow,

* Inspector, nearly answers to our dean; he has especially the care of all schools in his district.

“ to have spared enough from your pay to
 “ buy yourself a watch.” *Corporal.* Brave,
 I flatter myself that I am; but as to my
 watch, it is of little signification. *King* (*Pull-*
ing out a gold watch set with diamonds). “ By
 my watch it is five; what o’clock are you,
 pray?” *Corporal?* *pulling out with trembling*
hand his bullet). My watch tells me neither five
 nor six, but shews me clearly the death I am
 to die in your majesty’s service.——
King. “ Well then, that you may likewise
 “ see the hour among the twelve, in which
 “ you are to die in my service, I will give
 “ you mine.”

The advantageous terms granted to the King
 of Prussia at the peace of 1763, were in a
 great measure obtained by the abilities in ne-
 gociation of that eminent minister, Count
 von Hertzberg. When, after the conclusion
 of the peace, he waited upon his majesty, the
 king addressed him in these words: “ My dear
 “ Hertzberg, you have concluded the peace,
 “ as I have conducted the war: one against
 “ many.”

General Winterfeld was, as is well known,
 one of the first generals of the late king. He
 was

was once ordered upon an expedition of great importance, and the king promised him an army of not less than 40,000 men for the undertaking. But upon mustering his troops, Winterfeld found that there were hardly 12,000 effective men. He complained, therefore, to the king; but Frederic answered:—
 “Your army is in my opinion strong enough, when I consider that *you* are at the head of it.”

The king marched forward with his army, and left General Winterfeld behind him.—He had already taken leave of the general, and mounted his horse, and rode on to a considerable distance, but suddenly he turned back, and alighting, he embraced him and said: “I had almost forgotten to give you the only instructions you stand in need of: they are, that you preserve your life, for my sake.” But a few days after the general died upon the bed of honour, and the king felt his loss severely.

A clergyman sent the king a treatise he had written upon the sin against the Holy Ghost, and received the following answer in the king's own hand: “Your sin against
 “the

“ the Holy Ghost I duly received, and pray
 “ God that he may have your senses in his
 “ holy keeping.”

The impertinence of one of the king's pages was so great, that the king in a passion gave him a box on the ear, and discomposed the dress of his hair. The page immediately turned about to a looking-glass, and began to adjust his curls. “ Scoundrel !” cried the king, “ what impudence is this ?” — “ I should be sorry, Sire, (replied the page) if the people in the anti-chamber should perceive what has happened between us.” The king laughed heartily, went away, and left the page in the room.

A peasant and his wife came to the king, and presented a petition. He asked them what they wanted ? and when they had told him, “ You must,” said he, “ go to my court of justice for redress” in this business.” — “ We have been there already,” said the peasant. “ Well then, I cannot help you neither,” replied the king. “ Come, come along, said the peasant to his wife, you see there's nothing to be done, *he and the court both*

both whistle to the same tune." The king laughed heartily at the odd expression, and received their petition.

General Zarembo had a very long Polish name. The king had heard of it, and one day asked him: "Pray, Zarembo, what is properly your name?" The general told him the whole of his long name. "O!" said the king, "the devil himself has not such a name."—"Neither," replied Zarembo, "is he any relation of my family."

General Ziethen, as age and infirmities advanced upon him, once fell asleep at the royal table. "Let him sleep," said the king, "he has watched long enough for our safety."

At a general review, curiosity had brought together an incredible number of people,—
"By what means," asked a prince who rode with the king, "may all these people get their livelihood?" The king immediately answered: "By cheating one another; and every one of them, without exception, by cheating me."

In

In a Roman Catholic town in Silesia, several of the silver offerings dedicated to the Virgin Mary were discovered to be missing. After much fruitless search and inquiry who might be the thief, the clerk observed that a certain soldier was always the first to attend divine service, and the last to quit the church and a suspicion naturally fell upon him. He was therefore stopped the next time he went out, searched, and several of the offerings were found upon him. But notwithstanding this positive evidence against him, he still insisted that he had not stolen the articles, but that the holy Virgin Mary, to whom he always applied for assistance in his distress, had brought the offerings to him herself, and thereby relieved, from time to time, his necessities.

This defence was by no means regarded; he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to a severe punishment. The sentence was as usual laid before the king for his approbation; but upon reading the case, and the defence of the soldier, he ordered it to be immediately submitted to the decision of several clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church, "Whether or no, according to the established doctrines of their church, the assertion of the soldier "might be grounded?" Their answer was unanimously,

unanimously, "That miracles, though seldom wrought, could not be supposed to have entirely ceased." The king, in consequence of this decision, wrote underneath the sentence the following:

"The supposed thief is acquitted of the crime laid to his charge, as he continues to insist upon the truth of the miracle; and as it is, according to the unanimous decision of the divines of his church, not impossible but that it may have happened. But I hereby prohibit, under the severest penalties, that he in future accept of any present whatsoever, either from the holy Virgin, or from any other saint, under any pretext whatever. *Frederic.*"

The town of Grifenberg had the misfortune to be burnt to the ground, and the king generously rebuilt the whole place at his own expence. The inhabitants sent deputies to the king, who was then at Hirschberg, to return him thanks for this benevolent proof to his favour: "You have no reason," said the king, "to thank me: it is my duty to assist my subjects in distress. For no other purpose am I king."

It is well known that Frederic the Second rose remarkable early in the morning, and in general

general allowed a very short part of his time to sleep. But as age and infirmities increased upon him, his sleep was broken and disturbed, and when he fell asleep towards the morning, he frequently missed his usual early hour of rising. This loss of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave strict orders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning at the appointed time, the page whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not been long in his service, came to his bed and awoke him, "*Let me sleep but a little longer,*" said the monarch, "*I am still much fatigued.*"—"Your majesty has given positive orders I should wake you so early," replied the page, "*But another quarter of an hour more.*"—"Not one minute," said the page, "it has struck four, I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising." "*Well,*" said the king, "*you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect.*"

When in the Bavarian war, the king of Prussia retired with his army out of Bohemia, the Prince of Prussia* conducted the division

* The present king, Frederic William the Second.

under his command, with so much skill, courage, and success, that the king expressed his admiration and satisfaction in the warmest terms. He afterwards went to meet him, and said to him: "From this day I shall no more look upon you as my nephew." The prince was struck at being addressed in this manner, but the king soon relieved him, by adding: "I shall in future consider you as my son. You have done every thing that the most experienced of my generals, every thing that I myself could have done upon the occasion."

The king had a great regard for the English ambassador, Mr. Mitchell. During the second Silesian war, Mr. Mitchell informed him that the English had gained a very considerable advantage over the French, and made use of the expression: "*By the help of God*, we have entirely defeated the French."—"So," said the king, "is God one of your allies?"—"Certainly, Sire," replied Mitchell, "and he is the only one who demands no subsidies of us."—"And he often serves you accordingly," returned the king.

When the King of Prussia and the Emperor met at Neisse, they once happened to come together

together to the bottom of a flight of stairs, and neither would go up first, and take precedence of the other. They stood and bowed, and scraped, and complimented, and each politely wished to give way to the other. At last the King of Prussia got behind the Emperor, and pushed him forward. "Ho! ho!" said the Emperor, "if you begin to manœuvre with me, I must unavoidably go where you please!" and walked up first.

When Voltaire was at the Prussian court, and peaceable enjoyed the highest admiration and praise that superior talents and wit could insure, an English gentleman arrived at Berlin, who had so extraordinary a memory, that he could repeat a long composition in prose or verse, if once read or recited to him, without missing a word. The king had the curiosity to put him to the test; the Englishman appeared, and succeeded to the astonishment of the whole court. It happened that immediately after this trial, Voltaire sent the king word, that with the king's permission he should do himself the honour to read to him a poem he had just finished. The king gave him permission to come, but at the same time resolved to divert himself at the expence of the poet. He accordingly placed the Englishman

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behind

behind a screen, and ordered him to pay particular attention to what Voltaire should read; Voltaire came, and read his poem with much emphasis, in hopes of obtaining the king's warm approbation. But to his great disappointment the king seemed perfectly cold, and indifferent to what he was reading. The poem was finished; Voltaire asked the king his opinion upon it, and received for answer: "That his majesty had lately observed, that Monsieur Voltaire fathered the works of others, and gave them out for his own—This was a degree of effrontery he should not have thought him capable of, and he could not but be highly displeased at it. Voltaire was astonished! he complained that he was wronged, and protested by every thing sacred, that he did not deserve the reproach. "I will immediately convince you," replied the king, "of the truth of my assertion. The verses you have just now read, are the composition of an English gentleman, whose claims are undoubted." Voltaire defended himself with still more warmth, and swore the poem was his own. Well then," said the king, "come forth, Sir, and repeat the verses of which Voltaire pretends to be the author." The Englishman came forward, and with the greatest composure repeated the poem, without

out missing a single passage. "Now," cried the king, "are you obliged to confess that my accusation is true?" Heavens!" cried Voltaire, "why sleeps your lightning! why is your vengeance withheld from punishing the crimes of a miscreant, who dares to rob me of my laurels! Here sorcery is employed, and I am driven to despair!"—The king laughed heartily at the poetic fury, and rewarded the Englishman liberally for the amusement he had procured him.

Soon after his coronation, he pronounced the following memorable words, which were afterwards publicly made known throughout his dominions: *I will, that whenever in future my personal interest seems to clash with the general good of my subjects, the latter shall always supersede the former.*

The king had ordered piazzas to be erected round the church of St. Nicholas, at Potsdam, by which means the lower range of windows was entirely covered, and the church deprived of some light. The overseers and churchwardens were dissatisfied, and presented a memorial to the king, requesting that he would discontinue the building, and pull down what had already been

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erected.

erected. But their memorial was returned, and the following was written at the bottom in the king's own hand: *Blessed are they who do not see, and yet believe.*

The king observed upon a march, that one of the chaplains was very well mounted. "So," said he, "that is against all rule, for it is written: *Go, into all the world, and teach; and you ride!*"—O! replied the chaplain, if your majesty understood the original, you would find the words, "Take care that you get on in this world."

The king was once leaning out of a window in the palace, and observed through an opening between his arm and his body, that one of his pages took his snuff-box from the table, looked at it, and at last took a pinch. The king soon after shut the window, took the snuff-box, and asked the page how he liked it? The page was alarmed at the question, and for some time was unable to give an answer, but said at last, trembling: "Very much, Sire. "Well then," replied the king, "take it, it is yours; for the use of two persons I think it too small."

A Noble-

A Nobleman presented a memorial to the king, requesting a favour. In this memorial the nobleman had used the expression, that he was one of *the unhappy family of ******. Whether the king thought the request improper, or had other reasons of displeasure is not known; but he returned the memorial, and had written at the bottom:

“ I cannot conceive how the family of
“ ***** should be *unhappy*, as they are all
“ *rich and stupid*.”

In a small town through which the king of Prussia travelled, the burgo-master (whose name was Dederick) waited upon him, and began a set speech with these words :

Thou demi-god, great Frederic !

The king stopped him ~~short~~ and added :

Thou fool complete, ~~like~~ ^{unlike} Dederick !

Which put an end to his sublime harangue.

A young nobleman returned from Paris, where he spent the greatest part of his fortune, and had acquired nothing but a complete knowledge of all the taverns, brothels,

coffee and gaming-houses of that city; soon after his arrival, he petitioned the king to give him some lucrative post. In answer to his petition, he received a royal official cover, which inclosed, to the great surprize and disappointment of the young gentleman, *The Ace of Diamonds.*

Frederic II. once travelled through a small town, and observed upon his entrance at the gate a man who continually bowed to him. He inquired who he was: I am, replied the man, the burgo-master of this place, and inspector of the different manufactories. So! said the king, and how many manufactories have you in this town? The burgo-master enumerated them; and assured the king, that they were all in the most flourishing condition. "I am glad of it," replied the king; "but can you tell me, how many threads are usually taken to the warp, and how many to the woof of a piece?"

This question was totally unexpected, and too deep for the inspector! He could give no answer; and his embarrassment appeared in his looks. "Sir," said the king, "you are a blockhead; go and inform yourself better about your manufactories."

The

The common council of a small town in Churmarck imprisoned one of the citizens, upon an accusation *that he blasphemed God, the king, and the right worshipful the common council.* The burgo-master reported the affair to his majesty, and humbly begged to know his majesty's pleasure in regard to the punishment of so atrocious an offender. The following was written upon the margin of the report, and returned to him :

“ That the prisoner has blasphemed God,
 “ is a proof that he does not know him ? his
 “ blasphemy against me, I forgive him ; but
 “ as he has blasphemed the right worshipful
 “ the common council, I will punish him in
 “ an exemplary manner, and send him to
 “ Spandau to be imprisoned for half an hour,
Frederic.”

While the king was laying out his garden at Sans-Souci, a mill was in his way, and he ordered the miller to be treated with for the purchase of it. The miller was loth to sell his mill, and the king offered to build him another in any part of the country he should choose. But all was in vain, the miller would not part with the old family mill. “ Don't you know,” said the king, “ that if I
 “ please I may take your mill, turn you
 S 4 “ out

“out, and not pay you a farthing for it?”
 “Ay,” replied the miller, “that you might,
 “if there was no such thing as a supreme
 “court of justice at Berlin.” The king
 laughed heartily, left him his mill, and al-
 tered the whole plan of his garden.

Frederic was one day conversing with an
 English gentleman, about the state of affairs in
 England, at a time when a great part of the
 nation appeared, from the public prints, to
 be engaged in a violent opposition to the go-
 vernment. After sundry inquiries and re-
 marks, the king began to talk in a very
 high tone concerning the measures which
 he would have adopted, if he had been king
 of England. The Englishman coolly replied,
 “If your majesty were to be king of England,
 “you would not remain in your office three
 “days.”

A major-general in the Prussian service,
 who was an able officer, and a man of merit,
 was observed frequently to speak in very
 strong terms of the blessings of liberty, and
 the humiliating chains of despotism. This
 being reported to the king, Frederic wrote
 to him, ‘Monf. major-general, I must beg
 ‘that you will no longer continue to play the
 ‘part

‘part of Brutus in my dominions ; or other-
 ‘wife, I shall be obliged to conspire against
 ‘your liberty.’

In the year 1753, a literary man sent to the king the plan of a literary work, and a letter, in which he informed him, that Voltaire and Montesquieu had expressed their approbation of his design, and had subscribed to his work ; but that he did not choose to resolve upon publication, till he had also the honour of his majesty’s name. Frederic wrote back :
 “ You are too difficult: the names you have
 “ mentioned to me, are worth more than
 “ those of all the kings in Europe. I will,
 “ however, add my name to your list, that
 “ I may have my name inclosed with theirs.”

The princess Elizabeth Christina Ulrica of Brunswick, who was married in 1765 to the prince-royal of Prussia, was afterwards divorced from him, and kept in a kind of confinement at Stettin. At the time when this princess was in that situation, she gave orders to have some rich stuffs sent from Lyons, and directed to her at Stettin. As foreign stuffs pay a very large duty in the Prussian dominions, the collector of the customs thought proper to detain them, because

the princess had given no directions for the payment of the duty. The princess was highly incensed at this; but sent word to the collector, that she would satisfy his demands, and desired him to come himself with the stuffs for that purpose. Her orders were obeyed, but the collector was no sooner introduced into her presence, than she took the stuffs from him with great indignation, and at the same time gave him two or three cuffs in the face. The collector, enraged at this treatment, addressed a long and very formal memorial to the king, setting forth how much he had been dishonoured in the performance of his duty. To this complaint Frederic returned, in his own hand, the following answer: 'The loss of the duty, must be placed to my account; the stuffs must remain with the princess; the cuffs with him that received them. As to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the request of the complainant: but is of itself null; for the white hand of a fair lady, cannot possibly dishonour the face of a custom-house officer.'

While the late king was in exile at Custrin, his affable disposition acquired him a great number of very warm friends, for whom he

retained a particular affection. Among these were the president of the provincial court, M. von Munchow; lieutenant general and governor M. von Lepel; counsellor of war M. Hanf, and Baron von Birkholz. Their friendship, shown him in this time of his disgrace, was amply rewarded by him. The son of Munchow he made minister of state, created him a count, and a knight of the order of the Black Eagle. Hanf died as counsellor of the supreme board of revenue, and M. von Birkholz was made president of the provincial court of Newmark. When M. von Schoening proposed this last gentleman to supply the place of M. von Rothenburg, whose infirmities obliged him to resign, the following conversation took place, which is an instance both of the good memory and of the generosity of the king.—KING. *Did not this Birkholz marry a daughter of Munchow?* SCHOENING. Yes, Sire, a daughter of your minister of state. KING. *I know it; he has then a large fortune.* SCHOENING. No, Sire, he is in narrow circumstances. KING. *Then I suppose he has dissipated his fortune.* SCHOENING. This is not the reason, Sire; the Russians have ruined his estates. KING. *So! then he deserves, and shall have the presidency.*

Frederic II. when prince of Prussia, was as passionately fond of the chase as his father. It was part of his duty, as a member of the board of domains at Custrin, to travel annually through the towns and countries subject to the controul of his board. Upon these tours he made use of an open carriage, in which he conveyed fire-arms ready loaded; and whenever he happened to espy any game, he immediately converted a journey of business into a shooting party. Upon such an occasion he once chanced to drop a glove; and in attempting to take it up again, he touched the trigger of a gun in such a manner, that it went off, and discharged its contents close by his ear through his hat. Full of the idea how fatal this accident might have been to him, he leapt from the carriage, broke the gun to pieces against a tree, and swore a solemn oath, that he never in future would discharge a gun in the pursuit of this his favourite amusement. This vow he never broke; and had the German princes in general followed his example, the peasants would have less reason to complain of the destruction of their fields and fences, and of the ruin of their harvests.

Fre-

Frederic II. had the most dutiful regard for his mother as long as she lived. This was particularly evident on days of ceremony or festivity at court. Nothing could exceed the respectful attention he publicly paid her upon these occasions. Notwithstanding the cruel and unjust treatment he suffered from his father, he never forgot or neglected the filial respect and duty he owed him. His Memoirs of Brandenburg afford, in the life of his father, many proofs of his regard. The following anecdote shews how much he respected his memory. He heard accidentally that there still lived in Potsdam a very old invalid, who had served under his grandfather Frederic the first. He accordingly ordered his chamberlain to bring the old man to court. At the time appointed the invalid appeared at the palace, clean and very decently dressed, and was introduced. The king asked him a great variety of questions; inquired into the details of battles and campaigns in which he had been present; in what regiments, and under what generals he had at different times served; and made a number of similar inquiries, to all which the invalid returned very satisfactory answers. The king seemed very well pleased with the old man, and entered into a long and familiar con-

conversation with him. At last the honest veteran became so bold and talkative, that without being asked, he began as follows: " Now I am talking of that, I can't help telling your majesty a comical joke we once had when your majesty's father was prince of Prussia. I happened then to be one of his suite. One day he took a trip to Potsdam with the prince of Dessau; and as we got to Zahlendorf, we found a cowherd lying fast asleep by the road side; and for the sake of fun, and a devilish good joke it was, we cut off the tails of all his cows." — " Oh!" said the king, with a stern countenance, " that is not true of my father;" and immediately turning about, he ordered his chamberlain, who stood by, to give the man ten dollars, (about 11. 13. 4d.) and left the astonished and perplexed invalid, whose indiscretion in telling a circumstance unfavourable to the late king's humanity, probably deprived him of a comfortable provision.

Frederic disliked all unnecessary form and ceremony; and whenever the nature of circumstances made a degree of ceremonious pomp necessary, he seemed to feel himself uneasy in the part he had to act. Upon his
accession

accession to the crown, it was requisite that he should receive the homage of his subjects in the capitals of his different dominions. The Marquis d'Argen, accompanied him upon his tour; and had the honour of instructing the king in the ceremonial of the solemnity. After having received the ceremonial of his Prussian dominions at Koningsberg, he asked the marquis, whether he had not performed his part well? Very well indeed, replied the marquis; but I know one who did it better. And who is that? said the king. Louis the fifteenth, answered the marquis. Oh! said the king, and I can tell you who performs it better than either of us, and that is Baron the player.

The Rev. Mr. Kletschke, chief chaplain to part of the army, requested in a memorial that the king would grant him a right to appoint all chaplains to the regiments under his care, and endeavoured by many arguments to prove that this right more properly belonged to him, than the commanders of the several regiments. The king's answer, wrote under the memorial: "*Your kingdom is not of this world.*"

A man

A man who upon his settling in the king's dominions, had received the usual advantages given to new colonists, who had a house and cattle provided for him, and had been furnished with every other necessary, was dissatisfied with his situation, and in hopes to induce the king to grant him still more, waited upon him, as he travelled through the place, and told him that he should leave the country with his wife and children, and go where *he could be much better off*. But the king, instead of encouraging him to stay, or making him any farther promises, as he expected, replied coolly : " You are quite in " the right there, my good friend, for if I " knew a place where I should be better off, " than where I am, I would certainly go there " myself."

The king of Prussia had very strictly ordered that no officer should wear any dress but his uniform. Notwithstanding this a young officer dressed himself in a plain coat, and walked with a lady in the royal gardens at Sans-Souci, as he supposed the king was gone to Potsdam. But suddenly, as he turned at the end of a vista, he met the king, who immediately asked him : "*Who are you, Sir ?*" The officer, not having taken the precaution

to change his sword, found himself at once betrayed; but had still presence of mind enough to say: "I am an officer, but am here incognito." The king was pleased with the answer, and said: "*Then take care the king don't see you.*"—And walked on.

The nobility of Churmarck petitioned the king, that they might be allowed the free importation of arrack and rum for their own use, and be excused from paying the duties of excise upon these articles. The king returned their petition, and had written underneath: "No! it would be highly "indecent in my nobility, to habituate "themselves to drink drams."

The ladies of the two presidents of the courts of justice and revenue at Cleves, were continually disputing about their respective ranks; and the lady of the president of the court of justice insisted that in all public places she was entitled to a rank superior to the other. This enraged her rival to such a degree, that she wrote to the king, and prayed that he would decide which of the two ladies had a right *to go first*. The king wrote back to her the following laconic answer. "The greatest fool goes first."

The

The king once rose very early, and walked into the garden at Sans Souci. He there observed a boy employed by the gardener, who seemed very busy in pruning a row of peach trees; as the boy had not worked long in the garden he did not know the king. "You are very early at work to-day," said the king. "Ay," replied the boy, "that's what I must, for if the old bear (meaning the king) comes into the garden, and does not find the work done, nothing is right." "Bravo! my son," said the king, "I would have you always think so."—and walked further.

The king once rang the bell in his cabinet; but as nobody answered, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to wake him: but coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity; he pulled it out; and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which was nearly as follows: "She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary, and had sent her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it; and if he continued to serve God and his
king

king faithfully and conscientiously, he cou'd not fail of success and prosperity in this world." Upon reading this, the king slept softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter into the page's pocket. He then rang so long, 'till the page awoke, and came into the closet, "You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king. The page could not deny it; stammered out an excuse: put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "What's the matter with you?" said the king. Oh! replied the page, somebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money. "*What God bestows,*" returned the king, "*he bestows in sleep.* Send the money to your mother; give my respects to her, and inform her, that I will take care of her and you."

The excise office had condemned a soldier who was convicted of smuggling, to the payment of a fine of 2000 dollars. The sentence was as usual sent to the king for confirmation: but he returned it, with this query written in the margin: "Before I can
" confirm

“confirm the above sentence, I am very curious to know, what measures are intended to be taken, to oblige a common soldier to pay a fine of 2000 dollars?”

The king of Prussia made it a point to return every mark of respect or civility shewn him in the street by those who met him. He one day observed at table, that whenever he rode through the streets of Berlin, his hat was always in his hand. Baron Pollnitz, who was present, said, “That his majesty had no occasion to notice the civility of every one who pulled his hat off to him in the street.” “And why not?” answered the king in a lively tone, “are they not all human beings as well as myself.”

A short time before the king's death, a good appointment had been given to a subaltern in his army. The warrant was, as usual, laid before the king for his approbation and signature: but instead of signing it, he drew under it, a man hanging upon a gallows: having recollected some particular occurrence, in which he had behaved improperly, and rendered himself unworthy of promotion.

At

At a review in Prussia, a woman requested the king to grant her son, who was a private in the guards at Potsdam, leave of absence, that he might have an opportunity of visiting her. The king did not comply with her request, but upon his return to Potsdam, he informed the soldier that his mother was in good health, and desired to be affectionately remembered to him. The following year the king was again in Prussia, and the woman came again to request the same favour. The king knew her immediately, and before she could speak a word, informed her, that her son was well, and would be very glad to see her at Potsdam.

In the battle of Torgau, the king commanded the left wing of his army, and began the attack upon that part of the Austrian forces, which were very advantageously posted upon the hills of Siptiz. By the united bravery of general Ziethen and Lestewiz, this post towards evening was forced, and the day decided in favour of the Prussian army. The following night was extremely cold, and the soldiers had lighted fires in different parts of the camp. Towards morning, the king quitted the left wing, and rode along the front of the army towards the right. When he arrived

rived at his regiment of guards he alighted, and went and placed himself by the fire, surrounded by his brave officers and grenadiers. Here he proposed to await the dawn, and to attack the enemy again in the morning, if they should not have retired, which, on account of the darkness of the night, could not be ascertained. In the mean time he entered into conversation with the common soldiers, extolled the bravery they had shewn during the action; and encouraged them to fight as they had hitherto done. The grenadiers pressed nearer and nearer upon him; and at last one of them by name Rebiak, with whom the king often spoke, and to whom he still gave money, ventured to ask him, "Where he had been during the battle? Formerly," continued the grenadier, "we were accustomed to see you at our head, leading us to the hottest of the battle; but this time we did not set eyes upon you, and it is not right in you to forsake us." The king then informed him with the greatest condescension, that he had commanded the left wing of the army, which had been the reason why he had not appeared at the head of his own regiment. In the mean time, the king had unbuttoned his blue great coat, and the grenadier observing that a musket ball
fell

fell from his cloaths, and that the bullet had perforated both his uniform and his surlout, he cried with enthusiasm, " You are still our old Fritz. You still share every danger with us. With pleasure we will sacrifice our lives for you : " and the whole guard joined him in exclaiming, long live the king ! Another grenadier said, Now, Fritz, we hope you will provide us comfortable winter quarters. " The devil you do," said Frederic ; " let " us take Dresden, and then I will provide " for you in a manner, that will, I think, " satisfy you."

Upon a forced march in the second Silesian war, the king rode at the flank of a troop of horse, and heard one of the men in a distant part of the troop curse and swear in a most dreadful manner. He then rode nearer, and heard the soldier, with the most shocking oaths and imprecations say, " that he wished this d——d life had one day or other an end." " You are right, my son" cried the king, " so do I ;—but what is to be done ? " we must wait patiently till peace can be " made."

In

In the year 1759, the king and his army were in so critical a situation, that for several nights he did not get any sleep. At last he was so fatigued, that he could no longer resist the calls of nature; and an officer, who perceived it, made an arrangement that he should not be disturbed by the guards posted round his tent. The king observed that something unusual was going forward, and inquired what it was. The officer told him. The king then called him into his tent, and asked him if he had eaten any thing? (for he knew that there was the utmost scarcity of provisions in his army). The officer answered "Yes;" but by his looks, and the shrugging of his shoulders, it was evident he had not. The king then took a wine bottle: and having held it to the light to see how much might be left in it, he poured a small glass half full, drank it himself, filled the glass with the remainder, and gave it to the officer with these words, "This is all I have."

In the battle of Torgau, the king was slightly grazed by a musket ball. All his aid-du-camps being sent with orders to different parts of the army were absent, excepting count Frederic d'Anhalt (now lieutenant general

neral in the Russian service.) The king was at the head of his troops, in the midst of danger. Count d'Anhalt entreated him to retire, in order to have his wound dressed. "No," replied the king, "We must now endeavour "to stop the prevailing confusion, and fight "for victory, or my life is of no consequence."

Another time one of the king's pages, who was close by him, had his horse shot dead under him. The page fell, and struck his ribs against the hilt of his sword with such violence, as to bend it entirely crooked. With looks in which were pictured the pain and fear he was in, the page attempted to run off. "Where are you going?"—cried the king, "take your saddle with you." The page was really obliged to take off the saddle, while the king stood by him, during a hail of shot from the muskets of the enemy.

In the year 1782, the king went out to see several mines blown up, which had been laid the autumn before near Potsdam, in order to make an experiment, whether the powder would keep dry and good in them through the winter. The experiment fully answered the king's expectation, and he seemed highly satisfied, when suddenly all the officers who ac-

T

companied

compained him were alarmed by the falling of a granate, weighing about half a pound, upon the king's thigh. The accident might have produced dangerous consequences, but their fears were soon quieted. "This time," said the king, with his usual tranquillity and presence of mind, "this time, a blue spot will be all the consequence."

A major in the army had signalized himself upon a certain occasion, and the king wishing to reward him, presented him with the order *Pour le Merite*. The major humbly thanked his majesty, but added: "But what good will that do me?" "Well then," said the king, "I will give you the government of a province." "Your majesty," replied the major, "is too gracious; but what good will that do me?" "Well, if that won't do neither," said the king, "I will settle a pension upon you." "I humbly thank your majesty," replied the major, "I am unworthy of all this favour; but what good will that do me?" The king said no more; but when the major had retired, the king asked, "What is it that I can do for this man, what does he want more!" One of the officers who was present, informed the king, that the major had a habit of adding, without any kind
of

of meaning to every thing he said, "What good will that do me?" "Well," said the king, "I should have known that, for in fact I have given too much: however he may keep it, as he has got it."

A French nobleman, who waited upon the king at Sans-Souci, expressed his astonishment at seeing the emperor's portrait in every apartment of the place, and asked the king, what might be the reason of his thus honouring the portrait of his greatest enemy? "Oh!" said the king, "the emperor is a busy and enterprizing young monarch, and I find it necessary always to have an eye over him."

When the king travelled through Prussia in the year 1784, the president of the provincial court, M. von Massow, had a private audience of his majesty, at which the king addressed him nearly as follows:

"I have made you president of my court
 " of justice, and I ought to be acquaint-
 " ed with you. I am, properly speaking,
 " the chief justice of my kingdom, and
 " should myself see to it, that justice is
 " duly administered. But, as I cannot at-
 " tend to every thing myself, I must have
 T 2 " such

“ such people as you are in my service, whose
 “ duty it is to do justice to individuals.—
 “ I have a great responsibility upon me, I
 “ must not only answer for the evil I do, but
 “ for the good I leave undone ; and you are
 “ in the same predicament. You must be
 “ strictly impartial, and judge without re-
 “ spect of persons, let the parties be princes,
 “ noblemen, or peasants. This I must insist
 “ upon, *or you and I may part at once*. Have
 “ you any estates ? ”

No, Sire !

“ Will you buy any ? ”

I have no money to do it, Sire.

“ Well then, you know what poverty is,
 “ and so much the more is it your duty to
 “ assist those who are in distress.”

The king once observed from a window
 in the palace, that a great concourse of people
 were reading something stuck up against a
 wall, and he sent one of his pages down to
 see what it was. The page returned and in-
 formed him, that the paper contained satirical
 observations upon the new regulations in the
 collection of the duties upon coffee. “ Go
 down again,” said the king, “ and get the
 “ bill pasted lower, that they may read it
 “ more conveniently ; it is too high for
 “ them.”

The

The name of Quintus Icilius was originally Guichard. He was the son of a manufacturer of earthen ware in Magdeburg, when the king took him into his service, and changed his name. It happened, that soon after the king had established the manufactory of porcelain at Berlin, at his own expence and risk, Quintus contradicted something he said at table. "Hold your tongue," said the king with a degree of anger, "how should you know any thing about the matter; you are but the son of a potter?"—"How can now your majesty reproach me with being the son of a potter," replied Quintus, "when you are a potter yourself?" The king could not refrain from laughing, and gave the conversation another turn.

The great partiality of Frederic II. for dogs, has been frequently the subject of ridicule. His great attention to these faithful and innocent companions of mankind, may perhaps be attributed to the goodness of his heart, and even a weakness arising from that source is amiable.

He had several of these animals of whom he was particularly fond, and in all his rooms were a number of small leather balls, with which he used to play with them. One of them

them called *Biche*, was his particular favourite, had been his companion in many of his campaigns, and at her death he erected a small monument to her memory in one of his gardens at Potsdam.

A gentleman supposed he had discovered a deficiency in a certain fund at Stettin, and communicated his suspicions to the king, apparently without any selfish views. An inquiry was accordingly set on foot, but no deficiency found. An application was made in consequence to his majesty, requesting that he would punish the informer, to which he returned the following resolution:

FREDERIC, King of PRUSSIA, &c.

Your application to me, dated 26th of last month, requesting that the person who gave me the information concerning the supposed deficiency in your fund may be punished by a year's imprisonment, is, in my opinion, extremely unjust, and I cannot agree to it on any account. *I am as poor as Job; I have been cheated by Gorne; (a minister of finance who embezzled immense sums) I am belied and deceived by many others, and must at the same time support a great number of my subjects;*

jects ; all this has robbed me of great sums of money, and if any one discovers or warns me against these cheats, I should be very unjust were I to requite his friendship in so ungrateful a manner. In the mean time, as I am not willing to give you any cause of complaint, I shall punish him, by ordering him into arrest for a fortnight, which is sufficient.

Frederic.

Frederic had scarce mounted the throne, when several inhabitants of Ruppın waited upon him, and requested the payment of very considerable sums, which they had lent him when prince of Prussia, and under the displeasure of his father. He at first refused to pay them, and said, they acted wrong in having lent him any money in the situation he was then in. "This," they answered, "we cannot deny ; but your majesty will certainly highly disapprove of our conduct in refusing to pay our creditors, which is entirely out of our power, unless your majesty graciously resolves to assist us." The king was struck with their answer ; paid their demands ; and in the course of his reign gave the town several proofs of his favour.

In

In a district of West Prussia, a dreadful storm of rain had done great mischief to whole district. The inhabitants represented their distress to the king, and he sent them the following answer :

“ I have heard of your misfortune. It
 “ comes from the hand of God. But my
 “ treasury shall make good the damage to the
 “ utmost farthing, and I will send you an
 “ honest and able man, who will examine into
 “ your losses, and repay you.

“ I am a ungracious king,

Frederic.”



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